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Poetry.

THE MAID ON THE BEACH.

Chiming a dream by the way
With ocean's rapture and roar,
I met a maiden to-day
Walking alone on the shore;
Walking in maiden wise,
Modest and kind and fair,
The freshness of spring in her eyes
And the fulness of spring in her hair.

Cloud-shadow and scudding sunburst
Were swift on the floor of the sea,
And a mad wind was romping its worst,
But what was their magic to me?
What the charm of the midsummer skies?
I only saw she was there,
A dream of the sea in her eyes
And the kiss of the sea in her hair.

I watched her vanish in space;
She came where I walked, no more;
But something had passed of her grace
To the spell of the wave and the shore.
And now, as the glad stars rise,
She comes to me rosy and rare,
The delight of the wind in her eyes
And the hand of the wind in her hair.
—*The London Spectator.*

SHEPHERD'S PURSE.

More modest than the daisies,
Its charm most eyes o'erlook,
Since ne'er its printed praises
They've read in lauded book;
But, slighted little creature!
We love it none the less
That few e'er paint its features,
Admire its simple dress.

The rose, because all love her,
Is all the world's, not ours;
Who beauty shy discovers
In weeds finds roselike flowers,
Knows secrets God is sharing
With those who fain would see
Heaven's touch and tender caring
In things obscure and wee.

So, humble, treasure-bearer!
Though never royal gold
Nor store of dainty fairer
Your rustic pouch may hold;
Though never ray of splendor
Shows careless eyes your place,
A gaze but justly tender
Finds there a dearer grace.
—*Boston Transcript.*

SEGOVIA AND MADRID.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

It sings to me in sunshine,
It whispers all day long,
My heart-ache, like an echo,
Repeats the wistful song;
Only a quaint old love tilt,
Wherein my life is hid—
"My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!"

I dream, and wake, and wonder,
For dream and day are one,
Alight with vanished faces,
And days forever done.
They smile and shine around me
As long ago they did,
For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!

Through inland hills and forests
I hear the ocean breeze,
The creak of straining cordage,
The rush of mighty seas,
The lift of angry billows
Through which a swift keel slid;
For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

Oh, fair-haired little darlings
Who bore my heart away!
A wide and woful ocean
Between us roars to-day;
Yet I am close beside you,
Though time and space forbid;
My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

If I were once in heaven,
There would be no more sea;
My heart would cease to wander,
My sorrows cease to be;
My sad eyes sleep forever,
In dust and daisies hid,
And my body leave Segovia
—Would my soul forget Madrid?

Our Story Teller.

WOOED AFTER MARRIAGE.

"What weather!" said Mr. George Knight, a portly gentleman of middle age, as he let the heavy curtain fall over the window where he had been standing for several moments, looking out on the street. "I am heartily glad I am not obliged to go out again. Do you hear how it rains, Mary? And the wind is strong enough to take a man off his feet."

"I should judge so by the way it makes the windows rattle to-night," said his wife, who sat by the table sewing.

"There is a great deal of comfort in the reflection that bad weather can't affect us much. I would defy any kind of a storm to make this house gloomy. With you and a good fire, Mary, I can never be otherwise than cheerful." And Mr. Knight looked complacently about the luxurious drawing-room.

"But there are so many who have no comforts whatever, George," said Mrs. Knight, with a little sigh.

"I know that," said Mr Knight, as he took up a newspaper, and seated himself before the fire, "but I try not to think of them. It is useless to fret for what can't be helped. If I should undertake to aid every poor wretch struggling along in the storm to-night I should find myself depending upon charity."

Mrs. Knight opened her lips to reply, but before she could speak the door opened and a servant entered.

"There's a little boy in the hall who wishes to speak to you, sir," he said, addressing his master.

"Show him in," said Mr. Knight. "But no, stop; perhaps Ihad better see him in hall;" and rising, he went out.

It had occurred to him that this was some miserable outcast who had come to implore his aid, and it might be better that Mary should not hear his tale of woe. She was so sympathetic and sensitive that the sight of want and pain saddened her for days at a time, and her husband saved her from such impressions whenever it was possible.

But though the sound of voices in the hall reached her very distinctly, Mrs. Knight showed no curiosity to know who the visitor was. As her husband left the room her hands fell idly in her lap, and she let her head rest on the back of her chair, while a dep sigh escaped her lips. She sat thus, her large gray eyes staring straight before her, her broad white forehead contracted as if with pain, until the loud closing of the hall door startled her from her revery. Hastily catching up her work, she was apparently, closely engaged upon it when her husband entered the room a moment later.

"Who was it?" she asked, without looking up.

"A child who came here to inquire for his mother—a most singular errand. He insisted that I attended to his mother's business matters—says she told him so—and yet I am quite sure that I never even heard of the woman—a Mrs. Varian."

As the name left his lips, Mrs. Knight started violently.

"Why did he want his mother?" she asked, in a low voice.

"He said that his little sister had been taken ill—what is the matter, Mary?"

Mrs. Knight had started to her feet, and was staring at him with frightened, appealing eyes, while a sudden pallor had overspread her face.

"Nothing," she answered, making an effort to control her quivering lips; "only I must go see them, George."

"Go to utter strangers, and in such a storm? I think, Mary, you must be clean mad!" exclaimed her husband.

"They are not strangers—I know them well," she said.

"But Mary, I have never heard you speak of a Mrs. Varian. Where did you meet her, and who is she?"

"An old friend. I met her long ago, and it is my duty to go to her children."

"I sometimes think your sense of duty is much too keen, Mary. I don't fancy your going out in this storm."

"I don't mind that," she said, nervously playing with her watch chain. "Do not oppose my going, George. I know they will expect me. I—Mrs. Varian is as dear to me as a second self."

"Where does she live?"

"At Hull," she said, as she left the room and summoned her carriage.

When she came down stairs a few moments after, enveloped in a dark waterproof cloak, her husband stood by the hall door with his hat on and his overcoat on his arm.

"I think that I ought to go with you, Mary," said he.

"No, I will not consent to that. You would be of no use whatever; the long, cold ride would bring on an attack of neuralgia, and you would be laid up again."

She spoke hurriedly, and before he could remonstrate she had opened the door and passed out, and he heard the carriage driven swiftly away.

"It is like Mary to rush off in this way to her old friend," he said, as he went back to the drawing-room and resumed his paper. "A kinder heart never beat in a woman's breast. I have reason to bless the day I married her."

And yet Mr. Knight's marriage in the opinion of his friends, had been the most ventursome step of his life. He had seen Mary Wilmer in a large city where he had gone on business. Having nothing with which to occupy himself one evening, he had strolled into a hall in which the first of a series of three concerts was being given. The principal soprano interested him at once. He thought her by far the handsomest woman he had ever seen, and there was a look of subdued suffering in her great eyes which touched a tender place in his heart.

He went to hear her sing again, and when the concert was over managed to get introduced to her. Her gentleness and high breeding increased the agreeable impression already made by her beautiful face and marvelous voice, and he regretted that business called him away, and prevented his continuing the acquaintance. But fate decreed that he should be in the same city three months after, and that his second visit should occur just as posters were being put up announcing another concert in which Miss Mary Wilmer was to appear.

Of course he made a point of attending it, but it brought him pain instead of pleasure, for on that night the beautiful soprano's voice left her forever. She appeared on the stage amid a storm of applause, and opened her lips to sing, but no sound issued from them. A second time she made the effort, but it ended in a cry so full of pain and despair that tears started to the eyes of all who heard it; and then, staggering back, she almost fell into the arms of the manager who had sprung forward to support her from the stage. Without the slightest warning her voice had left her forever.

George Knight called upon her the next day, and though at first she refused to see him, his earnest entreaties at last gained him an interview and he spent nearly an hour by her side, speaking such words of comfort as he could. But her despair seemed to increase rather than diminish, as the days went by, and she would lay for hours pale and motionless on her sofa, the tears stealing down her cheeks, and an expression of such anguish on her face as made George Knight fear for her reason.

Of course his sympathy for her misfortune resulted in his making her an offer of marriage. She asked for three days in which to consider it, and at the end of that time made him supremely happy by accepting him. There was no cause for delay, and they were married in a fortnight.

Mr. Knight never regretted this hasty step, for Mary had made him a most excellent wife, and he loved her as a man loves only once in a lifetime, but he often wished she was more bouyant; and it troubled him greatly to see her face so often clouded by a look of melancholy which nothing could chase away, and once or twice he had surprised her in tears.

"She can never forget that she lost her voice, poor Mary! I would give my fortune to the magician who could restore your treasure to you, dear," he would say to himself.

It was always a source of regret to Mr. Knight when he was obliged to leave his wife for he found she then indulged her sorrow without restraint. But business called him frequently from home, and he was sometimes obliged to be away several weeks at a time.

Mrs. Knight never remainnd in her city house during the absence of her husband. On the day of his departure she always announced her intention of spending the time of his absence with a Mrs. Davidge, of whom she seemed very fond. Her husband could not understand the friendship, for though he had seen Mrs. Davidge only once, she had impressed him very strongly on that occasion with her inferiority to Mary. She seemed to him an extremely commonplace, tedious little woman, and he wondered that Mary found her sufficiently congenial to visit her so frequently; but he said nothing to oppose her doing so, for he loved his wife too well to interfere with her wishes in any way.

Mary remained away all night, and her husband was obliged to eat his breakfast alone the morning after the storm; but when he reached home in the evening she was in the drawing-room awaiting his return.

"Well, were you of any use last night?" he asked, smiling.

"I think so. I hope you did not miss me very much."

"I always miss you, Mary. I often wonder how I got along without you for forty years. How did you leave the child?"

"She is better; she was sleeping quietly when I left."

"And did the boy find his mother? It seems so uncommonly strange that he did not know where to look for her."

"She is obliged to be much away," answered Mrs. Knight quietly.

"Mysterious woman! Did you know her before our marriage?"

"Yes."

"She was a concert singer, perhaps, like you, my Mary."

"Yes; and her life was a very hard one. Do not question me any more about her, George. Some day you shall know all about her. I hope so, any way."

"I hope so, too, if she is worthy of your affection and esteem. And you know that I never limit your generosity. Help her as much as you wish, my dear."

"I know that you are goodness itself," she said, dropping her work and coming to his side. "No woman ever had a better husband." And she bent and kissed his forehead.

He caught her slim white hand and drew her to his knee.

"Bless your friend Mrs. Varian for giving me the chance to earn such a compliment," he said, lightly; and then added, in a more serious tone, "I believe you really love me, Mary."

"I do—I do, indeed. Do I not make you happy, George?"

"Very happy, my dear. And yet—though perhaps it is only my fancy—I sometimes think you do a great deal for me from a sense of duty. Give gratitude the cold shoulder, Mary. I have no desire for anything but your love."

To this great surprise she burst into tears, and putting her head on his shoulder, sobbed as though her heart would break.

"There, Mary, calm yourself," he said, smoothing the rich dark hair with tender hand. "Hark! I hear Henry coming to announce dinner."

She sprang up at once, and walking to the window looked out until the servant had come and retired.

The next day, as Mr. Knight was on his way to his office, he met the boy who had come to inquire for Mrs. Varian. The lad would have passed him without recognition, but Mr. Knight laid a hand on his shoulder.

"How is the little girl?" he asked.

"Nearly well again, thank you, sir. I am sorry I disturbed you. Mother scolded me for going to you, but I did not know where to look for her, and thought you might know where she was singing. She is a concert singer, and goes from town to town, so we never know exactly where she is. She never comes home unless she is out of an engagement."

"And who takes care of you and your little sister in your brother's absence?"

"An old woman mother hires, sir," was the reply; and then, with a bright smile, "don't you think my mother sings well, sir?" he asked.

"I never saw your mother, my boy. As I told you the other evening, you are mistaken in thinking I have charge of her business affairs."

It must be some one else of the same name, then," said the boy, "for I am sure she spoke of a Mr. Knight," and touching his cap, he passed hastily on.

"That mysterious Mrs. Varian!" muttered Mr. Knight, as he entered his office. "I wonder how the little boy came to think that I was her man of business."

That night, as he sat at dinner with his wife, he said:

"I met that boy to day, Mary."

"What boy?"

"Mrs. Varian's; and a fine manly little fellow he is! He told me that the child is nearly well."

"I am very glad of that," said Mary, quietly. "But to change the subject, George, may I ask when you are to go away again?"

"Are you anxious to be rid of me?" he asked smiling. "I am sorry to have to tell you that I must go to-morrow. I had a telegram to-day telling of some business that must be attended to at once."

"You will not be very long absent, I suppose, George?"

"Until next Saturday. You must not grow lonely, Mary. Of course you won't go to Grantville at this season of the year. It is bad enough in summer, but in winter it is simply intolerable."

"Not to me."

"Well, you must think a great deal of Mrs. Davidge, if you are willing to pay her a visit in winter time. Why not have her come here instead? It seems to me that that would be much better; and you really owe her some return for the hospitality she has shown you for the past three years."

"I will arrange to have her come sometime, but not now, George. Do not urge me to invite her just yet."

So Mr. Knight said no more on the subject; but it occurred to him that perhaps his wife was as unreasonable and notional as some other wives of whom he had heard men complain, but he loved her none the less for her strange fancies.

He saw her on the train the next morning before he started, and promised her faithfully that he would return on the following Saturday. But he found less business waiting him at the mines than he expected, and was able to leave for home a day sooner. He almost regretted this when he arrived in town on Friday, for it occurred to him that the house would be very lonely without Mary. Then a bright idea struck him. Why should he not go down to Grantville and bring her home? It would be a pleasant surprise for her to see him, and he felt sure she would be weary of her visit by this time.

An hour later he was on his way to Grantville, a little place, between a village and a town, situated on the borders of a river, and sufficiently near the city to be afflicted with various excursion parties during the warm weather. But in winter it was dreary, empty, muddy, cold, and utterly depressing.

Mr. Knight could not repress a shudder as he walked up the main street, and he wondered how his wife could endure a whole week here. Why, one day in such a forlorn hole was enough to give him the blues.

Mrs. Davidge lived in Chestnut street, and Mr. Knight had no difficulty in finding the house even though he didn't know the number, for several dirty-faced urchins were glad to give him all the directions he needed. But to his astonishment he found the house closed, and a servant in the next yard came out and accosted him with:

"What's your will, sir?"

"Is Mrs. Davidge in?"

"No, she went to town a month ago."

"How provoking?" said Mr. Knight, as he went back to the station. "Of course Mary is at home, "but how strange that she did uot know that her friend was in town!"

He was eager to be at home again, and imagined to himself how Mary would laugh at him for his vain journey; but when he reached his house he found it dark and desolate. His wife was absent, and the servants could give him no information concerning her.

"Very strange she should not have returned to her home when she found Mrs. Davidge away," said Mr. Knight. "But perhaps she went to Hull. I suppose you can drive me to Mrs. Varian's, Henry?" addressing the coachman.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Don't know the street or number, sir."

"You have driven your mistress there time after time."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I never drove Mrs. Knight there."

"What do you mean, Henry?"

"I mean, sir, that when I drove Mrs. Knight to Hull, she stopped the carriage at the foot of a hill and walked up herself."

Mr. Knight, for the first time since his marriage, was in a thoroughly bad humor. He spent the entire evening alone in the library, and mused irritably on Mary's singular behavior. He determined to tell her that he did not approve of it, and request that hereafter when he was obliged to leave her, she would remain at home. But he had almost forgotten his irritation when he returned home the next day and found Mary waiting for him with a smiling face and a warm welcome. He could not find it in his heart to reprove her.

"Where have you been, truant?" said he, smiling into the gray eyes.

"At Mrs. Davidge's, George, as I told you."

"Did you enjoy your visit?"

"Very much."

"Mary is too pure and good to be guilty of even a wrong thought," said Mr. Knight to himself. "I would be a contemptible coward to doubt her for a moment."

But the time was at hand when his faith was to be sorely tried. As he sat in his private office one afternoon, several days after his return, he was told that a lady wished to see him, who proved to be Mrs. Davidge.

"I was passing by," she said, "and happened to see your sign, Mr. Knight, so I thought I would run in and ask about your wife. It has been a long time since I saw her."

"Why not call at the house? Mary would be glad to see you."

"Perhaps I will, if I can find time. I am very busy just now getting ready to go to Australia to join my son."

"Your son is grown up, then?"

"Oh, yes; he is 25, nearly."

"To what part of Australia do you go?"

"Melbourne."

"Then I suppose you have given your up house in Grantville?"

"Yes, of course, and it is for sale; but I'm afraid it won't sell, being situated in a horrid town."

"That place never impressed me very favorably, I allow. I have wondered how my wife could like visiting there so much; but her affection for you——"

"Would have induced her to call on me, at least, I should think," interrupted Mrs. Davidge in a tone of pique. "Whom did she visit, do you know, Mr. Knight?"

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Davidge," said Mr. Knight, his face expressing the utmost astonishment. "I certainly thought it was at your house my wife stayed when she last visited Grantville."

"Indeed you are mistaken. I have not seen Mrs. Knight for nearly two years."

"Then she did not spend three weeks with you last August."

"No; you must have confused me with some one else."

"Perhaps so; I have so many things to occupy my mind."

But though he did not allude to the subject again during the little widow's stay, he did not forget it; and after she had gone he locked the office door and sat down to think it out. It was quite dark when he reached home, and Mary hastened into the hall to meet him.

"You are late to-night, George," she said, as she lifted her face to be kissed.

He repulsed her almost rudely, entered the library and shut the door.

The color faded from Mary's face; for one moment she stood as if turned to stone; the next she threw her arms up with a low cry.

"It has come! It has come at last! What shall I do?" she said.

With a face set and cold as marble, she walked to the library door and pushed it open.

George Knight sat by the center table, his head bowed on his arms, and he did not move as his wife came to his side, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Has anything happened, George?" she asked in a voice that was strangely calm.

"Yes," he said, springing to his feet and facing her, his eyes blazing with passion. "Yes, something has happened. I have found out that the woman I loved as my life is a living lie. You have cruelly deceived me. I do not know what your motive has been, but I know that I have not deserved such treatment at your hands."

She made an effort to reply, but only a broken sob left her lips. Turning from him, she walked to the fire, and stood there looking down into the embers, her hands clasped over her heart, her face hidden from his sight.

For several moments there was a silence in the room. It was broken at last by Mr. Knight.

"You have no excuse to offer for your conduct—I see that," he said bitterly. "You made me your dupe, and you do not even feel remorse for the pain your deception has caused me."

She started toward him with a face so wild and haggard that it startled him.

"Listen to me," she said; "I will tell you all; and then, if you choose, turn me forever from your door. I shall not complain of the sentence you pass upon me, however severe, for I know I deserve not only your anger, but your scorn; for I've been a coward, George, carrying about a secret I had not courage to confess. But Heaven knows I meant no wrong, and if I made you suffer, it has not been willfully. When I was 17 I found myself an orphan, poor, friendless, dependent on a distant relative who begrudged every cent she spent upon me. Unhappy and sensitive, I was persuaded into marriage with a man many years my senior, and whom I had known but a few weeks. Too late I discovered his real character, and what I suffered during those five years I lived with him I can't begin to tell you. At the expiration of that time I found out that he had another wife whose claim was prior to mine. Of course I left him and a merciful Providence spared me any further misery at his hands, for he was killed in a quarrel in a low drinking saloon a few months later. For three years I supported myself and two children by my voice. Then that failed me. It is not necessary for me to speak of my anguish and despair. I was on the verge of insanity when you came, and in your noble generosity I saw a way of escape from my troubles. I knew I ought to tell you my history, but I feared that if I did so you would not wish to marry me, and a marriage with you was the only straw to which I could cling. It was a terrible temptation. I hesitated, but for the sake of my children I yielded. God forgive my duplicity!"

"Then you never loved me. It was only to save your children from want that you became my wife, Mary?"

"It is true, I did not love you then, George," she said softly; but your never varying kindness, your unselfish devotion won my heart before I had been your wife a year. And oh, if you only knew how I have longed to confess my secret! A hundred times the words have been on my lips, but I could not utter them."

"You are afraid of losing the support of your children?" said he coldly.

"No, no!" throwing herself at his feet and burying her face in her hands, "but of losing your love—the love I have learned to value above everything in the world."

"Mary, is this true?" he said, raising her in his arms.

"Yes," she said, then raised her eyes and gazed at him with a look which told him more than many words could have done; and with a cry of joy he caught her to his heart."

"Mine!" he said. "Mine forever, with no terrible secret like a gulf lying between us."

"And—my children?"

"Shall be as my own, and Mrs. Varian also, if you wish," with a tender smile.

"Never mention that name again," she said, with a shudder.

"Why not love?"

"It is that of the man whose memory is so bitter to me. Wilmer was my maiden name, which I resumed when I left him. My children do not know of my marriage. They were never told of the loss of my voice, and when you were away, and I stayed with them, they thought me resting from an engagement. Thank heaven my double life is ended forever!"

And George Knight echoed her words as he clasped her again to his heart and pressed on her lips the seal of his perfect pardon and utter trust.

ALL ABOUT CORSETS.

A Lot of Information on the Subject That May be of Interest to Women.

A leading corset-maker, long established in this city when asked as to the most comfortable corset for summer, displayed a daintily-embroidered imported corset of coutil. This was the lightest thing that she sold for hot weather, and the price was $3, but she said she never made a pair under $15. That was the lowest price even for a pair of short riding corsets or for a child's corset waist, and from this price they are made all the way up to $50.

At this latter price they are of watered silk, and regular customers order several at a time. One wealthy lady, who has recently gone to Europe, took with her a dozen pairs of silk corsets in various colors, each pair costing $50. Of course the light silk easily soils, and these must be thrown away, so that it requires something of an income to indulge in this sort of a luxury. The silk is made over linen coutil, and this firm never trims with lace. If the ladies wish lace on their corsets their maids must put it on. One fashionable customer, who gave a series of five receptions last winter, ordered five pairs of corsets at $19 a pair—one for each reception.

The best corsets are of linen coutil, and many ladies prefer them to those of silk or satin. White is the popular color, but gray is worn for traveling almost exclusively. Riding corsets of sateen have soft, slender bones, and do not open in front. These are $3, but in coutil, gray or white, they are $15. Bathing corsets also have no opening in front, and are even shorter than riding corsets. This house imports a specialty round soft linen lacing that draws easily, but is replaced by a silk lace if the lady prefers.

"Yes," said the manufacturer, "we make for Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Potter and all the leading actresses. A corset of proper make and size, and when laced properly, should not meet within two inches at the waist, and should spread even farther apart above and below. The smallest waist we have ever fitted was 16 inches, and the largest 45. Yes, 45 inches is the waist of a young woman, and she looks as healthy as I do. Most waists measure from 24 to 26 inches. We have made corsets for Lavina and Minnie Warren, and for all the giants. Ladies come here and are fitted and wear the corsets away."

At other corset shops and at the leading dry goods stores is a variety of corsets for summer wear at very reasonable prices. The latest novelty is in pongee, which makes a very light and pretty and durable corset. And still cooler and more airy corsets are made of a soft open-work material that is very pretty. A cheaper corset is of coarse strong net, and yet another style is made of the canvas that is used in worsted work. In these gauzy corsets, which look as if they might be very cool and comfortable for hot weather, the bones are of course covered with strong material, and the corset will wear almost as well as the ordinary kind. Seventy-five cents is the lowest price for these thin corsets.—*New York Mail and Express.*

In a Big Tobacco Factory.

There is in this city a tobacco factory which is the largest in the United States. The great building covers nearly an entire block, and five stories in height. The basement is filled with huge hogsheads of tobacco. Many women are to be seen employed in separating the leaves, and preparing them for the workers up-stairs. The odor of the weed is very pungent, and, to any unused to it, is nauseating. The tobacco is taken away to be washed in large tubs filled with fluid licorice and salt water. Men are employed at this branch. It is next put through a course of drying and other preparatory processes. It is then taken to the stripping department, which occupies the whole of the first floor, and in which women are employed. The visitor goes from story to story, from department to department, and sees hundreds of men and women, as well as children, engaged in the various preparatory processes, until he finally reaches the packing and boxing departments, in which the goods are made ready for delivery. It appears from a recent investigation made by the board of health that three-fourths of all the females working at this trade are laid up with illness, for a longer or shorter period, twice every year.—*New York Sun.*

Advice That Is Easy to Give.

Don't worry.

"Seek peace and pursue it."

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's passion may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "O, if you knew what was in the air."—*New York Mail.*

She Had Been There Before.

"Miss Clara," he said, tremulously," I want to tell yer—er—the old, story——" and there for a moment his agitation got the better of him.

"Go on, Mr. Sampson," said the girl with shy encouragement; "never mind if it is a chestnut; perhaps I've never heard it before."

PRANKS OF THE MONKEYS.

A Traveler in India Relates Some of the Comical Sights by the Way.

I wheeled some 1,400 miles along the monkey-infested highways and saw some very curious sights. Sometimes the monkeys would file in long strings across the road, close behind one another, each one looking anxiously behind, evidently very much disturbed at the strange appearance of the bicycle.

Shining up the tall toddy palms or cocoanut trees, one after another, they would hastily ensconce themselves among the thick foliage, and peer curiously down at me as I wheeled past, giving vent to their perturbation in excited cries. One day I remember while away an hour or so beneath a grove of sacred peepul trees, watching the amusing antics of a troop of monkeys in the branches overhead.

Their marvelous activity was here displayed to perfection, as they quarreled and chased one another from tree to tree. The older ones seemed passively irritable, and decidedly averse to being bothered by the antics and mischevious activity of the youngsters. Taking possession of some particular branch, they warned away all would-be intruders with threatened grimaces and feints.

The youthful members of the party were full of pranks, carried on to the great annoyance of their more aged and sedate relatives. These, in revenge, put in no small portion of their time punishing or pursuing them with angry cries for their deeds of wanton annoyance.

One monkey, that had very evidently been there many and many a time before on the same thieving errand, with an amusing secrecy and roguishness, slipped quickly along a horizontal bough, and thrust his arm into a hole.

His eyes wandered guiltily around, as though expectant of detection and punishment. This apprehension quickly justified itself in the shape of a blue-plumaged bird that fluttered angrily about the robber's head, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat.

Birds' eggs were the booty he expected to find, and, methought as I noted the number, mischievousness and activity of the freebooters to whom birds' eggs would be most toothsome morsels, watchful indeed must be the parent bird whose maternal ambition bore its legitimate fruit in this monkey-infested grove.

In me these mokeys seemed to recognize a possible dangerous enemy, and at my first appearance they hastened to hide among the thickest foliage. Peering cautiously down, they yielded themselves up to excited chattering and broad grimaces. After a while they became somewhat reassured, and regarded me with less apprehension. The wild mokeys and the natives seem to get along famously together, one often seeing them occupying the shade of the same tree.

In the valley of the Hooghly, down toward Calcutta, my road sometimes partook almost of the character of a tunnel, burrowing through a mass of dense tropical vegetation. Cocoanut and toddy palms mingled their feathery foliage with the dark green of the mango, the wild pomolo, giant bamboo, and other indigenous vegetation characteristic of a hot and humid climate, and big creepers swung from tree to tree and wound the mass in inextricable confusion.

In this magnificent conservatory of nature big, black-faced monkeys, with tails four feet long, romp and revel through the trees, nimbly climb the creepers, and thoroughly enjoy their life amid the sylvan scenes about them. It was a curious sight to see those big anthropoids, almost as large as human beings, swing themselves deftly up the festooned creepers at my approach—to see their queer, impish black faces peer cautiously out of their hiding place, and to hear their peculiar squeak of surprise and alarm as they noted the strange character of my conveyance, the bicycle.

Sometimes a gang of them would lope awkwardly along ahead of the bicycle, looking every inch like veritable imps of darkness, pursuing their silent course through the chastened twilight of green-grown subterranean passageways, their ridiculously long tails raised aloft, and their faces most of the time looking over their shoulder.—*Youths' Companion.*

A COSTLY "BEER."

A Glass for an Idea Which Has Paid $200,000 so Far.

Two hundred thousand dollars may seem a large sum for a small article, but it was virtually paid by a man of great resources who had an ingenious expedient for saving the horseflesh of the world. About ten years ago a veterinary surgeon, who was with the army in Bombay, found that the excessive heat of that country caused the tops of the horses' necks to sweat freely, and thereby produce sores under the leather collars. All the expedients that he could suggest were of no avail to remedy this state of things. One-fourth of the horses used for draught purposes were laid up by what is called "sore neck."

This "vet," in his younger days had studied chemistry, and he found that sulphate of zinc was the best and almost only cure for horses' "sore necks," but the difficulty in applying this preparation lay in the fact that the horses had to rest during the time of its application, otherwise the collar would rub it off, and there was no chance for the horse's recovery. A thought struck him that to make a zinc pad and fit it under the collar would, at any rate, prove an ameliorative, and maybe cure. The man, though ingenious in his way, was much given to drink, and was looked upon by the officers of the army as a "ne'er-do-weel" with bright ideas. While this idea was simmering in his mind, and before he had put it into an actual test, he happened to be in a drinking bar.

His finances at this time were at the lowest ebb, for his future pay was mortgaged for all it was worth, and the publican refused to trust him with any more drinks. An American drummer happened to be representing a large leather house, and knew a good deal of the difficulty with which the American farmers of the southwest had to contend. The two men got into conversation, and, as a natural result, the veterinary surgeon spoke of the idea that was uppermost in his mind, and said that he thought he knew of a remedy for that most troublesome complaint of which all horses in hot countries suffered. The American was perfectly convinced that he was talking to a man of good ideas, though bad principles, and asked what he would take for the idea.

"I am awfully hard up and can get no more drink on trust, so I will give you the idea for a glass of beer."

"Done!" said the other.

The American at once saw there was probably millions in this, and he conceived the notion that the matter oozing from the sores on horses' necks would corrode the pad and produce sulphate of zinc—thus the disease would provide its own remedy. He also saw that zinc, being a non-conductor of heat, would keep the parts cool. The more he thought of it the more he liked it, and although his business should have kept him in Bombay some months longer, he in a few days took the first steamship to Liverpool and then to Boston. Arriving in Boston, he threw up his appointment with the house and started the manufacturing of zinc pads, after obtaining a patent for the idea, and he is now worth $200,000. These zinc pads are used in every country on earth, and are the greatest blessing the farmer enjoys.—*London Tid-Bits.*

The Death Penalty in Corsica.

One might have imagined that in Corsica, the land of the vendetta, where brigands seem to be almost as plentiful as blossoms in the month of May, the guillotine would not be suffered to rust for want of use. At Bastia, however, juries have been proverbially merciful, perhaps on the "spare the rod and spoil the child" principle. Be this as it may, the condemnation to death of a ruffian of 24 years of age, named Rocchini, who not only murdered a man and a girl of 15, but endeavored on various occasions to make a veritable holocaust of the island gendarmery, is regarded as an extraordinary phenomenon in the criminal annals of the town. It appears that for upward of 40 years no Bastia jury had returned a verdict justifying the death penalty. Incidentally it may be related that Rocchini's father, on the day of the trial, was arrested as he was taking a constitutional in the lobbies of the court, a revolver with its six chambers loaded being, as a matter of course, found on his person. It is possibly owing to the arrest of his parent that the jury "made so bold" as to pronounce the culprit guilty of all the charges laid at his door The vendetta, after all, sometimes forestalls the guillotine, and Rocchini the elder may have "prevailed" on some of the jury to stop long ere his son laid his head on the block.—*London Telegraph.*

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

Ditmar's grasp was on his throat, and he was under him, but it was only for a moment. He managed to free himself from the clutch now strangling him, and by a dexterous turn, relieved himself from the weight of the colonel's body, and in a minute more was on equal terms with him. How the struggle would have resulted, can never be known, for a policeman happened along at the precise moment when the state of the parties hung trembling in the balance, and they were released from each other's grasp and found themselves standing upright in a sad state of dilapidation, with the guardian of the peace between them.

"If you will quit, and go about your business," said the officer, noticing that they were not common brawlers, "I won't take you in. Commence again, and I will lock you both up."

As heartily as Ditmar hated Lord, and as eager as Lord was to punish Ditmar, the prospect of a night in the city prison was not agreeable to either of them, and they very reluctantly gave their promise not to renew hostilities at that time.

"But," said Ditmar, "I promise myself the pleasure of killing you, as I should have done to-night, if we had not been interrupted, and I promise you that the woman whom you have assumed to champion will know more of me after I have disposed of you."

"I am not a common stabber, nor a common bully, Col. Ditmar, but I promise you that if you assault me I can take care of myself, and shall do it, the same as though any other ruffian assaulted me. But I also promise that if I ever hear of your using my name in any possible way, or the lady whom you say I have championed, it will not be you who will strike first. I will follow you to the end of the world. I am no child to be frightened by words, or intimidated by assaults. I know you and your kind, and if you are wise you will keep clear of me. I shall not again be unprepared for you."

And with these words the men parted.

Lord went to his hotel more dissatisfied with himself than ever. He knew enough of Ditmar to know that his threat was not an idle one, for his very standing in California depended upon his wiping out the effect of the blow he had received. If a man is called a liar and kills the man who so brands him, the code counts him free of the charge, no matter whether it be true or not, and Col. Ditmar would be forced to clear himself, or accept ostracism.

For the first time in his life, Jarvas Lord found himself at loss what to do with himself. He missed Marian Winter more than he would acknowledge to himself, and not having her to go to, he walked about in a half-dazed condition, like a man who has habituated himself to opium, and finds himself without his drug, or, as Marian Winter was not a hurtful stimulant, but rather a very healthful one, he was like a healthy man, deprived of his food. There was the club—no that wouldn't do. He had no relish for bad talk, and the rough ha ha's of the men there, grated harshly on ears that had so lately drank in the soft accents of a pure, sweet woman, The Lick House—the Occidental? Brandy and water, and horse and theatrical talk, or what was more distasteful, stocks, business and money. The theater? The last time he had sat in a theater, the quickest, keenest appreciation of dramatic representation sat beside him, and by her delightful comment added ten-fold to the enjoyment of the evening. Clearly, he couldn't go to the theater alone.

And so, having no other place to go, he went to his room in his hotel, which once he had thought very comfortable and cosy. But neither the bright fire, nor the cheerful furnishing made it pleasant for him that night, and it was as gloomy a place as he had ever been in, and had it been as luxuriously appointed as the palace of a French king, it still would have no charm for him. There was something gone out of his life, without which life was nothing to him.

He went to sleep and dreamed of Marian who was at the moment in the mountains dreaming of him.

CHAPTER XI.

It did not take long for Harry Brooks and his new found friend to find the place they were in search of, for Taggart knew every foot of the country as well as Harry knew his own bed room, and he went as straight to the place as a bird could fly. They did not make the time Taggart desired, for the experience was so new and delightful to Harry that he wanted it prolonged as long as possible. The delicious air in the mountains, the wondrous prospects, the ever-shifting and ever-changing scenery, presenting a new view, at every turn of the mountain road, the cascades, the mountains, the sky, the glorious foliage, and the absolute wildness and loneliness of the way, made it a succession of delights. He would stop, as some view more than usually grand met his gaze, and old Taggart would stop also, but with ill-concealed impatience. He could see nothing to stop for, for to him the scenes were familiar.

"Well, young feller, have ye stopped long enough to take it all in? We ought to be gitten on."

"Taggart, how can you hurry me. I never saw anything like it in my life. It is glorious. See that spur half way across the valley, standing out in the clear sky. And how beautifully the trees on the crest show through the wondrous light. Why even at this distance every twig stands out as distinct, as though we were within a rod of it. It's wonderful!"

"I've seen it when it don't please me. It is well enuff in this weather with a good hoss under you, and your haversack full of pervision, but take it in the winter, with snow till you can't rest, no path, nothin' to eat, and the likker in your flask disappear like frost in July, it ain't so nice. I did it once right here, and death and I had such a scrimmage as I don't want to go through with again. I hev bin thro so many uv sich times that my delite in wild scenery ain't so keen ez it mite be. The curl uv smoke from a camp alluz looks pleasant to me; but we must jog on."

The old man was anxious and he did not attempt to conceal it.

"Why this haste?" Harry asked him. "The claim cant run away."

"Yes, but some one may run to it. It ain't safe to leave a good thing alone. I once had a claim a good deal better than this one, and left it just ez I did this one, to go and git a pardner and some supplies, and when I got back I found it okkepied by a half dozen uv the wurst customers on the coast. They 'lowed that I had a claim to it, but they had a stronger one and they kep it."

"As you found the claim and took it, what stronger claim could they have had?" asked Harry.

"Six Henry rifles, and about twelve Colt revolvers. Them tools make a mighty good title when you are all alone, and a couple of hundred miles from any assistance. They did kept the claim, and worked it, at least four of 'em did. Ther wuz two of 'em that never got no good out uv it, owin' to ther bein' two funerals, or two buryins in that vicinity. Swore I'd kill 'em all, but the survivin' four kept me a runnin' too lively, fur they wuz just as well up in bush fightin' and they didn't let me get a crack at 'em after they tumbled to my game. In that skrimmage I got this," said the old man, lifting the matted hair from his forehead, and showing a long, red line that had been made by a bullet. "t wuz a close call and Jim Masten wuz ez mad ez a hornet, when he saw me dodgin' behind trees, and gittin out. Jim didn't often miss, but I wuz too quick for him."

At their journey's end, they found, much to their delight, that the claim had not been interfered with, and that they were in good legal possession of it.

They went to work the morning after their arrival to determine exactly how valuable was the find, and whether the old man's calculations were correct. The two men changed places and natures. Harry, who you would have supposed to have been the most eager, did not manifest the nervous anxiety of his elder companion. They labored very hard all day, and when night came, Harry, who was unused to that kind of labor, was willing to quit for his supper. When that was cooked and eaten, the young man commenced to arrange their beds in the little tent they had brought with them, Taggart looking on in mute astonishment.

"What are you doing?" was the old man's question.

"Fixing for a good night's sleep," answered Harry.

"With three hours of good daylight afore us? Not much. Young feller, we have a good thousand dollars to take out afore we sleep to-night, and I wish we had time to do twice as much We are a wastin' time here, dreadful. We hev bin eatin' three-quarters of an hour."

And he resumed his work with a feverishness which was strangely at contrast with the coolness of the younger man.

"Why do you work so hard?" asked Brooks, one day, as the old veteran was straining every muscle in his body, and delving as though every stroke was to be his last.

"Why? Young man did you ever gamble? No? You never played faro nor bought stocks, nor even took a chance in a raffle? Didn't you even at church fairs? No? Well, then, you don't know what excitement is. When you have put your everlastin' all on a single keerd, and you are waitin' so still that you don't draw your breath, for the dealer to turn the keerd that either makes you rich or beggars you, you naterally feel anxious and nervous. But faro, poker, raffles, church and otherwise, ain't nothin' compared to what we feel, when we hev made a strike like this, and it begins to pan out as this does. Three weeks ago, I would have been satisfied with $10,000 to-day I want a million or two, and I want it before I get too old to hev it do me any good. I want it now this minit—I can't wait till morning. Ef it wuz bein' tuk out a hundred thousand an hour, it would still be too slow. Brooks, we're all alike. Minin' is curious."

For three weeks this kind of work was done, the result bringing more than Harry had dreamed of, and much more than old Taggart, with all his experience, had expected. The two men had taken out over $10,000 of dust, and there was no signs of diminution. The placer was rich, Taggart said, beyond anything he had ever struck, and there was every indication that it was inexhaustible.

They had brought with them provisions for a month, and to their regret they were too close to the end of their stock for safety. It was necessary that one of them should go back to Altamont for provisions, and Taggart, who could not tear himself away from his work, insisted that it should be Harry. There was yet a two weeks' supply for one man, and Harry could go and get back long before that was exhausted.

"It would be very lonely, for you here, alone," said Harry. "Why not both go and return?"

"I go! Young man, what are you thinking of? I leave this claim, and let some blunderin cuss into it, while I was away! Not any of that. I shel never leave this spot till the gold is all worked out, and I may die here—I know I shel if the dust holds out ez I believe it will. I must stay and take care of it, and you go and get the supplies. Go as quick as you can, and get back as quick as you can."

"But, Taggart, are you satisfied to be left here, and all alone with all the dust we have got out? Is it safe?"

"Safe enough—I kin take care of myself. Don't bother about that. There ain't nobody comin' nigh this place, and if they do, I am a mighty little sleeper, and very handy with my weapons. It is safe enough though it isn't so pleasant as to have yer pard with yer. But we must hev suthin' to eat, and you kin best be spared to get it. Come back ez quick ez you kin—you will find that I heven't bin idle durin' yer stay."

And they parted with expressions of mutual good will—Harry to make the long journey to Altamont alone, and Taggart to labor in the mine, without a human being near him.

"He's a splendid old fellow," thought Harry, as he looked back and turned in his saddle to wave his hat as a final good-bye."

"There's stuff in that young feller," said old Taggart, as he answered the salute. "He did me a good turn once when I needed it, and he'll never regret it."

It must be confessed that Harry took more time on the journey back, for there was no Taggart to hurry him forward. He drank his fill of the beauties of that wild region, and made many detours to get views, and having learned something of the prospector's craft, made some investigations, which he hoped to turn to use some day.

But at last he arrived at Altamont, and at once set about gathering together his supplies for a long stay in the mines.

Of course, he lost no time in calling upon Miss Winter, and to her he confided the strange good fortune that had befallen him, and equally, as a matter of course, he converted a very pretty pile of the dust he had brought with him, into money, and, with a thankful, as well as proud heart, deposited a draft in the postoffice for the loved ones at home, the first help he had been able to give them.

"Please God," he said to himself, Eunice shall have her silk dress this winter, and Margaret the cloak she needs, and father the new suit he has wanted for four years. And there shall be no more pinching, no more debt, no more slaving for them. God bless you, Jarvas Lord, and God bless you, good old Taggart."

The young man was so old-fashioned as to be grateful to those who had befriended him.

He found Marian Winter very pleasantly situated. She had found friends and good ones, as such women always do. Her pupils loved her for her patience and kindness to them, and their mothers, who had been in the habit of supposing they owned whoever they employed, recognized her superiority, and not only admitted her to an equal place with them, but without knowing it, or Marian's seeking it, found themselvess giving her precedence.

And at last she was at peace. She did not have much society, nor did she require it. She had her book, her music and employment. There was sufficient that was new to her in the country, to interest her, and the Chinamen and the unfortunate miners, who came sick or injured to the little town, she found enough opportunity for doing good, to satisfy all the longings of her nature.

And she was far away from her troubles, and would have been content to have lived and died there.

CHAPTER XII.

The life of the regular commercial traveler is not the most pleasant in the world, for it takes wherever business leads him. It is well enough, when one is representing his "house," in the cities, or even in the better class of towns, for he is sure of railroads, of good hotels, and such society as will fill in the time comfortably in the interval of business. But when he is compelled to take the little places—to hunt the bankrupt in his fastnesses, to urge the dilatory customer who dwells in by-places, where he is exposed to the discomforts of stage rides, of small, uncomfortable hotels, and the chances of no society at all, it is not so well.

It was not necessary for Jarvas Lord to go into the small towns, for aside from the fact that he was a partner, and would be very likely to deputize subordinates to do the disagreeable part of the traveling, the business of the house was largely in the cities.

So there was no occasion for him to go to Altamont in pursuit of business. As large as were the mercantile establishments there, they purchased their supplies in San Francisco, of the people to whom Lord & Sons sold them. But he went there all the same.

The more he tried to convince himself that it was a good thing for all parties concerned, that he should free himself from Marian Winter, and that the growing feeling which had so alarmed him, should be checked, and finally die, the more impossible it became. The very determining not to think of her kept her in his mind all the time, and turn which way he would, she was before him constantly. Experienced as he was in women, he had never met or known, or even seen one like her.

She had all the culture and all the refinements of the best society of the great city, and in addition, she had that self reliance, which the suffering which had thrown her upon herself had developed. There was strength as well as beauty in her character, and the one heightened rather than marred the other.

And then she perfectly filled a want in his nature. She did not need to depend upon mere beauty of person, or upon a score of accomplishments, to interest him. He was a very superior man, who wanted more than he knew, and who required constant draughts from whatever pleased him. Marian could fill the void in him as no one else had, and she seemed exhaustless. She never tired or wearied him. He left her late in the night as fresh as when he came, and returned with perfect certainty that there was something new in store for him.

And when left to himself after he was habituated to her society, he found himself all at sea.

Determined to shake off the influence she had obtained over him, he plunged into business with a zeal he had not shown for months, and he received compliments from the house in New York, as to the thoroughness of his operations. But he could not do business satisfactorily to himself, because his mind was not on dry goods during the day, and his nights were insupportable. Then he tried dissipation. He astonished the frequenters of the clubs at the wildness of his gambling and the utter recklessness of his play. He seemed to delight in the wildest things, and the amount of wine, and even more potent liquors he consumed, was astonishing.

But it was all the same. He saw Marian Winter's face on the cards, and in the glass, and when he went home she accompanied him, a great deal closer than when she was near him in person.

One morning he awoke from his uneasy sleep, with the effects of the last night's dissipation upon him, feeling smirched in body and soul. He sat upright in bed, and thought for a full half hour.

This is a decidedly pleasant kind of a life I am leading," he said to himself. "I have got so far along as to be able to listen to slang and vulgarity in clubs, and to lose money as recklessly as the greenest boy that ever escaped from his mother's apron strings. And what is this all for? Why to drive out of my mind the the only woman in the world I ever cared for, and the only one who could make me happy. I am taking a great deal of trouble to steer clear of heaven and run into purgatory. I guess I won't do it any more. I don't know what Lord & Sons have to do with me or my private affairs, or what the society, or my friends in New York have to do with me anyhow. If I love Marian Winter, and she loves me, whose business is it but her's and mine. I think I will be sensible, and commence this morning."

Then he arose, packed his trunk, and, telling the people at his office that he was going to Altamont on a rather important piece of business, took the first train thither, feeling better than he had for some weeks. He thought it might be possible that he was making a fool of himself, but it was some comfort to know that he had decided to do it. It was off his mind at all events.

He arrived at about the same time with Harry Brooks, but he did not make known his presence to that young man first. He went straight to the hotel at which Marian Winter had her home, and he was sufficiently certain of his reception not to send up a card. He found the number of her room, and went up stairs, three steps at a bound.

His knock was answered, and he entered. The reckless young man was not content with taking the hand extended to him, but he threw his arms around her and kissed her, not noticing in his eagerness that Harry Brooks was also in the room.

Marian would doubtless have preferred that the very warm salute had been given with no third party to witness it, but she did not resent it, or seemed displeased at all. She did blush somewhat, when she thought of Brooks' presence, but it passed off in a minute and the two commenced eager talk, without for a moment considering him.

But Brooks, as much pleased as either of them, did not intend to be ignored. He remarked that it was all well enough, but he was as much their friend as they were his, or each others, and he wanted recognition. He wanted to know how Mr. Lord was, and what was the condition of things in San Francisco, and he did hope that his affairs, slight and unimportant as they were, were still of enough importance to take some little of their attention.

"But," he continued, "I can wait. I have business on the street just now, and will leave you."

What did they say to each other? Who shall ever know? But that it was not unpleasant to either, was evident from the fact that supper for the two was sent to the room. People as desperately in love as these were will eat, for the stomach is inexorable, and delights in asserting its supremacy even over sentiment—and it was very late in the evening when he left her room, and when he did leave he did not say good-night and go away, as young men do as a rule, but he lingered at the door, and, looking up and down the hall furtively, kissed her with a long, lingering kiss that meant something. It was not a brotherly kiss that he gave her, nor a cousinly one. There are varieties in kissing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPRISONED URSULINE NUNS.

Eleven French Members of the Order Complaining of Bishop Phelan.

Eleven French nuns are virtually held prisoners in the Ursuline Convent in Pittsburg, Pa., and an interesting fight for control of the institution is in progress. Both the Pope and the county courts have been appealed to. The Ursuline Convent is in the pretty suburb of Oakland, and the buildings and grounds are probably worth $250,000, all of which was accumulated by the founders of the institution. They are French nuns, who came from their native land seventeen years ago. They were all highly educated, and some were members of the nobility. One is related to the ex-Empress Eugenie and another knew the Empress when both were children. At their academy the daughters of many wealthy Pittsburg families, both Protestant and Catholic, have been educated.

Several months ago Bishop Phelan deposed the French Superior, Mother Marie Alphonse, and in her stead placed Mother Gertrude, who is a native of Ireland. A lady journalist managed to get an interview with the deposed Mother Superior today. She said: "There are 22 sisters in this convent, eleven lay and the same number of choir sisters. The former are the uneducated, who perform all manual labor, while the latter are the educated and are the teachers. Myself and the ladies who accompanied me from France are the choir sisters. We have been deprived of our classes and are virtually prisoners. We have our meals sent to us and that is about the only privilege we are granted. The Bishop ignored the constitution of the convent, which provides that when a change in authority is desired a new Mother Superior shall be elected by a vote of the nuns. No election was held and the eleven lay sisters cling to Mother Gertrude. Bishop Phelan is not a friend of mine, and I can think of no reason for his antipathy unless it is because I am a French woman."

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

Presbyterianism in this Campaign of 1888.

We have never before had two Presbyterians running against each other as competitors for the office of President of the United States. President Cleveland is a Presbyterian, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and Gen. Harrison, who wants to be President in his place, is another Presbyterian who has risen to the rank of elder in the Presbyterian church. President Cleveland does not take the sacraments of his faith. Gen. Harrison is in full communion of the saints, according to the requirements of the Presbyterian confession.

In the list of the Republican Presidents there has not yet been a Presbyterian. Gen. Arthur was an Episcopalian, Gen. Garfield a Campbellite, Gen. Grant a Methodist, the Fraudulent Hayes a Methodist, and Abraham Lincoln a devout non-sectarian.

The two Presbyterians who now stand as representatives of the two rival parties in the country are reported to be both firm adherents of the Calvinistic dogma, with modern improvements.—*Sun.*

Recent Literature.

LITERATURE GRAVE AND GAY.

Tilting at Windmills—The Story of Turkey—Montezuma's Gold Mines—The Story of Ohio—A Fine Catalogue—New Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Tilting at Windmills," by Emma M. Connelly, is a Kentucky story of the reconstruction period, and is the author's first book. It shows a good deal of talent, and some of the crudities which are apt to pertain to a first venture with the world of fiction, but she understands her subject, and her familiarity with the Blue Grass country has enabled her to introduce many natural and characteristic pictures from life which one not born in the region would find it difficult to reproduce. The hero is a Boston man, full of inherited prejudices, who attempts to set aside the traditions of the Southern people among whom his lot is cast. He meets with defeat in his Quixotic endeavors, and it is only after he falls in love with a pure, winning and beautiful girl that he realizes that there have been misunderstandings on his part, as well as among those whom he has endeavored to convert to his somewhat contracted ideas. The principal fault is the unevenness of style which is visible, and a lack of experience with the world enabling her to make her characters develop naturally at all times.

The latest issue in the "Story of the Nations" series is "The Story of Turkey," written by Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. As the history of Turkey is undoubtedly a thing of the future, the author of the present work has merely attempted "to draw the main outlines of Turkish history in bold strokes that shall leave a connected impression on the reader's mind." Clearness and brevity are two essentials to a good book, and these are found in the present volume. Beginning with the thirteenth century, the author carries his reader with him until the thread of his completed narrative is dropped at the commencement of the present decade. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

From D. Lothrop Co., Boston, comes "Montezuma's Gold Mines," by Fred A. Ober, who has already written two stories of Mexican life. Ever since the days of Cortez there has been a legend that there existed somewhere in the country gold mines of wonderful richness, the location of which was kept a carefully guarded secret by the native tribes who were aware of it. The author bases his story upon this popular belief. He takes for his hero a young naturalist who goes to Mexico in the employ of the United States government, to make a collection of bird specimens. He is regarded with suspicion by some of the Indians, who finally seize him, burn his notes, books and specimens, and carry him to a distant point, with the warning never to return. He makes the acquaintance of one of his captors, a young Indian named Juanito, who helps him to escape, and after they are safely away they form a plan to go in search of Montezuma's gold mines. Juanito is a member of the tribe which holds the secret, and together they go on a long journey into the interior, meeting with many exciting adventures, and at last are rewarded by finding the treasures they seek. The interest of the story is kept up from the first page to the last.

From the same publishers comes the handsome volume in "The Story of the States," edited by Eldridge S. Brooks, entitled "The Story of Ohio," by Alexander Black. It necessarily pictures the beginnings of the Great Northwest—of that splendid group of states lying at the heart of the Republic. The story has thus a special and peculiar interest at a time when these younger children, as it were, of the great American Confederation are drawing towards them the eyes of the continent and of the world. Mr. Black's book sketches the early history of the Ohio Valley, touching briefly upon the romantic Indian struggles and traditions; describes succinctly the movements that planted civilization in the Northwest, and brings the state history down to the present year, with its centennial observances, thus covering the full century of Ohio's life. The author declares that in the matter of great men a writer upon Ohio suffers from an embarrassment of riches. The list of these men is, indeed, a remarkable one. With Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Garfield, Hayes, McClellan and Custer among her soldiers and statesmen; with Howells among her literary and Edison among her scientific children; with Beecher among her theological graduates and Powers, Ward and the Beard brothers among her sculptors and painters the state certainly enjoys a peculiar distinction in diverse fertility.

"Problems of To-day" is a discussion of protective tariffs, taxation and monopolies by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., and published by T. Y. Crowell, New York. The book is made up of a series of papers written originally for the Baltimore *Sun*, and now collected in answer to a request for it from the readers in different parts of the country. The work is of special interest at the present time and will doubtless find many readers, especially during the campaign. The writer is so well known that his words will command attention.

One of the finest catalogues which we have had the pleasure of seeing for a long time is that of Goulds & Austin, Chicago. It is of well making machinery, of which this firm seem to have excelled in finding the most approved and perfect ever known. To all interested in these matters, we should advise to send for this handsome catalogue. It is full of fine wood cuts and engravings, and there is also a chapter on pole tools containing the only full line of illustrations of this subject ever published in the world. These pole tools are used in the Western country in preference to vable rigs used in the Eastern oil fields.

Literary Notes.

Three volumes of Henry Irving's "Shakespeare" have now appeared.

W. H. Russell, ancient war correspondent, is writing his reminiscences at great length.

Thomas Hardy's forthcoming volume is to be entitled "Wessex Tales; Strange, Lively and Commonplace."

"Rents in Our Robes" (Belford, Clarke & Co.) is the title of a volume of essays and social sketches by Mrs. Frank Leslie.

It is understood that R. L. Stevenson's description of his yachting cruise in the South Pacific will be published in serial form.

A first edition of 15,000 was required by the Scribners to supply the demand for Robert Louis Stevenson's latest Romance, "The Black Arrow," during the first week after publication.

"The Story of an African Farm" is regarded as one of the most powerful novels issued for a long time. It is the more remarkable, being the first work of its author, Miss Olive Schreiner.

D. C. Heath & Co. have just published "Aids to Number," pupils' edition, by Anna B. Badlam, of the Rice Training school, Boston. About June 20 the second series will be issued.

"Robert Elsmere," the new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, which has already reached its seventh edition in London, will be issued this week in a cheap American edition by Macmillan & Co.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will issue shortly a novel entitled "In Hot Haste." The plot turns upon the marriage of a Count von Weide in order to secure to himself an inheritance. The book is said to contain peculiarly interesting descriptions of German life.

One of the most attractive books issued by the Harpers this summer is William Black's "Strange Adventures of a House Boat," in which an American girl takes a trip up the Thames in a house boat with a party of English friends and a good-looking Highlander. The book is exquisitely illustrated.

"I will do something by-and-by. Don't care what—teach, sew, act, write, anything to help the family; and I'll be rich and famous and happy before I die; see if I won't!" So spoke Louisa M. Alcott when she was a girl of fifteen. And she lived to see her ambitious prediction realized.

"Simon de Montfort and His Cause," and "Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland," are the two latest additions to Putnam's series of English History from Contemporaneous Writers. Notes, maps, genealogies and illustrations are included in these convenient little books. Each 75 cents.

A volume has been made of eight of Sarah Orne Jewett's stories, all but one of which have been printed in the magazines, where their merits were fully recognized.

The book is entitled "The King of Folly Island, and Other People." (Hougton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo., $1.25), and offers pleasant entertainment for an afternoon.

Edward Everett Hale's last novel is entitled "Mr. Tangier's Vacations" (Roberts, paper, 50 cents), and has appeared in serial form in *Lend a Hand*. It is the story of the experiences of a city lawyer who, worn out with work, seeks rest in a New England village. The style is prolix and the book rather wearisome to those who remember what readable short stories Dr. Hale has written.

"A Man's Will" is the title of a temperance story, by Edgar Fawcett, the scene of which is laid in New York city. It depicts with a good deal of vivid coloring the struggles of a young man to throw off an inherited love of liquor, and to become master of himself. Incidentally there is a love story, and the background is filled in with scenes of city life in different grades of society. Funk & Wagnalls, 12mo, $1.25.

Several volumes have been issued in Cassell's Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction (paper, 50 cents each.) "The Veiled Beyond," by Sigmund B. Alexander, is a love story with a strong dash of the spiritualistic element, the scene being laid in Boston. "Orion, the Gold Beater," is the first of Sylvanus Cobb Jr.'s stories, which the firm issues, the copyrights owned by Robert Bonner having been purchased for this edition. The great popularity of Mr. Cobb's stories when they appeared in *The New York Ledger*, is the justification for this venture. E. C. Stedman writes an eulogistic introduction to one of the best of Elizabeth Stoddard's novels, "Two Men," which is worthy of being better known among fiction-readers of the present generation. It is a strong story of down-east village life.

SHOOTING A RHINOCEROS.

Allan Quatermain Describes a Hunt in South Africa.

Taking my eight-bore and a half dozen spare cartridges in my pocket, I made a detour, and reaching the ant heap in safety lay down. For a moment the wind had dropped, but presently a gentle puff of air passed over me and blew on toward the rhinoceros. By the way, I wonder what it is that smells so strong about a man? Is it his body or his breath? I have never been able to make out, but I saw somewhere the other day that in the duck decoys the man who is working the ducks holds a little piece of burning turf before his mouth, and that if he does this they cannot smell him, which looks as though it were the breath. Well, whatever it was about me that attracted his attention, the rhinoceros soon smelt me, and within half a minute after the puff of wind had passed he was up and turning round to get his head up wind. There he stood for a few seconds and sniffed, and then he began to move, first of all at a trot, then as the great scent grew stronger at a furious gallop. On he came, snorting like a runaway engine, with his tail stuck straight up in the air. If he had seen me lie down there he could not have made a better line. It was rather nervous work, I can tell you, lying there waiting for his onslaught, for he looked like a mountain of flesh. I determined, however, not to fire until I could plainly see his eye, for I think that rule always gives one the right distance for big game. So I rested my rifle on the ant-heap and waited for him, kneeling. At last, when he was about 40 yards away, I saw that the time had come, and, aiming straight for the middle of the chest, I pulled.

Thud went the heavy bullet, and with a tremendous snort over rolled the rhinoceros beneath its shock, just like a shot rabbit. But if I had thought that he was done for I was mistaken, for in another second he was up and coming for me as hard as ever, only with his head held low. I waited till he was within ten yards, in the hope that he would expose his chest, but he would do nothing of the sort. So I had just to fire at his head with the left barrel and take my chances. Well, as luck would have it, of course the animal put its horn in the way of the bullet, which cut clean throught it about three inches above the root, and then glanced off into space. After that things got rather serious. My gun was empty and the rhinoceros was rapidly arriving—so rapidly, indeed, that I came to the conclusion that I had better make way for him. Accordingly I jumped to my feet and ran to the right as hard as I could go. As I did so he arrived full tilt, knocked my friendly ant-heap flat, and for the second time that day went a most magnificent cropper. This gave me a few seconds start, and I ran down wind—my word, I did run. Unfortunately, however, my modest retreat was observed, and the rhinoceros, as soon as he got his legs again, set to work to run after me. Now, no man on earth can run as fast as an irritated rhinoceros can gallop, and I knew that he must soon catch me up. But having some slight experience of this sort of thing, I luckily for myself kept my head, and as I fled I managed to open my rifle, get the old cartriges out and put two fresh ones in. To do this I had to steady my pace a little, and by the time that I had snapped the rifle to I heard him snorting and thundering away within a few paces of my back. I stopped, and as I did so rapidly cocked the rifle and slewed round upon my heel. By this time the brute was within six or seven yards of me, but luckily his head was up. I lifted the rifle and fired at him. It was a snap shot, but the bullet struck him in the chest within three inches of the first, and found its way into his lungs. It did not stop him, however; so all I could do was to bound to one side, which I did with surprising activity, and as he brushed past me fire the other barrel into his side. That did for him. The ball passed in behind the shoulder and right through the heart. He fell over on to his side, gave one most awful squeal—a dozen pigs could not have made so much noise—and promply died, keeping his wicked eyes wide open all the time.

As for me, I blew my nose, and going up to the rhinoceros, sat on his head and reflected that I had had a capital morning's shooting.—*H. Rider Haggard in Harper's Monthly.*

Fights With Large Snakes.

Marion Earnest and Frank Hedge, two well known citizens of Montpelier, Ind., shiver yet when they speak of their last Tuesday's adventure. Early in the morning they shouldered their guns and started out gunning. While beating about a four-acre swamp they suddenly saw a monster snake of the "blue racer" kind rushing toward them, with its head well back and its flashing eyes darting venomous glances into their faces. A shudder ran through their bodies from head to foot. Both of them had double-barrel shot guns, but had no thought of these as they ran for dear life, until retreat was cut off by a high fence. Then Hedge shot the snake, which was only a few yards away. It measured nearly seven feet in length, and had been stirred to such an unwonted display of courage by the fact that it had had nothing to eat for a week or more.

While A. H. Washburn, who lives ten miles north of Quitman, Ga., was passing around the back of his plantation, accompanied by two dogs—one a bull-dog, the other a small one—the small dog was suddenly attacked by a monster rattlesnake, which sprang upon him and held him to the ground with his mouth. The larger dog, seeing the trouble, went bravely to the rescue. The snake immediately released the small dog and sprang for the larger one, biting him in the neck. Mr. Washburn had in the meantime got hold of a fence rail and started for the scene of battle. Fn seeing Mr. Washburn the snake left the dog and sprang for him. The old gentleman backed a few steps, and gathering his energies, struck at his snakeship with the rail. The rail took effect on the snake's head and stunned him. Then Mr. Washburn got in his work, and in a few minutes killed the reptile. The snake was as large as a man's thigh, and seven feet long, an old settler evidently. Strange to say, the small dog recovered, but the large bull-dog died the next day.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

A Good Cause for Tears.

Young Man (to editor)—Here is a little poem of a pathetic nature, sir. I showed it to my mother, and she actually cried over it.

Editor (after reading the poem)—You say your mother cried?

Young Man—Yes, sir.

Editor—Well, you go home and promise your mother never to write any more poetry, and I think the old lady will dry her eyes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Amende Honorable.

Mrs. Quimpah—"I'se bery sorry, Mis' Peedley; 'deed I is."

Mrs. Peedley—"Whad's d' mattah?"

Mrs. Quimpah—"I done frowed a rock at one ob yo' hains, en knocked out foh teeth."

Mrs. Peedley—"Hains don' hab teeth, chile!"

Mrs. Quimpah—"Chill'n does! Yo' liddle Reginald happened ter be luck'n ober d' fence!"—*Time.*

FOR SUNSTROKE

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. A. L. Zurker, Melrose, Minn., says: "It produced a gratifying and remarkable regenerating effect in a case of sunstroke."

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A PARAGRAPH in a paper the other day referred to an expression from the author of "Alice in Wonderland" regarding that passage in "Pinafore" where the captain utters an oath, and it is repeated in song by a bevy of girls. He said that he had never seen the opera given by any but children, and that portion shocked him inexpressibly, coming from the mouths of the innocent looking little girls, with their bright, happy faces. Was the feeling not rather called forth by hearing the expression repeated by girls, who are usually kept from becoming familiar with profanity, than simply because it was uttered by children? It might not have been so in Mr. Carroll's case, but there seems to the salad-server a distinction which is far from right made in the matter of the conversations held before boys and girls. Men will talk together, using both vulgar and profane expressions, before boys of the most tender age, and then these are reproduced upon the street corners and anywhere where the youngsters congregate. A little fellow, whose baby face looked frankly up into that of the passer-by, uttered a word in his play a moment after that was a fitting part of a saloon or gambling den. It is a shame that these little ones should be thus early familiarized with what is morally and socially abominable.

GENIUS is often eccentric and takes peculiar methods of proclaiming its presence and asserting its personality. Without doubt the much criticised Amelie Rives is a genius of a pronounced type with all the accompanying oddities and freaks of fancy. The following anecdote concerning the lady is told by "some one who was there:" Two society youths happening to be in the vicinity of Miss Rives's home and possessing the necessary credentials, made up their minds to pay her a visit. Presenting themselves at her door they were admitted and ushered into a long, low, dimly lighted drawing room. Here they waited and possessed their souls in patience for an hour or more. At last a door at the further end of the room opened and the fair muse entered. She was dressed, or rather draped in long, trailing robes of some soft, spotless white material. It was made with flowing sleeves which hung loose and open from the shoulder and reached to the bottom of her skirt. In her hands she carried a huge antique lamp the light of which was softly glowing through an exquisite rose colored shade. She glided the full length of the room bearing the lamp of genius before her, and at last setting it down she turned to greet her two guests. The effect was tremendous, they were almost speechless with astonishment at this unexpected apparition of "She." But her little freak over the lady proved herself to be very charming and not altogether different from every day people." This instance goes to prove that when genius burns and burns freely strange ways and meams are taken to impress the fact upon the outside world.

AMONG the "cranky" notions that are floating in the air is the idea or fad of preserving extracted teeth and wearing them as jewelry charms. According to the story of a well informed dentist, the greater number of dental patients ask for these extracted molars, wrap them up in paper and take them home. Some people have little cases made, about the size of a thimble, in which they carry these ivories after they have been polished and tipped with gold. One lady had a bracelet made of her upper teeth. They were set in diamonds, and, it is said, were very unique in the way of jewelry. But the foolish idea is not confined to the fairer sex. An eccentric young lawyer found time enough to distract his mind from the grave questions of law and justice to have an annoying grinder pulled which he had put in a gold mounting as a scarf-pin. The would-be ornament was placed in the proper position in his necktie, and either charms or repels his clients, as the case may be, by its presence.

There is either a great amount of conceit or superstition in this notion, but whatever the motive the result is a little too suggestive of a skull and cross-bones to be altogether pleasing.

LARGE noses are thought to be a sign of genius which is not usually the case with large ears—a characteristic of the donkey. But there are exceptions to every rule, and in China an abnormal development of the ear is thought to indicate corresponding wisdom, the common people believing the emperor to be possessed of enormous aural appendages. Numberless superstitions and beliefs about ears have been in existence for almost countless ages. Their itching is considered ominous, and is an idea dating back to the days of Pliny. "When our ears do glow and tingle, some do talk of us in our absence." Every child knows that when the right ear burns some one is speaking well of them, but if the left one tingles slanderous tongues are at work. The Scotch say, "Right lug, left lug, which lug lours?" With the Dutch the idea prevails that if the right ear itches some one is praising you, if the left they are calling you names. For the latter case bite the little finger and the evil speaker's tongue will suffer accordingly. The ear may also be employed as a barometer as a ringing in them indicates a change in wind or weather. In Egypt the ear was a hieroglyph of obedience. The saying: "Walls have ears," is very old and Chaucer says: "That fields hath eyes and woods have ears." At one time to bite the ear seems to have been a form of playful endearment as we read in "Romeo and Juliet:"

"I will bite thee by the ear for that jest."

IT is said that the ivory trade is dead. Celluloid, a modern invention, is so much easier to obtain, beside possessing the great advantage of cheapness that it has almost entirely crowded out the demand for ivory. Everything that was made a few years ago of the latter is now made of celluloid. The novelist still continues to write of "fair hands dreamily wandering over the ivory piano keys." But there are few instruments made in these days which are provided with ivory keys. There are celluloid combs, brushes, umbrella and cane handles, billiard and pool balls, and even dice. The latest thingin the celluloid line is in the shape of playing cards. It is said they are in every way superior to the ordinary pasteboard articles, as they can be easily washed when they are soiled, and are so prepared that they are warranted not to fade in the wash. Another great attraction is their cheapness, and when the winter rush of Progressive Euchre parties begins its tireless round, it is believed that fair hands will shuffle the celluloids instead of pasteboards as in seasons past.

SINCE the discussion of the Shakespere authorship has recommenced, the question as to who was the first to doubt whether merry Will was the real writer of the plays that bear his name has been mooted. The "Bibliography" gave Col. HART precedence over all others, but in "Shakesperiana" Wm. Wyman advances the idea that Disraeli was the first, and this is the argument: "Venetia," by Disraeli, the late Lord Beaconsfield, was published in 1837. The story is shaped upon the character and life of Lord Byron, who, as Lord Cadurcis, is the hero, while Miss Chaworth, as Venetia Herbert, is the heroine. In Book VI, Chapter VIII, Lord Cadurcis is made to say:

"And who is Shakespere? We know of him as much as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it. He appears to me to have been an inspired adapter for the theatres, which were then not as good as barns. I take him to have been a botcher-up of old plays. His popularity is of modern date; and it may not last; it would have surprised him marvellously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired, and a regular Shakesperian falls into ecstacies with trash which deserves a niche in the 'Dunciad.' For my part I abhor your irregular geniuses, and I love to listen to the little nightingale of Twickenham."

It is well known that Lord Byron professed to think lightly of the plays, but this was possibly in a Byronic spirit of contradiction, or as a foil to the Shakespeare worship of his day. He did not question Shakespeare's authorship, and it is in every way probable that the idea was Disraeli's. But, however that may be, it is certainly the first mention yet discovered in English literature.

A General Tie-Up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employes, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

Useful, if Not Ornamental.

The English tourist who recently visited Leadville, and brought a tin-bath tub with him, found it very useful. They buried him in it.—*Puck.*

GREAT FORTUNES.

WEALTHIER THAN A. T. STEWART'

John Jacob Astor is the Richest Man in America, but there Are Other New Yorkers Who Have More than Twenty Millions.

The information asked for in this letter will probably be of general interest:

In speaking of the fortune of the late A. T. Stewart, you say that it was vastly inferior to those of Messrs. Astor, Vanderbilt, Gould and Taylor, and "besides these there are now several estates and fortunes in New York which are greater than his," which you estimate very properly, I think, at $20,000,000.

Will you please state whose estates and fortunes these are, as I am at a loss to remember any one having more or as much as $20,000,000.

Our correspondent's knowledge as to the subject must be very limited, for the names of several possessors of such fortunes at once occur to us, replies the New York *Sun*. The Goelet estate as a whole, must much exceed $20,000,000. Then there are the Standard Oil fortunes of the Rockefellers and Mr. Flagler, each of which can safely be estimated now at more than that sum, and they are rapidly increasing.

Heber R. Bishop can be set down as worth more, and probably D. O. Mills also. Pierpont Morgan's fortune is supposed by those best informed as to such matters to be greater than a score of millions, and Mrs. Hetty Green is not forced to the rigid economy she practices, for doubtless she has more than the sum at which we estimated the Stewart estate. Then there are Messrs. Amos R. Eno, Andrew Carnegie, Percy R. Pyne, Charles R. Pratt, Jabez A. Bostwick and Herman O. Armour, each of whom is reported to have $20,000,000 and over.

These by no means complete the list, and if we were to include the fortunes between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000, and which are increasing at a rapid rate, like that of Austin Corbin and that of Henry H. Rogers, it would be long, while if we took on those between five and ten millions, and also steadily accumulating, it would be surprisingly great to men who are so ignorant as to the subject as our correspondent seems to be. Probably, too, some if not many of the names would be utterly unknown to him, for there are possessors of such fortunes in New York, whose reputation in that respect does not extend beyond a very limited circle, because of the comparative seclusion in which they live, and which enables them, without notoriety, to add largely to their accumulations every year.

There are men in New York with fortunes of from five millions to twenty millions whose annual expenses for living do not exceed a tenth or a twentieth part of their annual incomes. It is easy to see how rapidly they must be piling up money. Even when they keep up a more costly state and maintain establishments that are relatively extravagant, according to our American standards, they do not lay out on them a great sum of money comparatively to their incomes. After elegant comfort has been secured it does not take many thousand dollars a year to add what seems to the public lavish display.

A man who spends $50,000 a year solely on his living and the keeping up of his establishment becomes conspicuous in New York for the grandeur of his state as a social character. Of course, many families spend much more in the buying of costly pictures and other articles of rarity, but these are of the nature of investments, and are not a part of the cost of living. Others, too, may keep yachts, maintained at an enormous expenditure, according to the average estimate, and the improvement of country places may eat up a vast amount of money, so that they get rid of twice as much; but the first is outside of their ordinary living expenses, and the second counts only as an investment. If a man comes to New York able and prepared to expend on his household alone $50,000 a year, he can cut a great figure so far as his mere expenditures go, though socially he may remain so insignificant that he will throw his money away.

Therefore it is that American estates grow so rapidly, especially as is so often the case where they are accumulated by men of modest social pretensions or no social ambition whatever. Even if they have the ambition, and gratify it at the cost it entails, they do not make heavy inroads into the income from millions of dollars. John Jacob Astor is by far the richest man in America, and yet the expenses of his actual living cannot much exceed the sum we have named as enough for an elegant household. Hence he is yearly investing, and investing with great sagacity, all beyond a very insignificant part of his income. His expenditures are hardly enough to count, but his investments in land, for whose development and productiveness the Astors can afford to wait, and in other securities are enormous and continuous.

The Vanderbilts and the Goelets spend much more of their incomes proportionately, but after all, only a small part of them, and Mr. Gould, reputed to be now richer than ever in substantial property, lives on a scale which requires only an insignificant sum, as compared with his revenues from investments and speculation. The same applies to the very rich men of New York generally. What they are expending is a trifle by the side of what they are receiving and making. It is also to be remembered that profuse expenditure is no guarantee of solid wealth, and modest living does not always imply its absence.

Accordingly the number of the many times millionaires in New York, whither the richest men from all parts of the New World more and more tend, is so constantly increasing that our correspondent will need a long sheet of paper to write the list upon as the years go by.

RUBIES MADE BY HAND.

Artificial Gems that Would Deceive the Keenest Expert.

The latest sensation in the jewelry trade, says the New York *Mail and Express*, has been caused by the appearance in this market of a wonderfully beautiful imitation of the ruby, or, as it is called, the artificial ruby.

Thus far the spurious gem has not been masquerading as the genuine stone, but has been sold in small numbers for what it actually is. At present the only artificial rubies in the city are the importations of one of the most prominent Maiden Lane jewelers, who saw several specimens during a recent visit to Switzerland, where they were originally produced, and brought several of them with him to New York.

"It is next to impossible," said the jeweler in question to the reporter, "for even an expert to tell the difference between these new productions and genuine stones."

"How are these gems made?" asked the reporter.

"I would not be at liberty to answer that question even if I knew myself," was the reply; "but it is said that they are not spurious or artificial in one sense, being the fusion of many small stones in one. If that be the fact, you see that although this particular stone may not be natural, yet it may be composed of several natural stones by the new fusion process. To all outward appearance the gem is genuine and will stand the test of hardness, luster, specific gravity, and chemical composition. To all intents and purposes it is a ruby.

"It was only very recently that this new process was discovered, although chemists have been working at the problem in Europe for a long time. Two French chemists, it is said, have been partially successful in producing rubies like bubbles, but nothing has yet been done to equal those I have shown to you. The largest thus far produced weighs two carats, but it is expected that a three-carat specimen will be forthcoming soon."

"How do the artificial stones compare with the genuine, as far as price is concerned?"

"A two-carat ruby would be worth not less than $1,500, while this one in my hand would probably be sold at retail for $300. A perfect three-carat stone—and there are but few in existence—is worth at least $10,000, but one of these of the same would sell for perhaps $1,000.

"These manufactured gems, therefore, are not cheap, like paste diamonds, for instance, and would not be worn by people altogether poverty stricken, as paste diamonds are. The ruby is the most valuable of all precious stones, and has up to the present time defied the skill of chemists to imitate it. Whether the beautiful counterfeit will find favor among the buyers of costly gems it is now too early to say."

The Last Thing Out.

The typewriter girl is becoming one of the institutions of every first class hotel. In every hotel office the placard informs the arrival that he can have his letter prepared on the shortest notice at a trifling cost. The way in which we are now living at our hotels doesn't leave the guest very much to complain of, provided the cook does his duty. The days when telegraph instruments were put in the hotels the landlords thought they had reached the *ultima thule* of enterprise. Then came the telephone. Now the guest registers and there is little else left for him to do. He is carried to his meals by the elevator, and after his dinner, while he smokes, he talks in his chair and dictates a letter to the young typewriter in the corner.—*Chicago Times.*

WATCHING FOR A SAILOR LOVER.

He Left Her Thirty Years Ago, but She Is Still Waiting.

Shortly after 6 o'clock last evening a woman took up her station near the southwest corner of the passenger station. She was not far from 50 years of age. Her form was bent, her hair was silvered with years and anxiety, and her face was wrinkled and careworn. Her round gray eyes were deep set, and seemed weary from constant watching. The woman's complexion must have been of the fairest blonde type years ago, as it was still white and well preserved considering her years. She was clad in a dress of dark brown material. Closely wrapped about her shoulders was a rusty plaid shawl, and upon her head rested a hat of faded black material, of a style, or rather lack of style, unknown to women of the present day. In her clasped hands she grasped a well-worn leather traveling bag. The sun was almost an hour from setting when she took up her position. It had sunk into the west and twilight had long given place to darkness when she ceased her weary vigil and sadly turned away.

And not last night alone was the woman at her post. She has been there night after night, not for weeks and months only, but for long weary years. The frost and blizzard of winter have given place to the sunshine and showers of spring and the seedtime has been succeeded by the harvest many times over since she first took up her station in almost the self-same spot that she did last night. Babies have been born, passed through their infancy, enjoyed the sports and pastimes of childhood, grown through youth to maturity, married, and seen children of their own come to gladen the homes which they have made, since this woman first began her weary vigils.

Nearly 30 years ago this woman, then young and fair, was courted and admired by many. But upon one she fixed her affections, and to him through all the years that have since intervened she has remained as constant as the needle to the polar star. Her lover followed the sea as a means of livelihood, and one day he left her and went away on a voyage. Before he left they had plighted their faith, and when he returned from his perilous journey in the glad springtime, when the buds blossomed and the birds caroled, and all nature seemed to rejoice, he was to lead her to the altar. But when the spring came her sailor lover did not return, and no message came to explain his absence. Whether disaster or death prevented, or whether he proved false and perfidious, is not known, but he never came back. The grief and disappointment caused the woman a long sickness, and when her bodily ills were healed her mind, alas, was diseased. She became possessed with the hallucination that her lover was coming back, and as soon as she was able she went to the railway station to greet him home, and almost every day since, winter and summer, spring and autumn, fair weather and foul, she has been there on the same errand. She is very retiring in her disposition, and seldom ever frequents the sitting-rooms or mingles with the crowd upon the platform, but just outside the station she takes up a position where she can see the trains as they draw in, and there she waits and waits in vain. Eagerly she scans the face of each stranger who passes her way, but when people address her, which is seldom, she stares at them vacantly and makes no reply. When the last train has come and gone for the night and the employes about the station are extinguishing the lights she generally walks wearily away, only to return and resume her vigil on the succeeding day. Since she began waiting the population of Manchester has doubled and tripled, a score of trains now come where three or four came formerly, the oil lamps have given place to gas, and gas in turn to electricity, a generation has been born and grown to manhood and womanhood. But seemingly taking no note of the passage of time the poor creature daily seeks the railway station, and probably will continue to do so until disease and death shall release her from her self-imposed task.—*Manchester Union.*

HOW HEAT-MARKERS ARE MADE.

Something Interesting About Thermometers—A Nine-foot Monster.

"Thermometers?" repeated one of the best-known manufacturers of these interesting instruments to a reporter for the *Mail and Express*, "I shall be very happy to tell you all I know about them," he continued, as he glanced at a mammoth one by his side, whose mercury had that moment attained the appalling record of 98 degrees, and seemed about to climb up to the 100 mark, and then said:

"There are three kinds of thermometers—the Fahrenheit, the Centigrade and the Roemer. All of these are used for the same purpose, and the only difference between them lies in the scale of measurement. The Roemer instrument is used mostly in Germany and other nation on the continent of Europe, and the Centigrade is the instrument used wholly by scientific men in their experiments, but the Fahrenheit thermometer is practically the only thermometer known in this country, and when we say 'It is 100 in the shade,' we mean that the temperature is at 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

"The thermometer is exceedingly simple in its construction, consisting only of the glass tube and the mercury or alcohol in the bulb at the lower end. There is nothing peculiar in the manufacture of the tube, which is made of fine flint glass, and the process of blowing the bulb for the reception of the mercury, is not difficult, although it is a nice operation to make the size of the bulb proportionate to that of the tube. The ordinary mercury of commerce is then poured in, the open end of the tube is closed with the blow-pipe, the whole is fitted to the scale and the thermometer is complete."

"Is mercury better than alcohol to indicate the temperature?"

"Both liquids serve the purpose equally well, but mercury is really better in that it responds more readily to expansion or contraction from the outside temperature. Mercury is very sensitive, while alcohol is more sluggish in its action and cannot, therefore, be used for fine experiments; but in the coldest climates mercury can not be used because it will freeze and become solidified on reaching a certain point."

"What is the unit of measure in determining the scale?"

"The freezing point is the unit of measure and is obtained by inserting the bulb in a quantity of broken ice, and the rest of the scale is then taken from the standard thermometer, which has been passed upon by the Smithsonian institute at Washington.

"There is still another kind of thermometer, which is used by physicians in determining the temperature of the body, called the clinical thermometer. This is an exceedingly delicate instrument, for the bore has to be very minute in order that the mercury may respond as quickly as possible when applied to the patient."

"Why is it that different thermometers under, apparently, the same conditions, register different degrees of temperature?"

"Thermometers are very much like watches. A cheap watch may be a good timekeeper, but the chances are against it; and so a cheap thermometer like those usually sold in stores may be absolutely perfect in its way, while another of the same make may be utterly worthless, and most of these poor goods come from concerns which turn them out by the hundreds daily, and it is unnecessary to say that a good article cannot be made in such a wholesale way."

"What is the largest thermometer ever manufactured?"

"The largest thermometer I ever saw was nine feet long, and was on exhibition in one of the fairs of the American institute thirty or forty years ago in Castle Garden; but I have no idea what has become of it."

POLLY CHANGED HER TUNE.

She Forgets Her Religious Training and Sings Songs of the Street.

A parrot is one of the pets at the Alexian Brothers' hospital. It saluted every one who entered the drug department, where its cage has been suspended, and even attempted a musical rendition of the "Gloria" when one of the boarders hove in sight. A convalescent barber, who had been given the liberty of the drug department, took a great fancy to the parrot, and the bird, apparently, was not averse to the barber. The latter talked and sang and the bird did likewise.

The barber was declared cured and departed. The parrot about that time changed its tune and became more worldly.

"Dominus vobiscum," chanted one of the brothers while passing the parrot's cage.

"Rats on that tune," ejaculated Polly.

"Bad Polly," said the brother.

"Chippy, get your hair cut," sang out the parrot, and before the astonished brother fairly comprehended the song, Polly had changed off into "Johnny get your gun."

A consultation was held, and while the discussion was going on Polly interrupted the proceedings by yelling out: "I owe tin dollars to O'Grady."

Polly is now enjoying life in a dark room with a limited supply of bread and water.—*Chicago Mail.*

—The many remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes are sufficient proof that it does possess peculiar curative powers.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A FLIGHT THROUGH BRUSH.

Captured by His Own Men—A Chapter from the Stoneman Raid.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am always interested in reading what is written in the CAMP FIRE, and, to help light up the camp, I will throw on an old saddle-flap and a couple of wooden stirrups. In the last week of July, 1864, Gen. Stoneman started on what was called the "Stoneman Raid" to Macon, Ga., from Atlanta, for the purpose of tearing up the railroads and to stir up the rebs generally, and perhaps to give Sherman a better chance to capture Atlanta. We were followed from Atlanta by Wheeler's cavalry, and, by the time got to Macon, a large force opposed us in our front. At Sunshine church we were, after a severe engagement, surrounded by overwhelming numbers. Gen. Stoneman surrendered, but Col. Capson, of the 14th Illinois cavalry, who was in command of one brigade, the 14th Illinois and 8th Michigan cavalry, refused to currender. We were ordered to mount our horses and cut our way out, which was done with success. In getting out, I lost my horse and took to the woods with the bullets making the bark fly, and the rebs yelling "Halt, thar!" but I paid no attention to orders just then, and I think I made the best time on record and got out the woods in good shape. I went into a cornfield and hid in a hole under a log. The Rebs hunted the field, but missed finding me, although they gobbled some others who were close by. I wandered through the woods and fields, not knowing the lay of the country, and a week later I found myself again within a short distance of Sunshine church, where we started to cut our way out. I then took a straight course North and fourteen days after Stoneman's surrender, I was captured by the pickets of the 4th or 6th U. S. Cav. I was about naked from running through the brush, and tuckered out for want of something to eat. I only got two meals in the fourteen days. They captured us for Rebs, gave us a square meal of hard-tack, put us on two worn-out government mules, and made us ride in front of Sherman's breastworks for a mile or more. I will never forget the fun the boys had at our expense, calling us all kinds of fancy names, etc. The chap that rode the other mule went to the hospital, and I never heard of him since. I was sent to Marietta, Ga. W. M. MOORE, late lieutenant Co. L, 14th Ill. Cav., New Bethlehem, Clarion county, Pa.

THE SOLDIER'S TICKET.

What an Ohio Editor Thinks of the Republican Candidate for President—The Soldiers' Friend.

While the *Soldier* is not a political newspaper, we should consider ourselves an indifferent American if we were not interested in politics, on which depends the prosperity of the country. And we would be derelict in our duty to our comrades, in view of their wants and the treatment of their just claims by the present administration, if we were not interested in this nomination. Nearly a year since we pointed out to the Republican party that Gen. Harrison was the one man whose nomination would carry with it the most earnest endorsement of the soldier element, and that by reason of his residence in a doubtful state his availibility was doubly increased. The convention has endorsed that opinion, and the reception of the name by the public in all sections of the country leads us to predict his election. He will certainly carry Indiana, and the New York Republicans, strengthened as they will be by the nomination of Morton, who is indorsed by all the hitherto warring factions of that state, seem equally confident of their ability to win victory in New York and the adjoining states of New Jersey and Connecticut. We certainly hope their belief is well founded. It is as clear as the noonday sun that the soldiers of the rebellion have nothing to expect from the present administration. The President has no sympathy with us, and his party is dominated and controlled by the Bourbons, who are still fighting for a Southern confederacy, and are loaded for a "Yankee soldier" wherever and whenever he shows his head.

On the other hand, Gen. Harrison was one of us, and is one of us to-day. He comes from a state that holds the most liberal views on pensions and kindred subjects; and he is among the most prominent and liberally inclined. It could not be otherwise. It is the nature of the man. In the army he was not only a fighter, but he saw that his men were provided with rations and clothing. He acted on the theory that they were entitled to receive an abundance of good food and clothing, and woe to the quartermaster of his command that failed in this respect. He believed the government was able to feed and clothe its armies according to its promise, and he wouldn't allow the promise to be annulled by the laziness or neglect of the quartermaster; and when it came to feeding his men, the night was never too dark and cold, or the roads too muddy, for him to turn out in person to force forward the supplies for those who were trudging along on foot and bearing the burdens of the campaign. This is the testimony we have from a private soldier who was in his command. In those days he thought there was "nothing too good for a Union soldier," and he still holds fast to the same faith. We hail him as a great-hearted, liberal comrade, and pray for his election. On that event depends the fate of thousands of comrades who are now eking out a miserable life in the poor houses; on that event depends the comfort of thousands of other comrades who have scarcely food enough to sustain the life of themselves and little ones, or clothing to hide their nakedness; men who trace their present condition to the day they took up arms for their country, but cannot make claims that will pass the circumlocution office of the pension department—who are too proud to beg of a country that owes its existence to their valor.—*The Ohio Soldier.*

MULES INSTEAD OF REBELS.

A Green Regiment Without Arms—The Outposts Frightened.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will bring in a twist of Dakota fuel to throw on the "Fire," and sit down with the boys, and have a smoke. Our regiment left Fond du Lac, Wis., July 12, 1861, took breakfast in Chicago, supper in Detroit, had a meal in Baltimore and one in Elmira, N. Y., and landed in Hagerstown, Pa., on the 16th. We expected to get our guns in Harrisburg, Pa., but for some reason did not. We only had about a dozen old muskets, just enough to mount guard with. We marched out two or three miles, and went into camp. There was quite a number of citizens in camp through the day and they told us that we were on the same ground that the 1st Wisconsin (3 months men) camped on, and that a regiment of rebel cavalry made a charge on them in the night, and just played smash with them and they all had guns, too. We boys who were on guard said that we would show them a trick they had never learned yet. All went well until about 2 o'clock in the morning, when bedlam broke loose. We could hear the Rebs coming with their peculiar yell, and expected, in a few minutes, to be gobbled up to a man. My hair stuck up so straight that I could hardly keep my cap on, but concluded to die at my post; but the noise kept just so far away, and pretty soon the boy on the next beat said: "It's those d——d mules we passed up there in that corral!" Our caps fell right down over our eyes. Our next move was to Harper's Ferry, which we reached on the Saturday before the first battle of Bull Run. We could hear the cannonading.—W. B. KINYON, Co. E, 3d Wis. Vol. Inf., Bradley, Clark Co., Dak.

VEST IN CONGRESS.

An Old Soldier Takes Him to Task—The Action of Democratic Newspapers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Give one who has read the BLADE many years room to throw a few splinters on the fire. I see the Confederates are in the "bloody shirt" business. Why is that the South can say anything about the North it pleases, and among the Democrats it is all right, but if some Northern Senators defend the North, why such papers as the *World* cry, "Bloody Shirt." I am also a reader of the *World*. When Vest, of Missouri, made his speech on the pension bill, calling Union soldiers anything he chose to lay his tongue to, the *World*, which boasts that it has more circulation than any other paper in this country, failed to print Vest's speech in the weekly, but when that Union soldier's friend, Ingalls, of Kansas, replied to Mr. Vest's rebel speech, the *World* could find room to print Ingall's speech and comment on it, crying "Bloody shirt," but failed to tell why Ingalls made that speech. Ingalls made the speech, defending the men who saved this country from destruction by such men as Vest, so he (Vest) and that stripe of men could sit in Congress and make laws for the loyal North. Mr. Vest has something to say about Confederates in Missouri never asking for pensions. Now let me ask in all candor, who are to blame? Who caused those men in the South to be diseased and wounded? Was it themselves or was it the Union soldiers of this government? Vest answers: "I was in the army from Ohio." And I also happened to see Andersonville, and if Vest thinks that that speech he made the other day in Congress pleased soldiers of my stripe, I think next fall when the votes are counted, he will see that he overshot the mark. I am willing, for one who was on this side of the fight, to pension every Confederate soldier who was forced into the Confederacy against his own free will, but not Vest, who was in the Confederate Congress. He was not conscripted, or at least we in Ohio do not have conscript Democrats to get them into Congress now. A little advice to the *World*, and papers of that kind: After this, print both sides of the question, and enlighten your Democratic friends all you can, for they need it, we all know, and surely do as long as men like Vest get up in Congress and tell such unreasonable lies as that Lee only surrendered 8,000 men to Grant, and that half of all the men in the Union had made application for pensions.—SOLDIER, Co. E, 21st Ohio, Bryan, O.

A FAMILY'S SACRIFICE.

Seven Members Do Battle for Their Country—An Aged Veteran.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I noticed an article in the BLADE of March 15, by W. C. Whitson, in regard to the Curtis family. The Mozena family, of this town, was equal to the Curtis family in numbers and patriotism, but all did not return home. Hiram Mozena, at the age of 67 years, with five of his sons and one grandson (the grandson was raised in the same family) enlisted in the 51st O. V. I., in September, 1861, and his only remaining son in the 98th O. V. I. in August, 1862. Here are the names: Hiram, sr., Thomas H., Hiram, jr., Fleming, William, Eli F., and Franklin Miller (grandson) in the 51st and Lee in the 98th. Franklin Miller was killed at Stone River January 21, 1863; Hiram, jr., was taken prisoner at Chickamauga and died in a rebel prison; Fleming died in the hospital at Danville, Ky., October, 1862, and William died in the hospital at Nashville, Tenn., March, 1862. Hiram, sr., was mustered in as teamster but when the regiment reached the enemy's country, he found that driving team was too monotonous and not enough like fighting for his country and, at his own request, was transferred to the ranks. In the memorable Bragg vs. Buell campaign, in the fall of 1862, across the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, he stacked arms with the company at every camp. He took part in the first action of the regiment December 9, 1862, at Dobson's Ford, Tenn., and was discharged from the service for disability December 26, 1862. He is still living in this town, and is now in his 94th year, and is no doubt the oldest soldier alive who had a grandson killed in battle. He never applied for a pension although he has been in dependent circumstances for fifteen years, his son Thomas supporting him. Thomas was stricken with paralysis a year ago, and has not been out of his room since, and both are now in dependent circumstance. In this family there has been but one application for pension, and, after years of waiting, that was granted to Thomas four months ago and is so small that it only pays one-half the wages of the attendant.—SAMUEL WELCH, Uhrichsville, Ohio.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

"The Only Man Who Didn't Back Down, When the Rebels Rode Through His Native Town."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have waited a long time for the story of old John Burns to appear in the CAMP FIRE department of the BLADE, but as it has not appeared I will give a short history of what I witnessed on Seminary Ridge in the forenoon of the first day's battle. Nearly twenty-five years have passed away, but busy memory brings before me to-day the scene which was established there. Now, to give a better idea of the old man's pluck, I will begin my story earlier in the day, when we received orders to dismount and fight on foot. With an unbroken line we marched up the hill and into the woods, and took a position at the edge of the timber, near the Chambersburg road, and facing the advance of Lee's army. I looked homeward, probably twenty-three miles away, and for a moment, as we stood there, I remember forgetting the noise of battle and noticing only the yellow wheat-fields, flooded with rebels, and the sunlight lying so calm and still on the hills in the distance. But in a moment more I again heard the roar of the cannon, and that deathly sickening rattle of musketry. We were soon forced out of the woods, and the retreat was commenced toward the town of Gettysburg. The scene was a disheartening one. A disabled battery was making off the field as best they could, coming from the direction of the graveyard. Horse and foot, all, as far as I could see, gave way to the mighty host of rebels that claimed the ridge for their own. When part way down the slope, Burns appeared on the scene on his way out from town. He was dressed in that peculiar style as described in the poem by Bret Harte, and his dress corresponded with his manner. His step was firm and his figure erect, though he seemed old in years. I was quite close to him, and noticed a defiant look on his face. With a musket in one hand, and motioning with the other to the stragglers to follow him, he hurried up the hill and disappeared in the battle smoke on the acclivity of Seminary ridge. This is all I know about poor Burns. I do not know anything I can add to these recollections of nearly 25 years since.—A. SHOCKEY, Co. G, 17th Pa. Cav., Marion, Iowa.

An Unsuccessful Escape.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was among those who were so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the Johnnies, on June 16, 1864, at the famous charge among those forts at Petersburg, and was taken to Andersonville, Ga., and from there to Charleston, S. C., and so on to Florence, S. C. From Florence I made my escape by passing out of the stockade as a reb. I had a pair of pants made from a commissary sack, and had a jacket of grey, given me by a fellow prisoner by the name of Riley, from Michigan, in exchange for my United States blouse. A man by the name of Thompson, from some Ohio regiment, made his escape at the same time with me, in the same way. I was retaken after being out fourteen days. I swam the Big Peedee and Little Peedee rivers, but was captured some 80 miles from Florence and taken back to that "Hell Hole," as it was called.

Now, I would like to hear how Thompson or Tompkins (he said he formerly had been a tree agent in Ohio) succeeded, if he got away or was retaken like myself. I never heard from him after we made our escape.—A. S. CLYNE, Wawarsing, Ulster county, N. Y., late of Co. E, 63d Regiment, N. Y. 3d V.

Gossip Among the Boys.

Levi E. Bacon, of Charlotte, Mich., color sergeant, U. S. V. Eng. wants to hear from some of the boys who belonged to the 2nd Battalion, Pioneer Brigade.

"Soldier's Wife," of Walnut Creek, Cal., neglects to sign her full name. Our rule on that score is inviolable. We must have the name of the writer, not for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

"S. J. R.," of Ottawa, Kan., says that he has asked a great many old soldiers why they were Democrats, and the only answer he has yet received is because their fathers were Democrats. It makes them mad to call them Rebels, but they will vote to uphold those who brought on the Rebellion.

J. W. Dotson, of Souborn, Redwood Co., Minn., says that when the war broke out, he was a Democrat and lived in West Virginia. He enlisted in the 6th W. Va., and served three years, helping to defend the government against disloyal Democrats. He is now a "square-toed, doubled and twisted, dyed-in the wool" Republican, and is in favor of a service pension for all the veterans who fought to redeem the rights and liberties of the people from the grip of Democratic slave tyrants.

Wind it Up.

Enfield, N. H., boasts of a lady over 90 years of age who, they claim, knits her own stockings. We believe the story to be a yarn.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for $93; it now sells for $50. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequaled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as $2,000 or $3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THAT FARMER WHO TAKES BOARDERS.

Who used to plough and sow and reap,
And with the lark from slumber leap,
And with the chickens go to sleep?
That Farmer.

Who was contented with his lot,
Of working hard for what he got,
Till city boarders found the spot?
That Farmer.

Who then hung up his hoe and rake,
And gave all honest toil the shake,
And set his wife to cook and bake?
That Farmer.

Who fits each room with corn-husk beds,
And old rag-carpet worn to shreds,
And in the hall a curtain spreads?
That Farmer.

Who advertises Mountain Air,
Grand scenery and luscious fare,
And other things that prove a snare?
That Farmer.

Who packs the ranch with boarders cheap,
While he and his the kitchen keep,
To wash, dress, comb their heads and sleep?
That Farmer.

Too lazy now to till the land,
Who buys stale vegetables canned,
And starves the woful boarding band?
That Farmer.

Who, grown as fat as he was thin,
Proceeds in wicked ways to skin
Those simple strangers taken in?
That Farmer.

Who to the city goes for health,
Likewise to see the sights by stealth,
So bunco steerers get his wealth?
That Farmer.

And who considers it a sin,
To be himself, too, taken in,
At which his friends, the boarders grin?
That Farmer.
—*From Time.*

THE BEST OF THE SEASON.

Talk of heavy crops! A farm in Canada sunk 40 feet.—*Alta Californian.*

"Mean!" said Railroad Jim one night last week; "why that man is so mean that he never spits."—*Exchange.*

A new poet talks of "Two Ways of Love." He could fill a volume by writing of the different ways of divorce.—*Lincoln Journal.*

Mr. Talmage invited Emma Abbott to sing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. We don't imagine, however, that this necessitates Miss Abbott asking the doctor to take part in some of her operas next season.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

The grand and glorious Fourth is past,
There scarce remains a trace,
Unless it is the small boy
Picking powder from his face.
—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

He (at an evening party)—May I have the next waltz, Miss Clara?

She—Excuse me, Mr. Wabash, but owing to the recent death of a very dear aunt, I do not think it right that I should dance. But you may take me in to supper if you like.—*The Epoch.*

Lawyer (drawing will of sick client)—"Your estate is much smaller, sir, than has generally been supposed."

Sick Client—"Yes; but that fact must be kept quiet until after the funeral. I want a good showing of grief-stricken mourners."—*The Epoch.*

"It is my opinion," remarked the Snake Editor, "that missionaries to the cannibal islands should be selected from among the Georgians."

"Why?" asked the Horse Editor.

"Because the savages would find the Georgia Cracker difficult to masticate."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"Mrs. Madigan's husband left her a year ago," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "and now she's suing him for desertion."

"The suit is entirely unnecessary," replied Snaggs.

"Why?"

"Why, she's had desertion a year. Why should she sue for it now?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Featherly was making his customary Wednesday night call, and Bobby was sustaining his part of the conversation with his usual ease and fluency.

"Ma," he said, "do people who steal get into trouble?"

"Certainly, Bobby. Why?"

"I heard Clara say that Mr. Featherly would get into trouble if he didn't stop stealing kisses."—*The Epoch.*

The "major," as he was familiarly called, was a compositor of eccentric habits. One day a particularly "fat take" of poetry fell to his lot. The major was delighted. "By jiminy!" he exclaimed, "I guess I can afford to have a day or two off, after such luck as this!" And he straight way engaged a "sub," who went to work on the poetry with nimble fingers, while the major put on his coat preparatory to taking the outing with which his unusual luck warranted.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did I tell you that Maud was learning the violin?" said a young lady on whom Tom Sellers was calling.

"No, you did not."

"Yes, she is practicing now. Do you not hear those strains of music floating down from upstairs?"

"Those strains of music?"

"Yes."

"I think I hear the sound you refer to, but don't they strike you as severe strains on the violin?"—*Merchant Traveller.*

"Have you got whiting here?" he asked, as he stepped into a grocery store up town.

"No whiting," said the proprietor, "but we've blueing and blacking, and later in the season we will have greenings. I guess you can get whiting at Redding's, over the way."

"Oh, thank you; can you tell me where I can get some pinking done?"

"Yes, over at Mrs. Golding's fancy store. Anything else?"

"No, thanks."—*Newark Sunday Call.*

A Chinese Trick that is Vain.

From the London Standard.

It was an evil day for China when her tea merchants began to tamper with the quality of the commodity which has long formed her principal article of export to the Western world. The progressive deterioration in Chinese teas has encouraged the production of that article elsewhere to such an extent that India and Ceylon have every year been growing more formidable rivals of the Celestials; and if the consumption of Assam and Cyloneese teas goes on increasing in future as it has done in late years the tea trade of China will ere long be only of secondary importance, so far as foreign tea drinkers are concerned. In addition to the East Indies, a new rival has just appeared in the colony of Natal, in South Africa. It is only some six or seven years ago that an enterprising English settler there planted a few acres with tea. His first crop, produced in 1881, amounted to only about 500 pounds weight. Last year the production had so increased that Natal sent about 100,000 pounds weight of tea to market. The new industry is, in fact, proving so profitable that it is fast spreading in the colony, and ere long we may expect to find Natal teas competing with those of India, Ceylon and China in the London market. The tea trade of China is, however, far from being yet irretrievably ruined; but unless the native authorities enforce with rigor the recent ordinances against adulteration, the exportation of Chinese leaf to the Anglo-Saxon nations will be inevitably doomed.

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A RARE CHANCE to CONTROL A PROFITABLE MONOPOLY in YOUR LOCALITY.

If you want to MAKE BIG MONEY, QUICK, write for terms and further particulars to the

NATIONAL SELF-HEATING SAD IRON CO.

109 N. 6th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Mount Ararat.

M. C. X., Pentwater, Wis.:

Describe Mount Ararat.

The mountain supposed to mark the spot where the Ark rested after the deluge is divided into two peaks, Great Ararat on the northwest, and Little Ararat on the southwest. The bases of the two hills blend, though their summits are seven miles apart. The summit of Great Ararat is the highest point in Armenia, and is 17,323 feet above the sea level. For more than 3,000 feet below its summit it is constantly covered with snow and ice. Little Ararat is lower by 4,000 feet, and is free from ice in September and October. The two mountains are both volcanic, an eruption having taken place from them as lately as July, 1840. Ararat is the central point of the dividing lines of Armenia, and marks the place, since 1827, where the Russian, Turkish, and Persian possessions meet.

Edward Amasa Parke.

Lloyd Looney, Buffalo Lick, W. Va.:

Give biography of Edward Amasa Parke.

Edward Amasa Parke, an American theologian, was born in Providence, R. I., December 29, 1808. He graduated at Brown University in 1826, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1831, when he was ordained pastor of the second Congregational church in Braintree, Mass. In 1835 he became professor of moral and intellectual philosophy in Amherst college, in 1836 Bartlett professor of sacred rhetoric at Andover, and in 1847 Abbot professor of Christian theology there. He has contributed extensively to periodical literature, and has been one of the editors of the "Bibliotheca Sacra," from the beginning. He translated, with Prof. B. B. Edwards, a volume of "German Selections," (1839); and has edited the Writings of Rev. William Bradford Homer," with a memoir (1842); a volume on homiletics called "The Preacher and the Pastor," with an introductory essay (1845); the "Writings of Prof. B. B. Edwards," with a memoir (2 vols. 1853); and with Drs. Phelps and Lowell Mason the "Sabbath Hymn Book" (1858.) In 1859 he assisted in editing a volume of "Discourses and Treatises on the Atonements," for which he wrote an introductory treatise on "The Rise of the Edwardean Theory of the Atonement." In 1861, with Dr. Phelps and the Rev. D. L. Furber, he published a critical volume on hymnology, entitled "Hymns and Choirs." He has also published memoirs of Dr. Samuel Hopkins (1852), and Dr. Nathaniel Emmons (1861), prefixed to editions of their works.

Harrison's Chinese Record.

M. J., Atchison, Ks.:

Did Harrison vote for or against the restriction of Chinese immigration?

The first Chinese exclusion bill introduced into the Senate by Senator Miller, of California, was passed March 9, 1882. Senator Harrison endeavored to get it amended so as to make it conform to existing treaty obligations. These efforts failed. On the passage of the bill he is not recorded as voting, being absent from the Senate. The bill was vetoed by President Arthur on the ground that it proposed to take away rights which had been guaranteed by treaty, and the veto was sustained by a decisive majority. Harrison voted with the majority to sustain it. What is known as the Page bill, reported from the House, was passed in the Senate on April 10, 1882, by a vote of 32 to 15. Mr. Harrison voted in the negative, together with Allison, Hoar, Ingalls, Hawley, Sherman and others, he, with his Republican colleagues, having again attempted to secure proper amendments to the measure. Only Cameron, of Wisconsin, and Miller, of New York, besides the Pacific coast Senators, voted for the Page bill. On May 3, 1883, a supplementary bill was passed in the House, and on the 3d of July, 1884, in the Senate. For this bill, in the Senate, the vote was, ayes 43, nays 12. For this bill Senators with whom Harrison had been acting voted. He was absent and is not recorded as voting. At the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress Mr. Fair, Democratic Senator from Nevada, introduced a bill in the Senate (S. 1991) which was referred to the committee on Foreign Relations. The bill passed the Senate, Harrison voting for it June 1, 1886.

Trinidad Island.

J. M. C.:

Please tell as much about Trinidad island as space will permit.

Trinidad, one of the British West India islands, at the mouth of the gulf of Paria, off the northeast coast of Venezuela, opposite the north mouth of the Orinoco, between latitude 10 deg. and 11 deg. north, and longitude 61 deg. and 62 deg. west; length, north and south, about 50 miles, average breadth, 35 miles; area, 1,755 square miles; population in 1871, 109,638. Its northwest and southwest extremities are within 7 and 13 miles respectively of the continent. There is excellent anchorage between the island and the mainland, and there are several good harbors. It is crossed by three ranges of hills from west to east, extending through the center, and bordering the south and north coasts, the northern range attaining an elevation of 3,000 feet. There are level and undulating tracts in the valleys, but in some places the surface is considerably broken, and it is drained by rivers with numerous tributaries. Much of Trinidad appears to have been formed by the mud deposited by the Orinoco. The mountains consist of clay and mica slate, and quartz, pyrites, arsenic, alum, suphate of copper, graphite and sulphur are found. In a volcanic district on the west coast is a celebrated asphalt lake. At Port of Spain, the capital, the temperature ranges between 74 deg. and 86 deg. in summer and 70 deg. and 81 deg. in winter. The annual fall of rain is 65 inches; the island is beyond the range of hurricanes. The soil is fertile, and the elevated parts are covered with dense forests. The chief productions are sugar cane, coffee and cacoa; and cotton, indigo, tobacco, nutmegs, cinnamon and cloves are raised. The indigenous animals are two species of small deer, the opossum, armadillo, porcupine, ant bear, sloth, muskrat, tiger cat, two species of lizards and numerous monkeys. Fish are abundant. The settlements are chiefly on the northwest coast and in the adjacent valley. A considerable trade is carried on with the United States in lumber and provisions. Trinidad is a crown colony, under a governor with executive and legislative councils. The island was discovernd by Columbus in 1498, occupied by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, captured by the French in 1676, but soon restored, and taken by the British in 1797.

Variations of the Compass.

Sailor, Duluth:

Will the BLADE give an intelligent account of the variations of a marine compass?

The property of polarity in the load stone, that is, the tendency of the magnetic bar when suspended freely to assume a general north and south direction, is one of the mysteries of nature. It is one of the phenomena that we must accept, but can not adequately explain, for to account for it by the supposition of magnetic currents in the earth itself is simply to bring in another fact as far beyond adequate explanation by the present attainments of the human mind as the other. The variations of the needle of the compass from strict polarity are numerous, some due to general and some to local causes. The former are beyond the skill of men to control or explain, and all that can be done is to ascertain the amount of variation by reference to the true meridian, and allow for it. On certain lines of the earth's surface, called lines of no variation, the needle points accurately. Such a line now passes through the United States a little east of the eightieth meridian of longitude. East of this line the variation of the needle is toward the west, increasing in amount with the distance from it and on the other side the variation is toward the east, but it is by no means uniform at any point and seems to vibrate between certain limits. In the Eastern States the north pole of the needle is moving westward at the rate of about one degree in twelve years. In London the variation of the needle was in 1576 11¼ degrees to the east; in 1662 it was reduced to nothing, and then slowly advanced westward, reaching a maximum of nearly 25 degrees in 1815, since which time it has been slowly decreasing. The variations of the compass in ships from local causes is often a source of great difficulty as it is not a constant determinable error. It varies with the position of the vessel, being greatest when she heads east or west, and least when she heads north and south. It is also affected by the careening of the vessel and is much disturbed by the iron used in the construction of the ship. On ironclad ships several compasses have to be used, placed in different parts of the ship, while comparative observations are constantly made of their indications.

The Amistad.

Jessie, Wilcox, Ind:

Tell what you can about the slave ship Amistad in 1840; about her cargo and what part the government took in her case.

In June, 1839, a Portuguese slave ship brought a cargo of Africans to Havana. There two men, Ruis and Montez, bought fifty-two of them, and obtained a license from the Cuban government to transport them to Principe. On the way thither the negroes rebelled and took possession of the schooner. In the struggle they killed the captain and cook, but spared the lives of the other white men, including their owners. They then compelled the vessel to be steered toward Africa, but the whites deceived them by running toward the American shore in the night. When they reached Long Island sound they were taken in charge by Lieutenant Gedney, of the United States brig Washington, and conveyed to New London, Conn. There the negroes were arrested on an order procured from the United States district judge and put in jail on the charge of murder. The Spanish minister at Washington demanded that they should be sent to Cuba for trial, and the attorney general and secretary of state were in favor of complying with the demand. An order was therefore given by President Van Buren to the navy department to have a vessel ready to convey the captives to Havana at an early date. In the meantime, however, a committee was appointed by the Anti-Slavery society to see that the rights of as well as the needs of those friendless men were cared for, and able counsel were employed to defend them at their trial. The case was brought September 17, before the Circuit court at Hartford, where it was decided that the negroes could not be legally tried in the United States for murder committed on the seas on board a Spanish vessel. They were not set free, however, for the District court had an attachment against them on behalf of the owners of the vessel, who claimed them as slaves. The District court trial was held in January, and here it was declared that the laws of Spain prohibited the slave trade; these negroes were not the property of Ruis and Montez. An appeal was taken by these men to the Circuit court, which only affirmed the decision of the District court. The United States Supreme court was then appealed to. There John Quincy Adams defended the prisoners without fee, through his strong sympathy for them. He made a most eloquent appeal in their behalf, and the court sustained the decisions previously made and also ordered that the prisoners should be set free. They were sent back to Africa on an American vessel. There was an attempt made several years after this to push a bill through Congress to reimburse the so-called owners of the Amistad captives, but it failed utterly.

Dred Scott—Fugitive Slave Law—Missour Compromise.

O. M. Larkin, South Carolina:

1. Will you please give the sum and substance of the fugitive slave act? 2. Decision in dread Scott case? 3. The Missouri compromise?

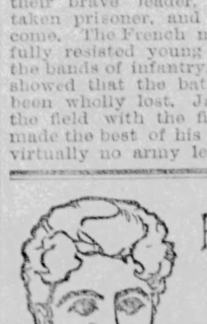
1. The fugitive slave law of 1850 was passed because the provisions of the act of 1793 were not sufficiently stringent. It was principally supported by the Democrats, though many Whigs voted for it. It consisted of ten sections. The first four of these extended to United States commissioners the power to act in slave cases which had previously been confined to United States judges, and provided for the appointment of the former officers in sufficient numbers to accomplish the added work. The fifth section required United States marshals and their deputies to execute writs under the act—a fine of $1,000 being the penalty of their refusal—made the marshal or other officer liable on his bond for the full value of any slave escaping from his custody, empowered the officers to call upon bystanders to help execute writs, and required all good citizens to aid when necessary. Under the sixth section United States courts and commissioners were commanded to give any claimant declaring under oath his right to any slave, a certificate and authority to take possession of the slave, the word of the fugitive was in no case to be admitted as evidence, and the certificate of the court was to be conclusive proof of the claimant's title, thus cutting off from the fugitive any benefit of the writ of habeas corpus. By the seventh section imprisonment for six months, a fine of $1,000, and civil damages of $1,000 to the claimant was fixed as the punishment for obstructing an arrest, attempting a rescue, or harboring a fugitive after notice. The eighth provided for special fees to the United States commissioners for granting certificates, and the ninth gave to claimants who had captured fugitives the right to demand the protection of the United States marshals in preventing attempts at rescue. Finally, the tenth section provided that any claimant might obtain from any court of record in his own state or territory a record giving a general description of the fugitive, and this was to be conclusive evidence, on proof of the identity of the fugitive, for issuing a certificate in any state or territory to which he had fled. 2. In giving the Dred Scott decision, Justice Taney took occasion to give an elaborate opinion on the status of slaves, especially in the United States. The Declaration of Independence, he said, did not recognize the negroes as a part of the people. He then went on to say—and it is only fair to recognize the harsh statement as the utterance of historical fact and not as merely the expression of individual or party opinion: "It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. But the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken. They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had no right which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit. He was bought and sold and traded as an ordinary article of merchandise whenever a profit could be made by it." 3. In the division of the Louisiana purchase in 1803 Missouri was included in the district of Louisiana, which, in 1805, was erected into the territory of Louisiana, with St. Louis as the seat of its government. In 1812, on the admission of the present state of Louisana into the Union, the name of the territory was changed to Missouri, and its government was made representative, the limits on the west were gradually extended by treaties with the Indians. In 1810 the population numbered 20,845, of whom all but about 1,500 belonging to Arkansas were settled within the present limits of Missouri. Immigration now came in rapidly from the east. In 1817 the total population had increased to 60,000 and St. Louis contained 5,000 inhabitants. In this year the assembly applied to Congress for permission to frame a state constitution. The struggle to prevent the extension of slavery into the new states led to the celebrated compromise of 1820, whereby it was determined that Missouri should come into the Union as a slave holding state, but that slavery should never be established in any states formed in the future from the lands lying north of latitude 36 deg. 30 min. The state constitution was framed by a convention of 40 delegates convened at St. Louis, July 19, 1820, and the state was admitted by proclamation of the President, August 10, 1821. The first movement in Missouri toward secession was made January 16, 1861, when a bill was passed by the Senate providing for the assembling of a state convention. Popular feeling was opposed to secession, and the action of the convention, which adjourned without passing any measures of great importance, as well as of the legislature, was strongly in favor of the Union.

Battle of the Boyne.

H. J., Oneida, N. Y.:

Will the BLADE give a short history of the battle of the Boyne?

When William of Orange succeeded to the English throne by the bloodless revolution of 1688, the lord deputy of Ireland was the Earl of Tyrconnel, a most ardent champion of the Roman Catholics. Unwilling to give his allegiance to a Protestant sovereign, he entered into negotiations with the French to aid in the reinstatement of James, and invited the exiled sovereign to return and place himself at the head of his loyal subjects in Ireland. James landed at Kinsale March 12, 1689, and was received with wild demonstrations of joy. He brought with him 1,200 Englishmen in the pay of France, 100 French officers and a small navy. He called a parliament, which confiscated all the English property in the country, and provided for an issue of debased coin to give the currency needed to carry on the war with England. These ill-advised measures were not approved by the king, but they were carried out, and resulted in doing the royal cause in Ireland much harm. The only towns in Ireland that had declared for King William were Londonderry and Enniskillen. The first named was besieged by the king's army, but after having been surrounded for 105 days, during which time the inhabitants were reduced to the utmost straits for food, it was relieved by English vessels, July 30, 1689. On the same day, Lord Mountcashel, James's most able general was routed by the Protestants at Enniskillen, he himself being wounded and taken prisoner. In August, Gen. Schomberg landed with 10,000 men to uphold the cause of William, took the town of Carrickfergus after a brief siege, treating the inhabitants with great cruelty. There was no more fighting during 1689, but, in the following year, William, having secured a vote of £1,200,000 from Parliament, came over to take command of his forces in Ireland. He reached Carrickfergus June 1, 1690. He had then with Schomberg's troops, about 36,000 a large proportion of them Dutch and Germans. On his approach, the Irish army retired to the south bank of the Boyne, which is steep and hilly. James had less than 30,000 men, but he counted much on the natural strength of his position. June 30, both armies were in presence on either bank of the river, and the next morning James drew up his troops in two lines, his left covered by a morass, while in his rear was the village of Dunmore, and three miles farther on the narrow pass of Duleek. King William ranged his army in three columns—the center, led by the Duke of Schomberg; the right, under young Count Schomberg, while the left was commanded by William himself. The right wing was first to cross the river by the bridge of Slane, some miles higher up, to march against and seize Duleek Pass, and thus cut off the Irish retreat. The French allies under Langou were sent to oppose this force, leaving only the Irish to withstand William. The elder Schomberg with the center forded the river, and fell upon the Irish army. The infantry fled with scarcely a blow, but the cavalry resisted the attack bravely. The gallant Schomberg fell while rallying his troops. At this time William, who with his left wing, composed entirely of cavalry, had forced the passage of the river near Drogheda, came up and turned the tide. The Irish cavalry retreated slowly, fighting as they went, but their brave leader, Richard Hamilton, was taken prisoner, and they were wholly overcome. The French near Duleek had successfully resisted young Schomberg's attack, but the bands of infantry, fleeing through the pass, showed that the battle for the royalists had been wholly lost. James had hastened from the field with the first of the fugitives and made the best of his way to Dublin. Having virtually no army left, he hastened back to France with what speed he could, landing at Brest July 9. The loss of life in the battle of the Boyne was very small considering the importance of the engagement. The Irish lost about 1,500, chiefly cavalry, while the losses of King William's army did not aggregate over 500.



THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Miscellaneous.

Ellen: Your tariff question will be answered editorially.

Mrs. S. B. A., Grand Valley, Mo.: The recipe is a good one.

E. B. H., Sumner, Ill.: You ask too many questions; see rules.

B. E. L.: The BUREAU can not give addresses of firms selling goods.

J. H. Norton, Alma, Mich.:

Please write only on one side of your paper; your tariff question will be answered editorilly.

W. C. T., a letter addressed to Paris, France, would reach him.

J. C. Wales: Corry, Pa. Write to the congressman from your district.

J. R. Hyatt, Ducktown, Tenn.:

The argument you sent in a clipping is not good.

Reader, Marion, Kas.:

Your tariff question will be answered editorially.

Mrs. A. R. R., Riverside, Cal.: The war department at Washington could furnish you the desired information.

Eli H., Northfield, O.:

The states have the right to fix the date of elections for state officers.

M. H. Harvey, Wilmington, O.: Your question would take a great deal of space to answer, and it would not be of general interest.

L. B., Tonda, Ia.:

Please tell me what day of the week the 28th day of February, 1845, came on.

Tuesday.

E. A. L., Humphrey, Mo.:

What is the difference between the Republican and Democratic campaign hat? Give shape and color of each.

The campaign hat is usually the kind worn by the candidate. As yet there is no hat strictly Democratic or Republican.

J. P. T., Dunansby, Ky.:

Will you be kind enough to let me know through your paper when Grant was put in nomination for a third term?

He was never nominated for a third term. He wanted the nomination in 1880, but Garfield was nominated.

Mrs. N. G. L.:

Please give your recipe for keeping butter sweet and good for a long time, and oblige.

Take two pounds of Ashton dairy salt, one pound of white granulated sugar, one pound of finely-powdered saltpetre; use one and a half tablespoonsful to a pound of butter.

Tippecanoe, Toledo:

Will you kindly insert in your columns, or elsewhere in the BLADE of to-morrow, some inscriptions suitable for a Harrison and Morton streamer other than "Protection," or "Protection to Home Industries?"

There is nothing that conveys the spirit of the coming campaign better than the words you quote.

A., Toledo:

1. What is the special pension agent's business? 2. Does the police judge's office more than pay expenses of the office? 3. What was each share of the Finlay Brewing Co. valued at, that he left to charitable purposes, and about what is the income on each share?

1. To see that the Government is not defrauded. 2. Yes. 3. $100.

Rotta, Wenona, Ill.:

In what way should a person go to work to procure a head mark (from the government) for an old soldier's grave?

The congressman from your district can aid you. An appropriation was made by the last congress for such purposes and was expended. Get your claim in and when a new appropriation is made the headstone will be furnished. Any G. A. R. man could give you aid in getting one.

G. E. N., Bartlett, Tenn.:

The B. C. club requests an answer to the following question: In the poem "The Raven," written by Edgar A. Poe, what does the window, the raven, the bust of Palas, and the shadow represent?

Give it up; the BUREAU is not good at guessing conundrums. If you know, send it in.

Legal, Golden City, Mo.:

Please answer in the Weekly BLADE the following question: Is there a law in Canada to punish any party bringing stolen money into that country? If so, can you give the full text of the law and when it was enacted?

There is such a law, but we have not its text at hand. Several cases have been tried, but it is a very hard matter on which to convict any one.

Daisy, Leopold, W. Va.:

1. What is the red bandana the emblem of, and why does the Democratic party use it for their banner instead of the stars and stripes?

The bandana is Allen G. Thurman's turkey red handkerchief. He uses it because a white one would become soiled more easily from the snuff he uses. The Democrats take up the nose rag in lieu of anything better that is Democratic; the Republicans campaign under the stars and stripes because they fought under it.

G. B. C., Scott's Crossing Ohio:

Can you tell me whether the President writes his message himself, or does his cabinet help to write or compose it? Give me all the information you can on the question.

The President generally dictates his message, and it is written out by short-hand reporters; sometimes, however, he writes portions of it himself. He has the reports of all his cabinet officers before him, and also consults them about matters relating to their respective departments.

Curious:

1. Can large ocean steamers pass through the Erie canal and up the Mississippi river? 2. Who would be president if Cleveland should die? 3. Name the chief justice of the United States, by whom appointed and when?

1. Large ocean steamers can navigate the Mississippi river for a short distance; they cannot pass through the Erie canal but can through the Welland. 2. Secretary of State Bayard. 3. Mellville W. Fuller has been appointed to succeed M. R. Waite, but he has not yet been confirmed.

B. F. B., Argos, Ind.:

1. Where and by whom was the potato discovered? 2. Why is it called Irish potato?

The potato appears to have been brought to Ireland from Virginia by Hawkins, a slave trader, in 1565, and to England by Sir Francis Drake, in 1585, without attracting much notice, until it was a third time imported from America by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1623.

The reason why it is called the Irish potato is that it was first introduced into Ireland, and then from Ireland into England, and other countries on the Continent, and also because for many years it was the main food upon which the poor in Ireland subsisted.

Woman's Work.

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping if she be suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders: The only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

AIRIEST COSTUMES.

A BUDGET OF JULY FASHIONS.

Skirts and Basques as Unlike as Possible—Interesting Description of the Latest Freaks Indulged in by the Fair Sex.

NEW YORK, July 13.—(Special Letter.)—Summer has set in in earnest, and the reign of the heated term is now indicated in every fashion specialty. Draperies are airy and lightly ornamented, shapes of garments are those which admit of the display of laces and embroideries and the innumerable fancies of coloring produced are in keeping with the season. It is "the fashion" at present to simplify all toilets in a measure. Fewer pieces are thought essential to the whole costume, and for midsummer this is certainly an advantage. For indoor toilets there cannot be too much originality, but as the season is now sufficiently advanced to decide the shapes of garments it only remains to apply the handsome materials to the most desirable modes.

The fancy for wearing skirts and basques quite unlike in material and coloring is of such advantage that it should never be abandoned. Formerly the basques were plain and the skirts were figured, plaided or striped, but now the order is reversed. A costume recently displayed has the skirt of lettuce green crepeline, made plain and full, while the bodice is made of dark myrtle green flowered india silk. The neck is open and finished with a folded fichu of the plain material, and a full sash of the same is knotted at the left side and falls in long loops and ends.

Blouse and pleated waists were never more in use than they are at present, and have almost supplanted the jersey. Belts to match these waists are as odd as possible. Sometimes silver girdles are chosen, but more frequently a sash of the material or soft silk is knotted at the side. Copper colored cashmere with a mirage pattern of flowers in fawn color and blue outlined with gold fastens with silver buttons and has a silver girdle. A blouse of Uhlan blue with large amber colored moons fastens with amber buttons and has a sash of surah in the same pale color tying at one side. The sleeves of all such blouses are high and full at the shoulders. There are two varieties of these blouses, which are worn alike by matrons, young ladies and growing girls. One is made with a yoke, and the other, called the Russian, is cut in one piece. Sometimes the yoke and cuffs will match the skirt or frequently be made of lace, which is quite effective.

The Russian blouse generally closes upon the left shoulder, and the trimming will consist of a braided band, which finishes the high collar, belt, wrist bands and hem of the plain, straight skirt. An opportunity for infinite variety is afforded by these blouse bodices, the material being generally an India silk, silk crepe, surah or voile, and frequently soft wool fabrics are chosen. The frill below the belt is from four to six inches deep. The "Recamier" blouse has no frill, but is finished with a loosely folded sash, and has crossed fichu fronts, the opening at the neck being merely edged with lace, or having a gauze chemisette.

The most fastidious taste ought to be satisfied this season by the dainty little mantles and wraps which are provided to be worn as carriage wraps on cold, dark days through the summer. The fronts of nearly all mantles have gathered up or narrow square ends, many with pelerine shaped sleeves and visite backs.

One trim little shape is called a "fichu mantilla," being cut like a V plastron, and terminating in narrow points a trifle below the belt at the back and front. Pointed epaulets are joined on at the shoulders and are edged with a fringe of cut jets, somewhat deeper than that bordering the body of the fichu. The material is beaded lace laid over satin surah, and the belt is made of the same. A high collar band completes the neck. The shape is one well adapted to nearly all figures, giving length to stout ones and breadth to narrow shoulders.

The corselet bodice is a becoming shape for young ladies, being especially pretty for semi-dressy occasions. The waist proper is made of silk and close-fitting, while the corselet is of gauze, pulled on and shaped like a peasant bodice, with long sleeves. The top, belt and outside of the sleeves are ornamented with three rows of lace beading, through which narrow faille ribbon is. Draperies of the gauze are arranged over the silk skirt, and long loops and ends of ribbon are arranged at the side. Black drapery net over moire silk may be arranged in the same showy manner.

Although by far the larger number of costumes made for country wear on cool days, as well as for informal visiting, driving, etc., are of wool material, they are so combined with fabrics and colorings in contrast that they have little distinction as wool dressed. The modes in which combinations are shown are as numerous as taste and ingenuity can devise, as nothing that blends is considered too striking.

For so-called stuff dresses a trimmed skirt and either a blouse, French waist or coat and waistcoat are selected. Such a costume is made of small figured woolen crepe, with a loose waistcoat of surah. The skirt is laid in wide pleats the full length of the right side, while the left is unevenly draped. The jacket is short on the hips, pointed in front and faced with revers, which widen to the shoulder, and the sleeve is gathered in at the elbow to a flaring cuff. Ivory white surah contributes the waistcoat and is gathered to the neck band; the left side is then drawn over to the right in uneven folds and forms a point at the center on the lower edge. The back of the jacket has a short, looped postillion effect. A Leghorn hat in the Directoire shape accompanies this costume, and has the crown massed with pale green hops, which droop gracefully over the brim.

A charming promenade costume is composed of three odd shades of blue. The skirt is kilt pleated and has wide bayadere stripes in two shades, while the upper garment is a polonaise of plain material with side panels. The fronts are wide apart and aare finished with revers of dark velvet which narrow to the waist, and the "Moliere" vest of the palest blue surah is laid in narrow pleats at the top to the depth of a yoke, below which it is full and is held in at the waist by a velvet belt fastened with an antique silver buckle. A high collar band fastens at the left side, and the full sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs also of the pale surah and buttoned upon the outside of the arm. The straight back breadths are gathered to the short basque, and the side panels are lined with the pale surah. This design may be applied to various combinations, such as ivory white with copper, sage or olive.

Everything puffy is gradually being discarded for every day costumes; but as the skirts diminish in size, sleeves become expansive, and full effects are chosen by all who can wear them. The old "leg o' mutton" style has really the preference, and being full at the shoulder is close fitting below the elbow; sometimes a deep, plain cuff of contrasting fabric is added.

Both necklace and bracelets are in marked favor just now, the open styles of dressing the neck and short sleeves affording sufficient reasons of existence for these ornaments. Sometimes as many as twenty-five bracelets will be worn upon the left arm, and all differing in workmanship and design, many in metal. For a dinner toilet the necklace is almost essential in the eyes of fashion, and this newly revived fancy has brought forth from oblivion many a string of odd looking beads, and introduced from abroad some frail but exquisite composition kinds. Amber necklaces are much sought after, and selected Scotch pebbles in the shaded greens and blues, streaked with white, make novel designs.

The growth of luxurious and even extravagant ideas in dress is particularly to be noticed nowadays in gloves and stockings. Both of these articles are of superior manufacture, and of the finest fabrics of their kind. Both are required to match toilets, and the decree of fashion goes so far as to dictate that the corset shall correspond also. The most expensive silk hose may be easily inclosed in one hand, and a recent importation is white, with the instep beaded with the finest cut jets.

The newest fancy for gloves is for pale colors and dressed kid. Corn color, teal, shrimp and pearl have ornamental stitching in one shade darker than the kid itself.

New shoes for country wear are of russet and pale tan leather and low cut.

The latest freak in a parasol handle is a dog's head, the mouth of which opens with a spring, and is arranged to hold a card or railway ticket.

Flowered brilliantine is the coming material in dress goods, apparently made to be sold at a tremendous sacrifice. The patterns are as pretty as those of foulard or sateen; but the stuff is too wiry to drape very well, and its cheapness and its coloring will make it all too acceptable to women who will vulgarize it in the cutting and wearing.

If one have absolutely faultless forearms, wrists and hands, there is no prettier sleeve for a house frock than the rather long single puff gathered into a wide band of embroidery just below the elbow. It looks delightfully cool, and is what it looks.

Very pretty waistcoats of silk muslin are made by laying the material in flat, fine plaits, across which a ribbon is passed at the waist and fastened at the back. The ends are then brought forward and tied in a pretty bow on the puff which the muslin makes below the belt.

Some of the Empire sashes have the long ends lined with the same bright color which is used elsewhere in the dress for panels or for facings. This is contrary to the simplicity which is the leading idea of the Empire costume. The influence of this style of dress is already seen in some exceedingly plain surah frocks prepared for young girls. They have gathered and tucked skirts and waists and sleeves plaited and are without any trimming whatever. These take the place of the pretty cashmere and nun's veiling frocks of former seasons and are made in the same colors, cream, pink and blue. Surah is really less costly than good woolen stuff, and as it is too soft to rustle, the pretty girls will be as becomingly dressed as ever.

The word Directoire is applied to any sort of an upper garment with lapels big enough to excuse the name. Some of the garments styled Directoire coats have no tails, and with the surplice waistcoats and folded sashes worn with them, are rather queer little garments, although undeniably smart. The very latest Paris news is that the underdress worn with the Directoire coat should be white, which is not historically correct, but will be very pleasant to wear in the occasional torrid days which diversify the present season.

The puffs in sleeves, like the rows of ribbon or velvet in skirts or like tucks in groups, should be an odd number. Five are enough for an arm of ordinary length and with ribbon bracelets tied in a bow outside of the arm, they look very well. When three are worn the one in the center should *not* be so long as the other two.

The hat with "a fall" of lace has come, as threatened, and it is ugly, but not quite so ugly as it might be made. It is of white plaid muslin, with shirred puffs around the crown, and a brim which, extending far in front of the face, is narrowed at the back. The lace is white, and and falls so as to shade the eyes in front, but narrows at the back, where a rosette of muslin with long ribbon ends is set. The wearer of a hat of this kind must be a girl of real dignity, absolutely indifferent to her neighbors; otherwise she will find herself often in very awkward attitudes: for she can see nothing above the level of her eyes, and to throw her head backward is to fall into a position which Venus herself would find unbecoming.

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RED NOSES.

The Incarnadined Horn Not Necessarily a Sign of Drink.

American Analyst.

A very common error is the belief that a red nose or chin, and pimples or "blossoms" about that part of the face are the result of hard drinking, and are always indicative of that vice. With many persons this is the case. The acceleration of the movement of the heart, the rapid heating of the body and the slow weakening of the blood, three of the chief results of the use of alcohol upon the system, too often find expression in the unsightly symptoms mentioned, as well as others more serious.

But these symptoms often arise from other and very different causes. In some instances exposure to the sunlight will produce results hardly distinguishable from those of alcoholic indulgence, and more especially with those with impure blood, or whose habits have not been marked by the regularity demanded by health. Tight lacing or even the mere wearing of stays, no matter how loose these may fit, or how soft and flexible the material from which they are made, frequently exercise the same effect in every regard. Many a temperate woman and abstinent maid has acquired the reputation of a hard drinker from the appearance of her face, when, as a matter of fact, her only fault has been the desire to look attractive and its foolish expression in the compression of her waist and abdomen. Gluttony is another common cause of a red nose and cutaneous disorders of the face. And in this regard gluttony does not mean the eating of large quantities of food, but merely of more than the system requires. Two and a half pounds of nutriment may be gluttony for a young man or a young woman who takes little or no exercise, and passes the day reading light literature or idly conversing, where five pounds would be abstemiousness to a young collegian playing ball and rowing twelve hours out of the 24. Many diseases, and more particularly the affections of the erysipelas class, tend to express themselves in and upon the nose and face, not only in all of their forms and stages, but even after they have been nominally cured, leave or imprint a tendency upon the system to the same unsightly and disgusting symptoms. However serious or deep-seated the causes, it is always possible and easy to cure and prevent the effects. Whether the original source of the trouble lies in constitutional disease, depraved condition of the system, hard drinking, overeating, sunburn, or tight lacing, it cannot produce the blemishes described until after the blood has been surcharged with humors and the vital organs have become weakened in tone and activity. These are in every instance the immediate cause of the trouble. If they be stopped before they reach their full development, no skin disease will break out. If they be properly treated after that point, the disease soon disappears and the sufferer speedily regains his beauty and health.

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FUN FOR THE BOYS.

An Estimate of the Cost of Campaign Parading Outfits.

"It will cost about $100,000 to fit out all the campaign clubs in this city," said a dealer in campaign goods yesterday. "The parades are going to be larger than ever before, and the style of uniform to be worn more elaborate and expensive than in past years. What does it cost to fit a man out? Well, uniforms can be bought as low as 75c, and they can be bought for $5, the price depending of course, on the quality of the goods. I have been in this business a great many years," said the dealer, "and it seems to me that with each succeeding campaign the desire for good parading outfits increases. Oh, yes; there have been great improvements in the manufacture of uniforms. Some time ago the men used to turn out with colored paper capes and paper bands around their hats, but you see very little of that in these times. From the paper capes they changed to oil-cloth, and this year there is a big demand for substantial cloth capes. Oil-cloth is but little used now.

"The wearing of leggings will also be very much in vogue. They are made of canvass, and cost from 25c to 50c a pair. Capes can be bought anywhere from 25c to $1, and the torches are selling at $25 per 100.

"There has been a marked improvement in the torches. I have patented one here that is warranted not to leak, and can be handled all evening without soiling either the paraders' clothes or hands. There are many novel designs in these flaming lights, the flambeau of anient pattern being the most popular with clubs that are fitted out regardless of expense. With some of the torches a very startling effect can be produced, and at a signal from the captain the whole column will burst forth in flame. This is done by means of an air-tube leading from the base of the flame to the bottom of the torch. By blowing in this the flame will shoot up two feet high.

"But the most money is spent on banners. Those that are swung across the streets in front of the headquarters of political clubs cost from $75 to $200, the price varying according to the amount of work on them. Of course, a banner on which there is nothing but the names of the club and its candidates doesn't come very high, but if the pictures of the presidential and vice presidential candidates are wanted on it the services of a good photo painter are required, and the cost will be much higher. The number of banners now being made is much larger than usual, and every club, no matter what its size, wants a banner of some kind.

"There is also a great demand for transparencies. They can be made at almost any price, the cost varying according to size and the nature of the inscriptions to be put on them. My season lasts from the middle of August to about October 1, and it takes 50 persons all their time to manufacture goods."

Most couspicuous among the novelties that will appear in the street parades during the campaign will be miniatures of the old log cabin occupied by President Harrison, cider barrels and caged coons. These will be mounted on long poles and carried in the van of the parades. A Ninth street dealer in animals now holds a number of orders for live coons, and he is going to put in a stock of them in anticipation of a big demand. An enterprising carpenter is manufacturing a large number of small log cabins to fill orders, of which he expects a great rush as the campaign advances.—*Philadelphia Record.*

All Sorts of Poison.

Mr. W. F. Daley, Advertising Agent of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, writes: "Inflammatory rheumatism swelled my legs and arms to twice their natural size. I suffered excruciating pain. Your wonderful S. S. S. made a complete cure.

Major Sidney Herbert, editor of the *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have fully tested the virtues of Swift's Specific, both as a rheumatism cure and a tonic. It has done even more than its proprietors claim for it.

Mr. Michael Long, Jr., with the Strobridge Lithographic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I suffered for two years with a terrible itching and painful sores on my neck, arms, hands and fingers. No physician could help me. S. S. S. relieved me perfectly and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. Amanda Ingle, of Gastonia, N. C., writes: "My baby, when four months old, developed scrofula. He had two severe risings and sores on the neck. I sent for our family physician, who pronounced it scrofula, and prescribed S. S. S. for it. I gave the baby S. S. S. and it soon got the disease under control. The sores are healed, and the baby is well and healthy. I know S. S. S. saved its life, and I told our doctor so. He is a regular physician, and prescribed S. S. S. for the baby as soon as he saw it had scrofula.

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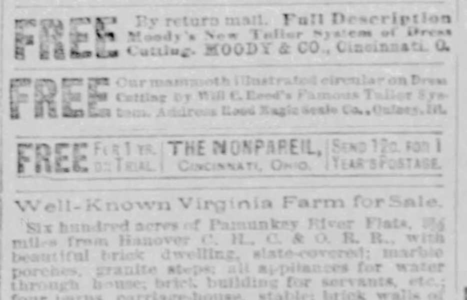

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MENTION THIS PAPER.

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THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1888.

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Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
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Of New York.

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PROHIBITION AND SEPARATE PARTY ACTION.

The BLADE is continually in receipt of letters from sincere third-party Prohibitionists, which have for their burden a regret that we do not support the third party. The writers evidently labor under a confusion of ideas, in identifying the cause of Prohibition with the cause of the third party—which are not identical, by any means, as we have several times shown. The most of these letters contain nothing requiring discussion in these columns. We have two before us, however, which we propose briefly to discuss. The first comes from an old reader of the BLADE at Wytheville, Virginia, who appeals to us to discuss the following questions:

1.—Can there be a final settlement of the question of protection sooner than nations stand on such an equality that absolute free trade will be practicable?

We do not believe absolute free trade will ever be practicable. We see no reason why the fixed policy of this government shall not be that of protection, upon the principle that the duty on any imported article, the like of which is manufactured and produced in this country, shall measure as nearly as possible the difference between the cost of production here and in other countries. We do not think a tariff should be rigid and immovable. It should be revised as often as the changing conditions of production render the duty on any article too low or too high.

Again—Is the "final settlement" of the tariff question, of which our correspondent speaks, an absolute necessity? Are we to have no issues brought up which are not susceptible of a speedy final settlement? This is not necessary, we imagine.

2.—Can any one with reason assume or assert that the people of this nation would allow their representatives, Republican or Democratic, to inaugurate a policy which would be manifestly hurtful to the greatest numbers' interest? If such a policy were instituted, would they, electing new representatives every two years, allow it long to continue?

It is by no means impossible that laws shall be passed which are detrimental to a majority of the people. It could easily be done, where the parties were divided in opinion as to the effects of a line of policy. If the Senate had a Democratic majority, we have no doubt the Mills bill would become a law; and we most decidedly believe that it would be injurious to the interests of a majority of the people. Of course a hurtful policy would be reversed as soon as a majority should be elected against it in Congress. This might be longer than two years, however. A bill must not only pass the House (whose members are elected biennially), but it must pass the Senate, whose members sit for six years, and who are elected by state legislatures. Hence it might be much longer before the majority in the Senate were reversed. Then a bill must go to the President; and his veto might prevent its becoming a law. It would thus be likely to take more than two years to correct a mistake in national policy. We see no reason for taking any such risk on the tariff issue.

3.—Would not the abolition of the wealth destroying whisky traffic preserve more of the comforts of life, or the means of purchasing them, to the laboring classes, than any tariff can secure?

The wages of European workingmen do not average over one-half that of American workingmen. A free trade policy, if inaugurated, would result in reducing wages, not only of men in manufacturing, but of all wage workers. The total wages paid to persons employed in manufacturing alone, in 1880, was $947,953,795. It is now at least $1,300,000,000 per year. A reduction of this by one-half, added to the reduction that would inevitably come in the wages or salaries of all other wage-workers or employes, and the total will be greater than the total drink bill of the country per annum. This, however, is not all. There are thousands of men who never spend a cent for Rum. It is an expenditure, a loss, within the power of the individual himself. If he does not wish to drink, he can save his money. A free trade policy, however, will touch every man who labors for wages or salary, in the entire country. These facts point to a negative answer to the above question. A matter which affects the whole people is more important than one which affects only those who choose to have it do so.

4.—Does not the entire amount expended for whisky come directly or indirectly from the laborer?

Yes. But the question is not germane to the argument.

5.—If the question of how to "Pulverize the Rum Power" is a greater question, financially and morally, than all other questions, why should not the party privately declaring itself in favor of prohibition, make Prohibition its prime issue?

Financially it is not a greater question. Morally it is. As a matter of morals, it is to be reached by education, by the churches, as to the individual; by the states, as to the public welfare. For the reasons why the Republican party does not take up the issue, we refer our correspondent to a full discussion in the Weekly BLADE of June 28. This article also covers the ground of his two following questions. His last query is:

Is not Prohibition a national issue?

No. A question is national, when the federal government has the power to deal with it. The decisions of our federal courts, when various phases of the Prohibition question have been brought up before them, have uniformly taken the ground that such legislation comes under the police powers of the states. The federal government has not control of the matter, save in the District of Columbia and in the territories, for which Congress is the sole law-making power.

The idea of our querist probably is, that Prohibition is a national question, because the ultimate aim of its friends is the incorporation of a prohibitory amendment to the national constitution. The only way to accomplish this is to obtain Prohibition in three-fourths of the states, as it requires the affirmative votes of that number to make a constitutional amendment valid. Till this is done, a prohibitory amendment is an impossibility. Hence the matter is a state issue until we who favor Prohibition have educated the people up to the point of enacting and enforcing Prohibition in three-fourths of the states.

Our second letter is from Judge TATE, of Osyka, Mississippi. He refers to his correspondence with the BLADE, four years ago, and says:

You are still Prohibition people, but you do not go the whole hog, though you are first class Prohibitionists in everything but your votes. Down here we do just like you—we are Prohibitionists in all but our votes, and we vote the Democratic, and you the Republican ticket. * * Here, Democracy is full of Prohibition, and we vote Democracy for the prohibition legislation it has given us. * * For the present you stand for a party that has wrought great works upon issues now numbered with the dead, while I also support the opposite old party with its wild cry of free trade, when it can no more agree on tariff than can Randall and Watterson.

Prohibition has been reached in Maine, Rhode Island, Kansas and Iowa without a third party. Through local option more than half the area of the South, and large portions in the North, have become Prohibition. These things prove to us that as rapidly as the people get thoroughly informed as to the evils of the Rum traffic, and are convinced that there is no other effective mode of dealing with it, Prohibition follows, not as a party issue, but like any other non-partisan legislation for the welfare of the people. Hence we believe the third party unnecessary and unwise.

Again: Experience has proved, time and again, that a majority of those who believe in Prohibition will not take it up as a party issue. Let us give the latest instance—the elections in Oregon for the past three years. In 1886 the vote of Oregon on Representative in Congress (she has but one) was as follows:

Herman (Republican)	26,918
Butler (Democrat)	25,283
Miller (third-party Prohibition)	2,753

In 1887 the people voted on the adoption of a constitutional prohibitory amendment, the vote standing:

For Prohibition	19,973
Against	27,958

Last month, at the Congressional election, the third party nominated the same candidate as in 1886. The vote stood:

Herman (Republican)	32,820
Gearin (Democrat)	25,413
Miller (third-party Prohibition)	1,974

The Prohibition vote of Oregon in 1888 for member of Congress was, therefore, 17,999 less than the vote for the prohibitory amendment last November. If this indicates anything at all it is that the people do not regard the question of Prohibition as paramount to the ordinary issues of a political campaign. Hence we believe that by keeping the Prohibition question out of politics, and thus not rousing partisan prejudice, we can the sooner educate the people up to a thorough understanding of the monstrous evils of the Rum traffic, and the sooner

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

This will not be a mud-slinging campaign. The issue has been fairly and squarely presented, and the Republicans, led by Harrison and Morton, are going into the fight to win on the principles laid down in the Chicago convention. The tactics of four years ago will not be attempted by either party. And it is well that it is so. Everyone was thoroughly disgusted at the charges and counter-charges made during the last campaign, and it is a relief to know that there is to be nothing of the sort this year. The Republican candidate for the presidency is a clean man with a clean record, and, standing squarly upon the platform of protection to American industries, he will make a brave, manly fight that will be crowned with success.

THE new department of Labor has been finally added to the executive departments of the federal government, and is given the same status as the department of Agriculture. The commissioner in charge will report directly to the President, but will not be a member of the Cabinet. The commissioner is given, by the law creating the department, the following field:

To acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with labor in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, and especially upon its relations to capital, the hours of labor, the earnings of laboring men and women, and the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual, and moral prosperity.

It will be seen that a new and fertile field of economic investigation is thus opened, and if the new department succeeds in obtaining full and reliable statistics and other information regarding labor, it will prove a most useful addition to the executive department of the federal government.

IT is always bad policy in a contest, to do what your enemy desires that you shall do. In industrial matters, the United States and England are rivals. She wishes us to modify our tariff so as to give her manufacturers an opportunity to undersell our own, in our home markets. Mr. CLEVELAND favors a policy that will enable them to do this, and the platform of the Democratic party endorses CLEVELAND's policy. Here is what leading English papers think of CLEVELAND's policy, and of the issue in the present campaign:

President Cleveland shows that he is the free trade candidate in everything but name.—*London Daily News.*

It is certain that the arguments which President Cleveland uses are those which Cobden used to employ 45 years ago, and which any English free trader would employ now.—*London Times.*

The electoral conflict now in progress is a conflict between free trade and protection and nothing else.—*London Daily News.*

His (Cleveland's) message recommending a reduction in tariffs did far more for free trade than any single speech from any premier could have done.—*London Economist.*

It would hardly be possible to put the free trade case more clearly or more strongly (than Cleveland's message).—*London Times.*

THE Democrats begin their campaign this year against Gen. HARRISON just where they left off with the campaign against Gen. GARFIELD in 1880. After they had been defeated in Indiana in that year and an irresistible tide was setting in against them on the protection issue, they concocted and brought out the Morey Chinese letter as a last desperate expedient to stem the current. They failed then, but they evidently imagine that they can even now befog the judgment of people on the Chinese question. They are perfectly welcome to all the campaign thunder they can get out of an issue that has been settled, and in which there is neither votes nor enthusiasm. This country has progressed a good ways since 1880.

GERMANY is again considering the double standard matter, but has not yet reached the point of consenting to enter upon an international compact as to a ratio between gold and silver values. Should Germany and England consent to such an arrangement, the remonetization of silver among civilized nations would promptly follow.

WHATEVER the Mills bill might do, if passed, it certainly will not accomplish what it was primarily intended to do—reduce the revenue. It would simply increase the imports of foreign goods to so great an extent that, even at the reduced duties, the customs revenue would at least equal the present figures.

MILLS is mad because the Republicans showed up his amending his tariff bill in committee to meet the views of the sugar trust. The people are mad, not because of the expose, but because of this truckling to monopoly.

OUR "TARIFF PRIMER."

In to-day's issue of the Weekly BLADE we give the first instalment of the "Tariff Primer," which will be continued weekly during the campaign, and cover all phases of the great contest between Protection and Free Trade, which is the issue of this campaign. The initial number is made up of preliminary statements and definitions, needed by those possessing a limited knowledge of the subject; but the succeeding numbers will at once take up the discussion and application of the principle of protection to the farmers, the woolgrowers, the workingmen, and the people of the country at large, showing the benefits of the American system of Protection as opposed to the British idea of free trade. The leading arguments of the free traders will be then taken up, discussed and answered.

The "Primer" will be a complete elementary text-book on the subject, and no better campaign document can be circulated than the issue of the BLADE containing it. Get us up campaign clubs at once. Send for terms to agents.

A DEMOCRATIC PROTECTIONIST.

Ex-Sheriff JAMES O'BRIEN, one of the most influential Democratic leaders in New York city, can not stand the free trade policy of his party. He has written a strong letter to RANDALL, in which he expresses his belief that CLEVELAND's free trade ideas will defeat a considerable number of Democratic candidates for Congress, and that these defections will unfavorably affect the vote on the Presidential ticket. He says:

There can be no doubt of the fact that thousands of Democrats in this city (New York) who have to support themselves and their families by daily labor, believe that if the Mills bill becomes a law it will do them a great injury by throwing them out of employment, and they are more than disappointed at the action of some of our Democratic representatives in Congress, who seem to them to be against protecting the industries and labor of our country.

The message of Mr. Cleveland has created the impression that he has started on the road to free trade, and they say that this will seriously injure the country, and they point to the loss already by decline in values of millions upon millions of dollars, which has fallen on our manufacturers and producers, all caused, as they believe, by this message, followed by the action of the Democrats on the Mills bill. They insist that our country attained its greatness by a system of protection to our manufacturing interests and our workingmen. To withdraw this protection and thereby cripple, if not destroy, these industries, and reduce our mechanics to the condition of European labor, seems to them to be a great wrong, and many of those who earn their living by honest industry say that they will not submit to be robbed of their employment, which is the source of their livelihood. It can not be expected that they will vote for candidates who seek to close their workshops by changing our laws so that English manufacturers can send their goods here and undersell their employers.

Mr. O'BRIEN also declares that the cry of "cheap necessaries of life" has no influence with the workingmen of that city, who understand that, no matter how cheap the necessaries of life may be under free trade, they cannot find money to buy them unless they can get work, and that they cannot get work if the shops where they are employed are compelled to close because the articles they produce can be more cheaply imported from England. In illustration of this he says:

A few hours ago a friend of mine and a Democrat, now working in a factory on First avenue, where over 200 voters are employed, said to me that if the Democrats succeeded in doing what the majority of those in Congress seemed determined to do, that the mill where he was working would have to stop, and then he would be idle, and that if he could not get other employment in a reasonable length of time his family would be without the necessaries of life: and he turned to me with an earnestness that could not be mistaken and said: "Mr. O'Brien, I am not going to be diverted from protecting my home and family by any such humbug as the cry. 'You want whisky free, and you want to tax the necessaries of life.' Nor will I," said he, "vote for a candidate for Congress who will vote as Texas and Kentucky want him to vote. There they have black labor, fed on hog and hominy, and I am not willing to help men into office who want to force me and my family to their level."

All of which is not only truthful, but is significant of the overwhelming defeat that will overtake CLEVELAND and his policy next November.

INGERSOLL AT CHICAGO.

A correspondent at Armathwaite, Tenn., asks the BLADE whether the statement made in the following clipping is true:

"I hate God and love Gresham," said Robert G. Ingersoll at Chicago last week, and he was one of the most honored men, the most loudly cheered man, who appeared before the national Republican convention. Imagine, if you can, a man uttering a sentiment of that kind unrebuked in the presence of Lincoln, or Sumner, or Chase, or even profane Ben Wade. And now this Republican party makes this blatant infidel one of its chosen leaders at its most representative convention.

The statement is utterly false. The writer attended the Chicago convention and sat within twenty feet of INGERSOLL when he delivered his famous address on Friday evening after the formal adjournment of the session, and can affirm with certainty that he made no statement at all resembling the one given above. The only time he mentioned GRESHAM's name was in the closing sentence of his speech, when he declared that he was "in favor of the nomination of WALTER Q. GRESHAM."

INGERSOLL was not a delegate to the convention. He was simply one of the 10,000 spectators present. On that evening, the convention adjourned without transacting any business. The audience, thousands of whom had secured tickets only by the most strenuous efforts (there was a separate ticket for each day), felt that they were, so to speak, defrauded, by the sudden adjournment, out of hearing the proceedings, and set up loud cries for INGERSOLL. The Colonel responded to the demand of the immense audience, and made his famous speech. He was not invited to address the convention, but responded to a call from the spectators. The delegates kept their seats, to listen to the famous orator, but the convention had adjourned, and the gathering was no more than a mass meeting.

Regarding the strictures in the extract above, they are the work of either a hypocrite or a fanatic. There is no religious test required for office in this country. Any man is free to entertain any religious belief, or not to believe at all, and his opinions on the subject do not interfere with his citizenship or his right to hold office. To abuse the Republican party because INGERSOLL, who is an unbeliever, is a member of it, is an exhibition of intolerance and bigotry that is worthy of the Middle Ages. The man who penned it would have rejoiced in burning and torturing "heretics," had he lived at that time. We say these things all the more freely because we differ entirely from Col. INGERSOLL on religion, while agreeing with him in politics.

HAVE you noticed how the BLADE'S circulation is booming? Help it along by sending us a list of campaign subscribers. Write for terms.

The reason given by Mr. J. H. WADE, who was once a wheel-horse of the Democracy in the city of Cleveland, for his present stand against the party of free trade, are worth considering:

I cannot stomach the free trade Mills bill. Free trade would ruin this country. There is ruin on one side and prosperity. I know that if the Mills bill passes every iron mill in the country will shut down, and the workingmen will suffer. Capital can stand it for a time, but the greatest burden will fall upon the workingmen. By the workingman I mean the farmer as well as the mechanic, for, while the latter losses his employment, the former will lose his market. I know what free trade is for. I had a taste of it in 1837, '38, '39 and 40, and I do not want any more of it.

MILLS predicted last winter that his tariff bill would be sent to the Senate by March 6. If it reaches that body by August 1 it will do well.

THE AMERICAN MARINE.

The postal service of the United States does not pay for itself, especially on the so-called "star" routes. But no one would advise the closing up of every postoffice that does not pay its own expenses. The people in rural hamlets need regular communication with the rest of the country. It is sound public policy to extend the mail service as rapidly as the needs and convenience of the people require it.

But why shall not this policy be extended to the mails between this country and foreign lands? Frequent and direct mail communication is a necessity in business. How can we hope to extend our trade with South America, for instance, when a letter has to go to England and then take an English steamer to reach its destination—the reply coming back by the same circuitous route?

The Senate has added an amendment to the Postoffice appropriation bill, providing that $800,000 be given to secure an efficient mail service on an American line of merchant steamers with South America. The amendment authorizes the Postoffice department to contract with American built lines to carry the mails at an expense not exceeding $1 per nautical mile for the outward trip. Postmaster General DICKINSON bitterly assails both the principle and details of the bill. He would not have a subsidy for the encouragement of our shipping.

He also complains that the text of the amendment reflects on his department by making the law mandatory, instead of permissive. On the last point he may blame his predecessor, Mr. VILAS, who refused to use the $200,000 provided for this purpose, broke a contract with the Roach line and crushed it out of existence, forwarded the South American mails by British tramp steamers and such chance vessels as he could find, sent fishing schooners from Florida to Cuba with the mails, and by the consequent irregularity of communication broke up the promising trade with South America and threw it all into British and German hands.

A large merchant marine is an important part of a country's resources. It is this only that will allow us to extend our markets and increase our trade. Our ships cannot compete with the subsidized fleets of England and Germany, whose ships are relieved of the burdens that American shipping has to bear. As a consequence our ships disappear from the sees. If we wish to replace them, we must take the same measures that in a few years have made Germany the most dangerous competitor of England.

No better point could be found for beginning this policy than on the South American lines. Our trade with those counties is carried on by way of London. It is a meager traffic and pays heavy toll to Great Britain. The successful establishment of an American line would result in direct trade and a probable increase to many times the amount of the subsidy. But the Democratic party is not the one to encourage trade or industry. It would abandon the home market as well as the foreign trade to others if it had its way.

MILLS'S IDEA OF CHEAPNESS.

ROGER Q. MILLS, of Texas, chairman of the House committee on Ways and Means, and the author of the Democratic "tariff reduction" bill now before Congress, made the following statement in his New York speech:

In order to reach the greatest number of people you must produce at the lowest possible cost, because the man who produces lower than you will drive you out of the market. If you can produce an article at a lower cost than any other person in the world, then you dominate the market.

Mr. MILLS is certainly good Democratic authority. Now it is admitted even by the Democrats themselves, that wages are higher here than in England, consequently it costs more for the labor necessary to manufacture any article in this country. Hence the British manufacturer can undersell our own manufacturers; therefore, to quote MILLS's words, given above, they can drive our own manufacturers out of the American market.

What will be the result? Manifestly one of two things: either the closing up of American manufactories, throwing our own workmen out of employment; or a reduction of wages to the English standard. There is no escape from one or the other conclusion.

In either case, low wages for all wage-workers will be the result. If our factories closed up, the tens of thousands of men who would be thrown out of work would produce such a plethora in the labor market that wages would go down in every employment. The same result would follow a cut of one-half in the wages of the men, should the manufactories remain open and endeavor to compete with British "cheap and nasty" goods. It is a matter of history that the wages of all workers for hire are reduced when there is a large surplus of idle men seeking work, or when radical reductions of wages are made in any great line of industry.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE members of Congress are getting anxious about the prospects for an adjournment. It is evident that the work before it will require all of July, at least, to accomplish, and the Senate is not to be expected to get through with the Mills bill, after it is sent there by the House, in as many weeks as the House has taken months to discuss it. The outlook is for the session to last till late in August.

THURSDAY's cold wave was a stunner. It was felt on both sides of the Atlantic. Snow fell as far south in England as London, while on this side a foot of snow fell on the summit of Mt. Washington. The unlooked-for movement of cold air southward from the polar regions is a puzzle to the scientists.

THE Republicans in CARLISLE's district in Kentucky, propose to make a strong effort to defeat him on the tariff issue this fall. Governor FORAKER has been invited to stump the district against the free trade Speaker, and will make things remarkably lively across the river. It is a way he has.

SEND us lists of names of people who do not take the BLADE, that we may send them sample copies, and thus aid you in getting up a campaign club.

THE Democrats in the House felt that the clause of the Mills bill which placed wood screws on the free list would injure their prospects in Connecticut, where these articles are made, and the duty was put back at the present figure. Principle is nothing, policy everything, with the Democracy.

CARTER HARRISON, sometime Democratic mayor of Chicago, who is on a trip round the world, writes from Vienna, Austria, that a workingman who attempts to live as well in Vienna as in Chicago, "will have to pay more for his subsistence than in Chicago, while he will receive but one-third the wages."

THE New Jersey high license law, passed by the Republican legislature last year, has worked so well, and so diminished the number of saloons, that the Democrats of the state are endeavoring to work for its repeal. The Rum Power has them under its thumb.

THE QUININE DUTY.

The BLADE received a few days ago the following from a subscriber at Morse, Johnson county, Kansas:

In a discussion on the tariff I took the position that the placing of quinine and Peruvian bark on the free list drove the manufacturers of quinine from the United States to Germany; that Powers & Weightman, while using the United States brand, do not manufacture any in this country, nor does any one else: hence by reducing the tariff, the manufacturers were driven from this country to Germany where labor could be had for less than the same work could be done here for, hence the reduced price of quinine. Am I correct in this position? If there is any quinine manufactured in the United States, please tell where? R. P. E.

The facts as to the quinine duty have been several times given in the BLADE within the past year. We will, however, again briefly summarize them for this correspondent:

The duty on quinine was 20 per cent. *ad valorem* up to 1879, when it was placed on the free list. That year quinine was worth $3.16 an ounce in London. Last November it was worth, in the same market, only 50 cents per ounce. French, Italian and German quinine are at practically the same price. Now, it is absurd to say that so great a drop could be caused by the repeal of a 20 per cent. duty. The fact is, the placing of quinine on the free list had nothing to do with the great reduction in price.

The real cause is the extension of cinchona culture—the cinchona (or Peruvian) bark being the crude material from which quinine is made. Prior to 1861, the only source of this bark was the forests of South America, where the tree is indigenous. The price being so high, the experiment of cultivation was tried. In that year seeds were exported to Ceylon, and afterward to Java. The trees did not attain sufficient size to market the bark until 1869, when 28 ounces was the total of the first Ceylon shipment. The export has grown steadily since that time, the cultivation having extended to other portions of the East. In the year ending June 30, 1887, India exported 14,007,500 pounds of bark, and Java 2,230,275 pounds.

With this enormous addition to the supply from South America, the price of the bark tumbled, and of course the price of the quinine made from it. But you cannot get a free trader to admit it. It would be fatal to the fallacious argument they spread before the country. In 1877 quinine sold at $3 50 an ounce in New York, and is now worth only 54 cents. It is obvious that the taking off of a 20 per cent. duty could not have made so great a reduction. That the drop in price was due to other causes is clear from an examination of the prices in England. In 1877 the price of quinine in London, where it has always been free, was $3.16 per ounce. In the United States it was about 10 per cent higher—an amount just about enough to cover the rete of exchange and the cost of transportation. Now it is 50 cents in London and 54 in New York. If there was the same percentage of difference now that there was in 1877, the cost in New York would be 55 cents. If the removal of the tariff has had any effect at all upon the price in this country, its effect is limited to just about one cent per ounce. Meantime the number of American manufacturers in this country has decreased from four to three, and their product was less in 1887 than it was ten years earlier. The increase in imports exceeds the increase in consumption.

The three American firms manufacturing quinine are: POWERS & WEIGHTMAN, Philadelphia; KEASBEY & MATTISON, Philadelphia; and the New York Quinine and Chemical Co., New York. It has been charged that American manufacturers import foreign quinine and label it as of their own manufacture, but we cannot say whether it is true or not.

——It is stated by Eastern papers that a "trust" is forming to control the quinine market—presumably, like the copper trust, a combination of manufacturers both in this country and in Europe. If true, it is another excellent illustration of the fact that trusts are not dependent upon the tariff—for both quinine and its raw material, Peruvian bark, are on the free list, and pay no duty whatever. Coal oil is another instance; coffee another.

ONE of the most noteworthy events of the present campaign will be the grand national Republican ratification meeting which it is proposed to hold at Washington soon after Mr. BLAINE's return, to be addressed by BLAINE, General HARRISON and others. Senator SHERMAN is to be made president of the assemblage, and vice-presidents and other officers will be chosen from all the states.

TALKING about "cheap blankets," why are our free trade friends absolutely silent as to the fact that under low tariff the price of blankets (and all other woolen goods) was from 50 to 80 per cent. higher in the United States than in Europe? The domestic competition developed by a protective tariff has brought them down to much nearer an equality.

CALIFORNIA is certain to go Republican this year. The free trade policy will cause a loss of two millions to the farmers of that state in wool alone, and several other millions in fruits, raisins, etc. The Chinese bugaboo has no effect out there. The attitude of Mr. HARRISON on the question is satisfactory to the people.

THE Democrats of Illinois are in trouble because their candidate for state treasurer is an avowed Socialist. He was put on the ticket to catch the labor vote, but his radical socialistic views are driving thousands of Democratic farmers to the Republican ranks.

THERE is a ground-swell in Indiana is HARRISON's favor. The number of Democrats who announce themselves as supporters of HARRISON and protection is so large that the movement is of the nature of a stampede.

CHAIRMAN BARNUM, of the Democratic National committee, is trying to make people believe that the Democratic platform don't mean free trade. BARNUM will have his labor for his pains. The people know better.

THE free trade papers are quite too modest. Careful observation for some time fails to find one which reproduces any of the flattering notices of their candidate and platform given in the English newspapers.

THE Brooklyn *Standard-Union* accounts for CLEVELAND's pro-British views on the theory that he must be descended from Tory ancestry of the Revolutionary period.

AID the cause of Protection to Home Industries by getting your neighbor to take the BLADE for the campaign. It is the best authority on the Tariff question in the country. Send for terms to agents.

THE coffee brokers worked a corner the other day and advanced the price five or six cents a pound in a single day. Will the free traders please explain how this could happen? They say trusts are the result of the tariff; but coffee is on the free list.

ONLY one-third of the daily weather predictions of the Signal Service were fulfilled in June. There should be more efficiency, or a total abolition of the system. Anybody can guess correctly once in three times about the weather.

THE success of the Republican party has always been identified with the glory of the flag and the unity of the government.
—*Gen. Harrison.*

THOSE POSTAL CARDS.

The BLADE's correspondent at Hicksville, Ohio, writes as follows:

Yesterday 1,500 "One a Day" postal cards were distributed at this office. For all the good they did, the sender would better have saved his postage. The people only made sport of them.

These are postal cards, sent out by some Democratic committee, intended to convey the impression that General HARRISON once stated that "a dollar a day was enough wages for any laboring man." He never made such a statement. It has been authoritatively denied, and the Indianapolis *Journal* makes the following challenge:

One Thousand Dollars.

The statement has been repeatedly made in Democratic newspapers that General Harrison once said that "one dollar a day was enough for any workingman." This particularly idiotic lie has been repeated in a number of forms, the last one of which that we have heard of, is in the shape of a postal card addressed to workmen in certain large towns and cities. The issuance of such a story, in any shape, is entirely worthy the corrupt scoundrels of the Democratic party who forged the Morey letter in 1880 for the purpose of injuring General Garfield's candidacy.

The *Journal* is not a sporting paper, and does not, as a rule, believe in the force of wagers. But there are ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS the *Journal* has placed on deposit in Fletcher's bank, which will be paid to any man, woman or child producing the proof that General Harrison ever uttered any such sentiment as the Democratic liars and forgers are charging him with.

The offer is unlimited, either as to time or place. It will be paid to anybody who will produce the proof, whether living in Indianapolis, Marion county, in the state of Indiana, or in any town, city, township, county or state in the United States or territories, and at any time.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel*, Democratic, which first mentioned this lie, has been constrained to say that it has no knowledge on the subject, and no proof that HARRISON said it. The man who makes a charge must prove it. No court compels a man to prove himself innocent; the accuser must bring the proof of his charge. The Democrat who can prove that HARRISON said any such thing can make $1,000 by bringing the evidence forward. But the proof will not be forthcoming, because HARRISON never said such a thing.

The postal cards containing this base insinuation dare not specify that HARRISON said it, neither dare the mover in the cowardly scheme sign any name thereto. Such tactics show the desperation of Democratic managers. They know that on the tariff issue every intelligent wage-worker will vote for protection every time, and this sneaking, annonymous charge is spread broadcast in the hope that it will operate against such a result. But it will fail. The American people are not prone to accept the statement of skulking cowards, afraid to give their names, as Gospel truth.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

IN the Democratic platform for 1884 was the following plank:

The selection of federal officers for the territories should be restricted to citizens previously resident therein.

The St. Louis platform of this year reaffirms the platform of 1884, of course including the above resolution.

Now comes GROVER CLEVELAND, by the grace of New York city and the Solid South occupying the Presidential chair, and makes the following nominations, sent to the Senate for confirmation on July 9:

Elliot Sanford, of *New York*, to be chief justice of the supreme court of the territory of Utah.

John W. Judd, of *Tennessee*, to be associate justice of the supreme court of the territory of Utah.

Hugh W. Weir, of *Pennsylvania*, to be chief justice, and Charles H. Berry, of *Minnesota*, to be associate justice, of the supreme court of the territory of Idaho.

John H. Keatley, of *Iowa*, to be United States judge for the district of Alaska.

CLEVELAND ignores the platform in order to appoint obscure men to office for political reasons. He evidently considers himself "a biger man" than the Democratic conventions of 1884 and 1888, rolled into one.

THE recent reclassification of clerkships in the departments at Washington by executive order is seized upon hungrily by certain Eastern papers as evidence of CLEVELAND's devotion to civil service reform. Let us call their attention to the following facts:

Cleveland found 2,359 Presidential postmasters in office, and has removed or changed 2,000 of them.

His postmaster general, out of 52,000 employes under him, has removed 40,000.

Out of 33 ministers abroad, the President has removed or changed 32.

Out of 56,000 places, he has removed or changed 43,000, and of 43,000 there are not 50 Republicans among the appointees.

The central idea of the reform of the civil service of the United States is, that the offices shall not be made the rewards of party service, nor be parceled out to one party exclusively; but that appointments shall be made on the score of fitness alone, irrespective of politics.

To make a practically clean sweep, fill all the offices with Democrats, appointed on the recommendation of Democratic spoilsmen, and then make a pretense of classifying them in the interests of "reform," is a transparent humbug.

A DELEGATE to the Christian Endeavor convention at Chicago made the suggestion that since thousands of heathen are being yearly landed on our shores, immigrants, the missionaries should stay at home to work. The speaker stumbled on the edge of the great truth that the church is not doing its duty to the masses here in America. The majority of every community are practically irreligious, not to say pagan. If Christianity is to remain the overshadowing factor in modern civilization, there must be means devised to enlist the masses in its behalf.

WE want to send the BLADE to every friend of Protection in the land. Send for terms to agents, and get us up a campaign club.

THE New York *Sun* remarks that the free trade programme, as laid down in the Mills bill, is merely a carrying out of article 1, section 8, of the Confederate constitution, which declared:

Nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry.

The Confederate idea was to raise agricultural products by slave labor, and discourage the growth of industrial establishments, which would surely create an intelligent class of workingmen voters, who would be opposed to a continuance of slavery. The old idea has not yet been gotten rid of by MILLS and his Southern free trade abettors.

THE original Mills bill put marble on the free list. Mr. HOUK, of Tennessee, a Democratic Representative, strenuously objected to this, saying that free marble would destroy the Tennessee marble industry. So the present rate of duty was restored in the bill. That is the line that has been followed throughout. Industries in which the Democratic states are interested are carefully protected, and the cuts are made on industries pursued in Republican states.

OUR ministers to Prussia and Belgium, Messrs. LOTHROP and TREE, are both to resign. A case of rats leaving a sinking ship. They see the probability of CLEVELAND's defeat, and take time by the forelock.

MORTON gave $50,000 for food for the starving Irish people. THURMAN carried dainties to rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, Columbus, and now screens himself by saying it was his wife.

THURMAN's wealth is now estimated at a million dollars.

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of

FOR THE

the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free

CAMPAIGN!

trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we begin, in this week's BLADE the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner

SEND FOR

so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so

CAMPAIGN

that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have

TERMS.

no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TWO GREAT EMPIRES.

Russia and Germany seem still to be friends. The proposed visit of the young Emperor WILLIAM to St. Petersburg, immediately after his accession, is an event of no ordinary significance. The policy of the two empires, it will be remembered, was profoundly colored during the reign of WILLIAM I., by the close personal relations between the rulers of the two realms. NICHOLAS married a Prussian princess, a sister of the old Kaiser. His successor, ALEXANDER II., was the nephew of WILLIAM, and the old man had for him a deep personal affection, which was extended to his son and successor, ALEXANDER III., the present Czar. Still more, the old man's memory went back to the days when Russia saved Prussia from extinction; he was profoundly influenced by the traditions of his middle life, when Prussia walked under the wing of its Eastern neighbor in the councils of Europe, and he never shared in his later years the bitter and vindictive feeling against Russia which has arisen in Prussia with the growth of Germany to a commanding position.

The present German Emperor, grandson of the elder WILLIAM, begins his reign under different conditions. He has never known the time when German friendship was not as vital to Russia as peace with Russia to Germany. His active and direct interest in affairs has nearly all come since Germany parted company with Russia and cast its lot with mid-Europe. It has always been part of BISMARCK's policy to modify the state alliance of the three powers of central Europe by cultivating personal relations between the ROMANOFFS and HOHENZOLLERNS, but he did not hesitate last winter to speak of Russian policy as having permanently diverged from German friendship in spite of all the efforts of Berlin to maintain sympathetic relations with the policy of Russia in the East.

The proposed visit of WILLIAM II to his imperial cousin, the Czar, will go far to decide whether this divergence is to widen or be modified and controlled by the personal relations of the two most powerful rulers in the modern world. The Czar is 43, and the young Kaiser 30, but they belong to the same generation, they have reached the throne in the same period, they share not unlike powers and they occupy more nearly the same relations to the world at large than any other two men living. They are young enough to look for great results from their personal action, and at their age are likely to reign long enough to be of service for many years to each other. Life would be easier in Germany and the inevitable war with France a lighter task if the two sovereigns reach the same imperial understanding which protected the rear of Germany from Russian menace in 1870-71. It is great stake to play for, and it is but natural that it is the first to which WILLIAM II addresses himself.

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to use at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

IN February last General HARRISON wrote, in reply to the Rev. J. B. BRANDT, of St. Louis, a letter, of which the following is an extract:

I did vote with the great body of the Republicans in the Senate against the Chinese restriction bill, as it was called. It seemed to me then to be in violation of our treaty with China, and it was a little hard for me to let go of the old idea that this was the free home of all comers. I think there has been a very general change of sentiment on that subject since. We do not need to ask anybody to come to this country now, as we formerly did, and I think we have a right to preserve our own institutions by exercising a fair election as to who shall come here. I do not like that class of immigration that comes in gangs, that can be driven into pens and on shipboard, and hired, not by personal contract, but by bosses, and the Chinese immigration is very much of this sort.

He is a fossil who never changes his opinion on a progressive subject. The Chinese question was one of this sort. It grew upon the people, and the indifference with which they first witnessed the advent of the Mongols gradually changed into opposition to their coming, and this in turn changed into active work to prevent it. The matter is practically settled, now, both by law and by treaty. California is satisfied with HARRISON's position on the matter, and he stands on a platform with an anti-Chinese plank, with which he heartily agrees. The matter can't be made effective in this campaign.

SEND us the name and address of the Secretaries of all the Republican Clubs in your neighborhood. We wish them as soon as possible. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CURRENT EVENTS.

New York finds that an electric plant for the execution of dogs will cost but $900.

There is one place in Ventura county, California, where there are 6,000 acres planted with beans.

It is anticipated that the government exhibits at the Cincinnati Exposition will cover 40,000 square feet of space.

The twin towers of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth avenue, New York, have now reached a hight of almost 330 feet.

The government is trying lobster culture on the Pacific coast. The first Atlantic instalment has been anchored at Santa Cruz.

President Cleveland has adopted the custom of wearing a pepper-and-salt business suit at the White House Monday receptions.

The canning of shrimp is becoming a great industry in New Orleans. Fully 100,000 cans a day are packed there during the season.

A Brooklyn man named Wardrobe is in a singularly appropriate business. He has set up a shop in Fulton street for the renovation of clothing.

"Chautauqua" means "a foggy place." The Indians did not forsee that the name would be applied to a system grandly fog-dispelling.

Some of the Navajo scouts used by the government in chasing Geronimo are reported to be robbing and murdering 30 miles east of Gallup, N. M.

Seven different kinds of campaign badges have already been sprung upon the public by New York manufacturers, the trinkets costing from 1 to 10 cents each.

Pet dogs in Paris are now clad in mantles with pockets for holding lumps of sugar, bracelets on their paws and a string of little silver bells around the neck.

Land in New York city is so dear that it does not pay capitalists to build houses for rental. Many houses that sell for $40,000 will not bring $2,500 a year rent.

Dens of wild dogs have been found in the grounds of the Neff House, near Yellow Springs, O., and what makes the matter worse is that they are "yaller dogs" as well.

It is a queer fact that a man named Messenger has just been appointed gunner in the navy, while a man named Gunner was recently made a messenger in the Navy department at Washington.

A Port Huron, Mich., woman who is rather restless as to how business may be later in the season, has bought her coffin at a quarter off sale, and is now overseeing the construction of her tombstone.

The lightning, which almost demolished the house of Mr. Brantly at Servis, Ga., the other day, harmed none of the family, although a young son was within a foot or two of the place where the bolt first fell.

Harry Cole, four years old, arrived at Rochester last week, having traveled alone from Los Angeles, Cal. Both his parents have died within a year, and the little fellow came East to take a home with an aunt.

An Alaska Indian, sentenced to prison for 99 years for murder, interrupted the judge by asking if the government was going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term, or would they let him out when he died.

There is a great deal of discussion as to exactly the sort of kiss Mayor Hewitt gave the Duchess of Marlborough. The majority are now agreed that "it was a gentle, murmuring osculation, and not a boisterous smack."

All the life-saving stations on the Atlantic coast of Long Island are to be connected with each other by telephone, and those isolated from the mainland are to be connected by telephone or telegraph with the nearest village.

Three thousand little sand crabs from the New Jersey coast have been sent to Europe. They will be placed in museums of natural history connected with schools, where they will be studied as specimens of diminutive crustacea.

At Little Rock, S. C., Mrs. Verein, aged 25, gave whisky and chloroform to her husband, a man of 60, and when this failed to kill him, she dosed him with pounded glass. That killed him, and the young woman is now in jail.

The world moves, even in England. Word comes from the little island that the London & Manchester railway has decided, "in deference to the prejudices of the American customers," to institute the system of checking baggage.

The California State Board of Silk Culture is doing much to boom the business. It has sent 10,000 mulberry trees and cuttings to silk cultivators, and will this year put out 50,000 more; and worms and eggs are given to owners of mulberry trees.

Prof. Henry Drummond, the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is pictured as a tall, slim, fair young man, with a trim mustache, and a well-fitting frock coat, resembling an officer in the guards rather than a lecturer at a university.

Ex Gov. Alger, of Michigan, has a son 6 years of age. When the news of Harrison's nomination reached Detroit the little fellow remarked: "Well, everybody can't be nominated." "You are pretty young for a philosopher," remarked the defeated father.

One of the attractions of the Paris Exhibition next year is to be an immense model of the terrestial globe in the Champ de Mars. It will rotate on an axis and will give an idea of the real dimensions as well as be accurately constructed on a scale of one millionth.

Italy's government recognizes duels as lawful under certain circumstances, but finding that many men accepted challenges only because they feared being called cowards, a new law has been passed which inflicts a heavy fine upon any Italian who uses such an epithet.

The disreputable Marquis of Ailesbury has at last turned his hand to something really useful. He has bought a Windsor and Henley coach and drives it every day, allowing anybody to ride for 7 shillings and 6 pence, with 5 shillings extra for a box seat beside his lordship.

Jesse R. Grant has been traveling through Mexico as the representative of New York capitalists who propose to invest largely in Mexican mining property. He says he found regret expressed by business men all over Mexico that the Mexican reciprocity treaty failed to become a law.

At San Diego, Cal., a seance for materialization was recently held in a Methodist church with very satisfactory results. Several spirits came out of the cabinet and talked with their friends in front. During the evening fourteen materializations took place and 109 tests were given.

Another cigar shaped raft of logs has been tied together, and will shortly be launched from a place called Joggins, in Nova Scotia. The last raft of this sort which was set afloat went to pieces in a storm, and three ships were terribly damaged by colliding with the enormous logs.

A farmer at Adairsville, Ga., while near a spring the other day, observed a rattlesnake lying at full length, with head erect, and only a few feet away was a full-grown rabbit, evidently under the charm of the snake. The latter was quickly killed, when the rabbit fell over and in a few moments was dead.

The white hat has become extinct in London, and the reign of the "stovepipe" has returned in greater force than ever. There is nothing so picturesque as the white hat for summer head gear, and it is to be hoped that our countrymen will not succumb to John Bull's stupid taste in the matter and don a black hat simply because it is "English, y' know."

The largest bunch of grapes supposed to have been raised in California weighed nine pounds, but it is said that much heavier bunches have been gathered in some vineyards and thrown into the wine press. Watermelons weighing from 50 to 80 pounds are often sold in the San Francisco markets, and one exhibited last fall weighed 115 pounds.

Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, is gradually disappearing, and in a few years more will be totally submerged. During one gale in 1881 a strip of land 70 feet wide and a quarter of a mile long was washed away. In 1775 the island was 40 miles long and two and a half miles wide. It is now only nineteen and a half miles long and less than a mile wide.

There is an old house in Lancaster county, S. C., unoccupied and likely to remain so, that has a great ghost reputation. Neighboring negroes say that a full band of string instruments discourses soul-stirring music within its walls nightly, and Christmas nights it is beautifully illuminated. The darkies have unsuccessfully endeavored to burn it, the story being that it resists the flames.

A man who lives in Americus, Ga., has been hearing strange noises in the cellar of his house. At one time it was like syrup running from a barrel, which he thought was caused by rats, and another time like a person digging with a pick. When he heard the last noise he went down to the cellar with a light, but everything was quiet. Returning to his family the digging commenced again louder and heavier. The house shook, the windows rattled, all his dogs (eight or ten) began to bark and run around, and the hands were awakened by it. What caused the noise, so much like digging, was never found out. It kept up for over an hour.

At Houston, Tex., a man returning from work about midnight saw a woman clad in white walking about ten feet in front of him. He did not pay any attention to her until the creature turned its head and looked at him. To his horror he saw a face in the last stages of corruption. The sockets of the eyes were empty, the cheeks were partially eaten away, and the missing lower lip revealed the naked teeth and gums. When it arrived at a certain well it looked down into the darkness, wrung its hands and cried piteously in a low, weird manner. It was about to spring into the well when the gentleman sprang forward and tried to prevent it from doing so. Although a strong man, the creature easily pushed him aside and disappeared down the well. He fainted and did not come to himself until dawn.

The other night Ed Armstrong, of Americus, Ga., who is over 22 years old, was sitting on the front veranda of his house playing on the fiddle, when he saw some object leave the woods, coming toward him. Thinking it was his sister, he kept up his tune, watching her all the while. The object reached two large oak trees, walked around one of them once or twice, then walked from one to the other of the trees twice, up to the fence, then to the gate, about four or five feet distant, back to the tree, and then went down the palings to the left. The young man heard his sister in the house and ran for his gun, which was loaded and near by. He fired at the object, after taking deliberate aim, but it vanished and he has seen no more of it. He said it looked like a little girl, and was all over white. He has been sorely troubled over it since he first saw it.

A TARIFF PRIMER.

I.—Revenue for Government Expenses.

Revenue is the money which the government receives wherewith to pay its expenses. Our government being federal in form, there are two distinct sets of expenses which have to be met—those of each individual state, and those of the nation.

When the constitution went into operation in 1789, under President WASHINGTON, one of the very first questions that arose in the First Congress was, how the new national government should provide for its expenses.

The constitution, in section viii, gives Congress the power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." The matter of providing sufficient revenue was carefully considered, and the fact noted that there were (and are) two distinct general modes of raising money open to the Congress: first, to tax property owned by citizens, in the same way as the states now tax it; second, to levy duties on merchandise coming into the country from abroad.

As the different states had, by the constitution, given the control of all foreign relations to Congress, it was decided that the revenue for the national government should be raised by a tariff on foreign importations, leaving the state governments to raise means to support themselves by taxes upon the property of citizens.

There is a wide misapprehension about this matter. The historical fact is as given above. There are some mistaken people who think that a tariff is imposed in the interest of manufacturers. This is not true. It was imposed to raise money to support the national government, and avoid an onerous tax on the states; for, if the national government should raise its revenue by taxing the states, each state would have to pay a share proportioned to the number of inhabitants, as specified in clause 4 of section ix of the constitution.

II.—What the National Government Costs.

It requires an enormous sum to meet the expenses of the national government per year. The fiscal year—that is, the Treasury year—closes on June 30. The figures for the past year are not yet published by the government. For the fiscal yaar of 1887 the Treasury account stood:

Actually received by treasury..	$371,403,277
Actually paid out..............	267,932,179

The following were the chief items of expense in the appropriations made by Congress, including interest on the debt:

War department..................	$38,561,025
Navy..............................	15,141,126
Indians............................	6,194,522
Pensions..........................	75,029,101
Miscellaneous....................	85,264,825
Interest on public debt..........	47,791,577

Under the head "Miscellaneous" is included the salaries of the President and all executive officers, their clerks, etc., expenses of Congress, of the United States courts, our foreign representatives, and a number of smaller items.

The revenue came from the following sources:

Customs (raised by the tariff)......	$217,289,793
Internal revenue....................	118,823,391
Sale of public lands................	9,254,286
Miscellaneous.......................	20,035,806

All civilized nations raise a portion of their revenue by means of a tariff. Even Great Britain, the typical free trade country of the world, does so. Her tariff yields about £20,000,000 ($100,000,000) per year, the duties being levied on tobacco, tea, rum, brandy, wine, and other liquors, currants, coffee, raisins, cocoa, chicory, figs, prunes, gold and silver plate, plums, and a few minor items—which yield revenue in the order given above.

III.—On What Shall Duties be Levied?

There are several thousand articles which are imported to a greater or less degree into the United States from foreign countries. There have always been two contending views as to the classes of articles that shall pay import duties.

The one view is this: That as it is necessary to raise the bulk of the revenue for the support of the national government by a tariff, this tariff should be so adjusted as to raise the needed money, and at the same time favor our own work-people. The central idea of arranging the scale of duties is, that those things which we do not produce nor manufacture should pay little or no duty; when foreign articles are imported of kinds that we do produce or manufacture, they shall pay a duty which shall, as near as possible, mark the difference between the cost of production in this country and in other countries. The rate of wages in America is higher than anywhere else, hence the duty on any article is to be made high enough to cover this difference in labor, and allow the American flax-grower, or wool-grower, or manufacturer, to compete on equal terms with the foreign one, who pays no taxes here, and in no way aids this country. This is called the "protective" system, because it protects the American workingman or producer from competition on unequal terms with the foreign one.

The other view is, that the only thing to be looked to is raising enough money for the needs of the government. Duties are to be levied on imported goods so as to raise enough revenue, and that is all. If foreigners can raise wool cheaper than we can, then we ought to stop wool-raising. If they can make iron cheaper than we can, then the thousands of men who are engaged in iron-making in its hundreds of branches—including the manufacture of iron, of iron articles of all sorts, the mining of ore, and the mining of the coal needed to smelt and work it—should stop, and go at some other form of labor. This is called the "free trade" policy. The phrase "free trade" is used for the same policy in England. By looking over the list of articles on which Great Britain levies tariff duties, it will be seen that nearly all of them are articles not produced in that country.

Absolute free trade, of course, would require that all custom-houses be abolished, and that no duty whatever should be imposed upon any imported article. This, however, is done by no civilized nation; so the term "free trade" has become a convenient term to designate the policy of a tariff solely for revenue, without regard to protection. The Mills bill, and the President's last annual message to Congress, both favor a step in this direction. Hence the term "free trader" is applied to the Democratic party's policy.

IV.—Certain Definitions.

A duty is, according to Webster, "any sum of money required by government to be paid on the importation, exportation or consumption of goods." The constitution prohibits any export duty being laid; hence in the United States the word "duty" refers only to imports.

A tariff is a list of the duties on imported articles. Hence it is incorrect to speak of the tariff on any one article; the proper phrase is, "the duty on wheat." When there is a different rate of duty on different grades, however, the word tariff may be used; thus we speak of the wool tariff, because there are different rates of duty on different grades of raw wool, and of woolen manufactures.

Duties are of two kinds. A *specific* duty is one which is levied on a specified quantity of the imported article; thus the duty on cheese is 5 cents a pound; on oats, 10 cents a bushel; on hay, $2 per ton; on honey, 20 cents per gallon; on common calico, 5 cents per square yard. All these are specific duties.

An *ad valorem* duty is one assessed at a certain per cent. on the invoice price of the imported goods. Thus white China ware pays a duty of 55 per cent.; circular saws, 30 per cent.; furniture, 30 per cent. These are all *ad valorem* duties.

Specific duties are the simplest, because there is no opportunity for fraud. Articles on which there is an *ad valorem* duty are undervalued, by connivance of the importer and foreign manufacturer, the invoice being made out at a lower price than is really paid. *Ad valorem* duties are laid on articles which, from their variety and different qualities, would be difficult to arrange under a specific duty, so as to render the duty proportionally equal on all kinds.

It is to be remembered that duties are paid only on foreign goods which are imported. Those manufactured in this country pay none.

The internal revenue tax as it stands now, is the remnant of a very comprehensive scheme of taxation made necessary to raise money to carry on the war. The tax on incomes, the stamp tax, and many other features were repealed years ago, leaving the following as the only internal federal taxes now in force:

Ale and beer, per barrel..................	$1 00
Banks, on average monthly circulation..................	1-12 of 1 per cent.
Banks, on average circulation beyond 90 per cent. of the capital, additional tax per month..................	1-6 of 1 per cent.
Banks, on amount of their notes in circulation........	10 per cent.
Brewers, making 500 barrels or over per year..................	$100 00
Brewers, making less than 500 barrels	50 00
Cigar manufacturers, special tax......	6 00
Cigars, per 1,000..................	3 00
Cigarettes, from 50 cents to $3 per 1,000, according to weight.	
Liquors, fermented, per barrel.........	1 00
Liquors, distilled, per gallon...........	90
Liquor dealers, wholesale, per year....	100 00
Liquor dealers, wholesale, malt only..	50 00
Liquor dealers, retail, per year........	25 00
Liquor dealers, retail, malt only.......	20 00
Manufacturers of stills..................	50 00
Manufacturers of stills, for each still or worm..................	20 00
Oleomargarine, per pound..............	2
Oleomargarine, manufacture of, per year..................	600 00
Oleomargarine, wholesale dealers......	480 00
Oleomargarine, retail dealers..........	48 00
Rectifiers, less than 500 barrels a year..................	100 00
Rectifiers, over 500 barrels...........	200 00
Tobacco, per pound..................	8
Tobacco, dealers in manufactured......	2 40
Tobacco, manufacturers of............	6 00
Tobacco, wholesale dealers in leaf.....	12 00
Tobacco, retail dealers in leaf, $250, and 30 cents per dollar on all sales over $500 per year.	
Tobacco pedlers from $3 60 to $30 per year.	
Wines and substitutes, per dozen bottles..................	$2 40
Wines, imitation, per dozen bottles....	1 20

V.—The Benefits of Industrial Development.

The contention of the friends of protection is, that it is the duty of the government to secure industrial independence for the country, as well as maintain political independence. A nation should, so far as its climate and natural advantages permit, produce and manufacture all things needed by its own people.

The nation should so shape its policy as to give scope to the varied genius of its people, and help them to a higher and broader life, a development in harmony with the genius of civilization. To all these ends, a diversity of industries is a powerful aid. And no country can profit so much by diversified occupations as the United States, for no other country has such varied natural advantages and resources, while our free method of popular government quickens the genius of the people.

A nation where people pursue only one class of avocations is never as great as one which pursues all branches. An entirely farming or pastoral nation never was as powerful as one that had also a great industrial and manufacturing population, because it produces nothing but food products and raw materials for manufactures, which latter must go abroad to be manufactured, coming back enormously enhanced in value. Similarly, a purely manufacturing country is at a disadvantage, as it must go abroad for its food. The country which produces its own food and raw materials, and manufactures the latter up for its own people, is thus not dependent upon other lands; its farmers raise the food for its workingmen, the latter produce the manufactured goods needed by the farmer.

We cannot have the best farming till we have manufacturing, in all forms and materials—each an indispensable help to the growth and perfection of the other. To the farmer it means increase in the value of his lands, increase in their productions, economy of exchange, opportunity of work for hand or brain for whatever special gift or bent his children may possess, contact with different forms of industrial activity, saving him from all stagnation and narrowness.

We can make our labor more productive by diversifying it and leading it in diverse channels. We can elevate its character and make life longer and richer; we can save the waste that follows crude and unskilled processes. We must train our people's skill, develop their artistic taste, or fall behind in the great industrial strife among the nations. To be laggards in this is to hold our people down to the choice of few occupations, to render the country industrially dependent upon other lands and to check the progress of our people in the grand march of civilization.

Within the period since the protective policy was made that of the United States, our population has grown beyond all precedent, and our wealth has increased faster than the population. In proportion as we have diversified our industries, we have grown and strengthened. The unity of purpose to develop all the national powers is the secret of the nation's growth and of the progress of the people.

Our people are better fed, with much greater variety; better clad, in more garments, and those of better quality; better sheltered, in houses more commodious, built in styles of more tasteful architecture and more enduring quality; with more books and newspapers; enjoying incomparably more avenues and better and more rapid means of traveling and of transportation; the condition of the country and its people affords a living proof in itself of the advantages of diversity of industry.

To be continued.

WE call the attention of the BLADE'S readers to the letter published to-day from Birmingham, England, written by a Toledo citizen, Dr. W. S. GILLETTE. It gives the results of an intelligent inquiry into the question of wages under free trade as compared with our protective system, and into the relative cost of living in the two countries. It will not only be found very interesting, but involves a complete and convincing answer to certain free trade arguments.

REPRESENTATIVE MCCOMAS, Republican, in the debate on the Mills bill in the House, forced MILLS himself to admit that the committee on Ways and Means had conferred with Mr. HAVEMEYER, the head of the sugar trust, and that the Mills bill had been changed to suit HAVEMEYER'S recommendations, while deputations of laboring men, who came in the interests of other industries, were denied a hearing. The fact teaches its own lesson.

IT looks now as if the Democrats will be claiming inside of a few weeks, that their platform means protection, and never meant anything else. There is a panic in camp over the tariff issue.

THERE are more old line Whigs in the country than any body dreamed were yet living, and they are rallying to the protection standard with the enthusiasm of forty years ago.

THE Republican Senate tariff bill will be a complete revision of the entire tariff law as it stands at present.

THE Indianapolis *Journal's* $1,000 prize is still open, but no Democrat comes forward with the proofs.

FREE TRADE ENGLAND

A TOLEDO MAN'S CONCLUSIONS

As to the Benefit of Protection—The Wages Paid English Work People—The Prices of the Necessaries of Life There.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, June 29.—EDITOR BLADE:—Being a Toledo man, and having an opportunity of seeing the real condition of English workmen, I thought it probable that any workman in Toledo might be interested in knowing how his English brother lived, especially as England is a free trade country, and the Democratic party is at present trying to make a free trade country of the United States.

I wonder how many of the readers of the BLADE have an exact idea of the amount English wageworkers receive and what it costs them to live? I have often heard it said by men who believe in free trade for the United States that English workmen were really better off than American workmen; and in fact this ought to be true, if the doctrine of free trade holds, for England is an almost absolutely free trade country. They say that although every English workman does not, as a rule, receive quite as much wages, yet the cost of living is so much less that he can have more saved at the end of the year, if he wishes, than his brother American workman. I wish to show that this is not true; that he is not nearly so well off as the American workman under protection.

One of the most convincing arguments I think I ever heard in favor of protection was between a free trade advocate and a steerage passenger on board ship coming from Boston to Liverpool. The free trader was arguing that workingmen were better off in England than America. The steerage passenger said it was not true; that he could earn $9 weekly in America, and but $5 weekly in England. "Oh, yes," said the free trade advocate, "that may be true, but you can live so much cheaper in England; your $5 will go there further than your $9 in America." "That may be true," said the steerage passenger, "but in America I can live on $4 weekly as a single man, and save the $5, whereas in England I must yet live from the $5." His reply was absolutely unanswerable.

It is a mistake, however, to think that people can live in England cheaper than in America. Foods of all kinds are much dearer here in England than with us. To give something of an idea of the difference in cost I took prices from the labels, on meat for sale in a butcher's window, here in Birmingham, which were as fellows:

Pickled pork, side meat, 6½ d., or 13 cents per lb.
Pork chops, 7 d., or 14 cents per lb.
Smoked ham, home cured, 1 sh., or 25 cents per lb.
Pigs feet, 4 d., or 8 cents per lb.
Lard, 8 d., or 16 cents per lb.
Pork, fresh, side meat, 6 d., or 12 cents per lb.
Rump steak, 1 sh., or 25 cents per lb.
Round steak, 11½ d., or 23 cents per lb.

The very cheapest piece of meat I saw in the window was marked 5 d., or 10 cents of our money.

Flour and vegetables are in price retailed correspondingly high. Groceries are, however, about the same as in America. The only thing of interest to workingmen worth speaking of that is cheaper here, is wearing apparel, with the exception of boots and shoes, which cannot be bought here cheaper than with us, and I doubt if the same quality of shoes can be bought so cheaply.

Taking Birmingham as a fair sample of an English manufacturing town, and as I have seen most of the manufacturing cities of England, I think that it is such, rent is more than with us. The houses that workingmen live in in Birmingham, an American would have to be very hard up indeed before he would move into. These tumbledown houses rent for quite as much as 5 or 6-room cottages in Toledo, but the 5 or 6-room cottage in Toledo, with its little garden, is a palace in comparison.

As regards wages paid I have gone to considerable trouble to learn from the workingmen themselves what they receive, and in most instances where I have inquired they have kindly given me all the information I have desired. A common day laborer, and I have asked them repeatedly what they were receiving, does not get more than one-half crown or 62½ cents for his day's work; but on this he must live.

The average wages paid girls and women in Birmingham in factories of all kinds, and I take the June 22 number of the Birmingham *Mail* for my authority, is between 7 and 8 shillings weekly, or in our money $1.75 to $2, and the *average* wages paid men is not above 20 shillings, or $5. As the wages paid by manufacturing establishments are governed as much as possible by a union, they are the same, or nearly so, all over England. Let us compare the wages paid here in the great cotton manufactories of Manchester with those paid in America:

MANCHESTER PRICES.

Spinners about 30 shillings weekly or $7.50.
Joiners about 24 shillings or $6.
Piecers about 15 shillings or $3.75 weekly.
Creelors about 8 shillings or $2 weekly.
Weavers about 20 shillings weekly or $5.

Now let us see what Americans receive for this same work. I went, about three months since, in company with Dr. John Irish, of Lowell, Mass., to whom I am much indebted for information, through one of the great cotton mills of that city, the Hamilton. These mills employ 2,500 hands, and on inquiry of the employes themselves, I found that many of the young women were earning $10 and $10.50 weekly; that others were earning $5 50 weekly, and that the least skilful of the girls employed were earning from $4.50 to $5 weekly. Besides the wages earned, the mills furnish boarding houses for the employes, charging the girls but $1.75 and the men $2.25 weekly for board. The same wages are paid and the same accomodations given by the Merrimac mills, of Lowell, which employ 5,000 hands, and by the cotton mills at Fall River. No home accommodations are given for the hands employed in England. At a glance it is seen how much superior is the condition of the American employee in these mills.

How the English workman lives on the pitiful amount paid him I hardly know. Wages are low enough with us, the Lord know; but the English workman has a harder lot. In fact, he is but little better off than the German peasant. I made a tour through Germany, five years ago, and went a great deal among the German peasants to satisfy my own mind as to their real condition. The German peasant earns about two marks, or 50 cents, daily, at hard labor. The skilled mechanic earns three marks, or 75 cents. The Englishman does not make enough more than this to better his condition appreciably. It is nearly as true in England as in Germany, that "born a peasant, always a peasant." With us in America, every one knows that to be born in poverty is no barrier to wealth and position.

It does seem to me that there can be no doubt at all that our protective laws have much to do in maintaining this condition with us, and that we can do no more unwise thing than to change these laws. From what I see of the English workman's condition, God forbid that the American workman be placed on a par with him!

W. S. GILLETTE.

The Coffee Trust.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The coffee trust is the one of "the combines" now most injuriously affecting the price of a necessary of life, and free traders are requested to take a note thereof. Coffee is not protected by a "robber tariff." Like anthracite and petroleum, it comes into the country duty free. The great obnoxious trusts seem to choose unprotected commodities for the process of manipulation. The trust question is outside of tariff issues; it is a question to be settled by courts and juries, not by politicians.

Hurd's Discretion.

Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Frank Hurd, the free trader, sees no hope of an election to Congress in the Toledo, O., district, and has gone to California or the antipodes to wait the dull, sickening thud of the protection verdict in November. Toledo Democrats are now looking for a foolish Democrat with a bar'l. If they find him they will put him up to be knocked down by Congressman Jacob Romeis.

Material for a Surprise.

Philadelphia Press.

Republican postal clerks are being removed from the service in the Southern states to make room for Democrats. The only surprising thing about this is the discovery that there were any Republicans left in the service to remove.

He is a Christian Gentleman.

Western Christian Advocate.

Of Gen. Harrison we are glad to be able to say, from somewhat intimate personal acquaintance with him, that he is a noble type of the Christian gentleman; intellectual, cultured and refined; an able lawyer, a brave soldier, a devout Christian, a citizen without blemish in private character or public career.

THE OREGON VICTORY.

HOW THE BATTLE WAS WON

A Blade Correspondent Gives an Interesting Account of the Campaign for Protection to American Labor.

LONE ROCK, Ore., July 9, 1888.—EDITOR BLADE:—It is very amusing to see the different explanations the "lost cause" gives for one splendid triumph on June 4. I'll give you a few of the true reasons. In the first place, Oregon Republicans always nominate good men to represent them at Washington. Our member of Congress, Hon. Binger Hermann, is a very honorable and popular man. He always makes a hard fight for the interests of Oregonians irrespective of party, and the people don't forget that fact when he's running for office. In the second place, Oregonians are not fools. The most ignorant of them still adhere to the Democratic party, but the grand majority have "cut their eye-teeth," and though on a whole our voters are very partial to the fair sex, they don't like the way that star-eyed goddess is winking at the South.

Men who throw the lasso, don't wait to be lassoed. Party edicts, unless they can gain something by them, are not tolerated by these money-making, free and independent people. The reply a Protestant lady friend of mine made to a Catholic priest some time ago, expresses in a different way their feeling upon the subject of party dictation. Said the priest to my friend: "Madam, what are your priests, anyway? You have no head of the church who can condemn you to everlasting perdition for your sins." "I know that," very quietly replied my friend, "but I shouldn't pay any attention to such an outrage if I had." So, when Grover Cleveland announced his free trade policy, in the expressive language of our cowboys, every Oregonian, except the pickled old Democrats, "bucked against" such an outrage. Still the chances are that our majority would not have swollen to such enormous proportions if the free traders had not made such efforts to "educate the people."

John P. Irish, of California, a champion whisky drinking Democratic demagogue, was sent to "fix up" the Democratic platform. He strutted around and told what the Democratic sheepman had "got to do," and finally departed, leaving a platform that none but the most servile of the party would conform to. That first crack of the party lash was the commencement of a Democratic rebellion in free Oregon. Next St. John appeared in Portland, openly proclaiming that he had come to "demolish the Republican party," and acted in such a suspicious way, that honest Prohibition Democrats, as well as Republican Prohibitionists, thought they smelt a large sized rat. The result of St. John's mission was shown by the Prohibition vote—a little over a thousand (I haven't the figures by me) in the whole state. The next thing in order was the stuffing of the mails with Democratic literature, generously distributed by "offensive partisan" postmasters. The free trade primer was closely followed up by spread-eagle orators, both home made and imported, who groaned with the anguish of a man suffering with the toothache, over the injury that protection was doing the workingman.

The poor victims of so much injustice listened with great respect to their deliverers until it occurred to them that their sympathizers belonged to a party that had bummed their living off from poor, defenseless, wageless workers for more years than the Democratic party was old, and then the rocket came down a stick, and a poor stick at that, so another bubble collapsed. But Irish, St. John, the platform, the literature and the orator, did not quite kill the Democratic party. It still wiggled a wee bit. The last straw that broke the party's back was the "Louisville *Courier-Journal* clubs," gotten up by enthusiastic old Mossbacks. The secession doctrines of that rebel sheet, the exultation over the glaring frauds in Louisiana, Watterson's open justification of the suppression of the negro vote, and finally, the pretty picture of Voorhees above his denials of copperheadism, and the laudations of Union soldiers by Blackburn, whose family were "offensively" occupied during the rebellion, trying to smuggle smallpox infected rags into northern cities, turned the loyal Democratic stomach, and they spewed up the remnants of party crow that had set so heavily upon their digestive organs ever since Fort Sumter was fired upon, and were once more free and independent Americans. Our fat Democratic incumbent, is dead, dead, dead! and we have buried him so deeply that animosity has sunk into "innocuous disuetude," and we have written above his unsavory remains, *Regnant Populi.*

MOUNTAIN ASH.

Somewhat Illogical.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

General Clinton B. Fisk admits that the Republican platform is almost identical with the Prohibition platform in relation to the repeal of the internal revenue laws, but he holds that they are very different, because the Republicans want free whisky and the Prohibitionists want only to clean the skirts of the government. This is about as logical as the argument of the man who drank the whisky to prevent his wife from getting drunk.

A Question of Labor and Wages.

Detroit Tribune.

Discuss the subject of free trade from any standpoint you may, you will land at the same point—labor. There is right where it strikes every time and it is a logical impossibility to avoid it. Free trade means the bringing of home labor down to the low level of cheap foreign labor. It means just what it says—free and open competition between the American workingman and the half-paid laborers of England.

A Sage Observation.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Men who were not in the war and had nothing to do with it, are quite valorous when it comes to storming the lunch at Grand Army reunions. There is where they are always in the front ranks and stick to their positions longest.

A Question to Answer.

Chicago Journal.

Here is a plain business proposition: Can goods manufactured by mechanics earning an average of $2.50 per day be sold in free competition with goods made by men working for 50 or 60 cents a day? If not, what are the free traders going to do about it if they succeed in removing the protective tariff?

Business Suffering.

Burlington Hawkeye.

When the Boston *Herald* observes of the tariff matter, "It is especially to be borne in mind that business is suffering while the question is unsettled," it seems to forget that business was all right before its party began to tinker with the tariff.

The Way They Do It.

Cleveland Leader.

The Democratic party is working for free trade, which will cut down the poor man's wages one half, but it arranges the tariff so as to increase the price of his sugar and rice.

Right You Are!

Mansfield News.

More vigorous measures must be taken to keep the pauper and vicious element of foreign countries out of the United States. The safety of the nation demands it.

The "Robber" Tariff Fails to Rob.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

One of the most embarrassing facts of the present situation for the opponents of the protective policy is the prosperity of the country.

Votes Count Most.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The sugar, coal, Standard oil and telephone trusts are powerful, but the honest, alert, intelligent citizens poll more votes.

A Voice From Beanville.

Boston Traveller.

General Benjamin Harrison must now be regarded as the leading Shaker in the nation—hand shaker.

Good Enough for the New Dictionary.

New York Tribune.

Protection and free trade may be thus pithily defined: Protection, profit sharing; free trade, poverty sharing.

Barely Possible.

Cleveland Press.

If the French keep on fighting duels some one will accidentally get killed some day.

A Good Definition.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Spirit of the Dakotas—Division and admission.

Must be Hot in Nebraska.

Lincoln Journal.

It must be comfortable to be a corpse on ice.

HIP HIP, HURRAH, HARRISON.

O, Cleveland, you must face defeat,—
Put up that old bandana,
You *cannot*, CANNOT, CANNOT beat
This man from Indiana,
That flies the Union banner;
With Harrison we'll win the day
As sure as comes election.
Down with the wipe that's stamped Free Trade—
We'll give it no protection!

CHORUS.

Put up the old bandana,
Put up the red bandana,
They *cannot*, CANNOT, CANNOT beat
Brave Ben of Indiana!

When treason reared her horrid head
And tried to trail our banner,
Then, by his love of country led,
This man from Indiana
Fought for—no red bandana;
He fought to keep the starry flag
Proud poised the Union over,
With dauntless heart he did his part,
But where, O where, was Grover?

CHORUS.

While Ben to keep the starry flag
Proud poised the Union over
Fought valiantly on many a field,
Pray where, O where, was Grover?

The West shall grandly rally round
Brave Ben of Indiana,
The East as loyal shall be found
Beneath his starry banner
That shames that old bandana;
Then forward, march! we'll win the day
As sure as comes election.
Down with the wipe that's stamped Free Trade,
We'll give it no protection!

CHORUS.

Put up the old bandana,
Put up the red bandana,
They *cannot*, CANNOT, CANNOT beat
Brave Ben of Indiana.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FREE TRADE.

A Clear Statement of What It Would Mean for America.

Col. Ingersoll in the New York Press.

The great issue—that is, the practical issue—is the protection of American industry. The Democrats are already frightened. They are denying free trade with all their might, but the logic of their position goes out, or rather goes in, at that hole. They do not believe in tariff reform. No man reforms that which he would destroy.

Reformation is in the direction of preservation. Only those wish to reform the tariff who wish to preserve and retain the tariff. The Democratic party wishes to destroy, not to reform. The raw material raisers of the South say free trade. The solid South has dictated the policy of the party. The solid South and New York expect to control, and for the purpose of carrying New York the party will adopt free trade for Southern consumption and deny it in New York; call it reform of the tariff simply for the purpose of carrying the state by deceiving voters.

The only way we can compete with foreign labor is for father, mother and children to become the victims of perpetual toil. The father could no longer support a family with the mother taking care of the house and children. The children could not be spared for school; they would have to work in factories and fields, pale, deformed, miserable, life a joyless struggle and death a happy and fortunate release.

Anything like free trade would destroy the prosperity of the republic. We use something like 1,000,000 tons of ore a month. Take the tariff from iron ore and most of it would come from Spain, Africa and other countries. Our mines would be closed. Railroads would pass into the hands of bondholders. Stocks, for the most part, would become worthless. Hundreds of millions are invested in this one industry. The labor in this country costs several times as much as in other countries. Then we must take into consideration the effect on the coal interest, coke, charcoal, and many others.

Common labor receives twice as much in America as in England, skilled labor more than three times as much in this country. How is it possible for us to compete in the markets of the world with England with this difference in wages? Do away with the tariff and the Hindoo competes with the American farmer in raising wheat and other cereals.

Nothing is more absurd than that free wool would give foreign markets to American manufactures. Give us the wool at precisely the same price that the English obtain it, and there is still the difference in wages, making it impossible for us to compete with England. If we had no woolen manufactures England could combine against us, and the result would be that we would pay far more than we do now. We certainly had free cotton, and we can not compete with countries where the wages are so much lower. If the working people are willing to have their wages reduced, if they are willing to work at European prices, if the farmers are willing to take their chances with the Asiatics, why then free trade is the policy; otherwise we must protect our hands and our own brains.

How are we to contend with the spinners and weavers and carders of other countries when in India wages are from ten to eleven cents a day, in Russia twenty, in this country $7 a week?

It is stated by the best authorities that we pay more than double the wages to paper makers that they do in any other country, and yet common paper is less than five cents a pound and it used to be more than five times that. In making glass Mr. Depauw, of Indiana, tells us that our skilled workmen average $17.04 a week; in England they are paid $7.05, in France $6.34, and in Belgium $6 60. He also informs us that before plate glass was made in this country it cost us about 98 cents a square foot, while in 1887 the average was 32 cents, a reduction of 66⅔ per cent. That silvered plate glass averaged in 1875, $1.26 a square foot; in 1887, $1.09.7—a reduction of about 13 per cent. Now the unsilvered plate is made in America, the silvered plate is not; consequently, silvered plate has only fallen 12 per cent., while the plate made in America has fallen 66⅔ per cent.

These figures prove, and not only these figures, but hundreds and hundreds of others that the protection of American industry gives us cheaper products than we could get from foreign lands. Without the tariff foreign lands would combine against us. They would in the first place sell cheap enough to close our manufactories, and they will sell high enough to pay them for all they lost while they were destroying ours, with a good round sum as interest.

To see which side you are on it is only necessary to ask: "Should America be really independent, or should it be the serf, the servant of other nations?"

The "Free Whisky" Hypocrisy.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Of course this Democratic cry of free whisky is the sheerest and most transparent hypocrisy. The Republicans do not desire to take the tax off whisky, except such as is used in the industries and in medicines. And, even if they desired to do it, there would be no need of it. The tariff revision to which the party is pledged, together with the abolition of the the tobacco tax and the tax on the particular variety of whisky referred to, would reduce the revenues to the level of the expenditures. The fact that the Democrats do not believe what they say on this question is conclusively shown by their attitude toward the Republican party. Thousands of Democrats are coming over to the Republicans on account of Cleveland's incapacity and unfaithfulness to his pledges, and to the free-trade policy of his party. But, as Representative Reed, of Maine, intimated recently in the House, if the Democrats really believed the Republicans meant to make whisky free, enough of them would not be left supporting Cleveland on election day to make up the number of electors to which each state is entitled.

Democrats and "Free Rum."

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The country is just now enjoying the abnormal, incomprehensible and highly amusing freaks of the Democrats in shrieking against free rum. This strange, supernatural desperation of the Democracy in fighting its oldest and best friend is all the more wonderful when it is understood that there is no proposition to make whisky free at all. The free traders should drop the freak business or else get a dime museum manager to run the campaign. Freak issue will not win this fight.

He Knew When to Stop.

Wife—John, dear, what would you do if I were to die?

Husband—Don't speak of such a thing. I would be desperate.

Wife—Do you think you would marry again?

Husband—Well, n—no; I don't think I would be as desperate as all that.—*Epoch.*

A Leap-Year Episode.

He has just declined her proffered heart; but wishing to soften the blow, was about to add—"But I will always be a—" when the fair girl raised her hand.

"Hush, George," she said, "when your budding mustache is as long as the whiskers on that chestnut you can use it for a muffler."—*Siftings.*

—Nervous, Debility, Seminal Weakness, etc. Prompt and effective treatment by latest methods. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR CANDIDATE.

A Pre-Nomination Opinion of Harrison—As Good Now as Then.

A correspondent of the BLADE sends us the following concerning Gen. Harrison, which was published in a number of Dakota and other Western papers in April last. Our correspondent remarks: "It is hopeful for Harrison that his friends could publish such a schedule of good qualities three months before his nomination. Pass it round:"

He is a typical American statesman.
He is a self-made man.
He is a progressive man.
He is a successful man.
He inspires others to succeed.
He is right on the tariff question.
He is right on the temperance question.
He is right on the currency question.
He is right on the pension question.
He is right on the monopoly question.
He is right on every question of the day.
He is an upright, clean man.
Pure socially.
Pure morally.
Pure politically.
His whole life has been an open page upon which there has not been a single blot.
He is courageous, faithful, truthful, conscientious.
He is now in the prime of life.
To him more than to any other American the people of Dakota owe a debt of gratitude.
He has been our friend in time of need.
He was the first to comprehend the enormity of the outrage against Dakota.
He was the first to engage in our defense.
He fought valiantly.
He covered our enemies with shame.
The fight is yet on.
He is still armored for battle.
We have great need of his services.
He comes from a pivotal state.
He is a Western man.
The West will be solid for him.
The Blaine men will support him.
The Conkling men will endorse him.
The mugwumps will vote for him.
He is sure to carry New York.
The Virginians are for him.
He is strong in the South.
He is a true blue Republican.
The Democrats don't like him.
He comes of a good stock.
He is a broad-minded, big-hearted, genuine American.
He will administer the executive office with prudence, dignity and honor.
He will lead the Republican hosts to victory.
His name is Ben Harrison.
He lives in Indiana.

A Puzzled Financier.

Judge.

Loewenstein (to his clerk)—"Shacob, dhere vas somedinks wrong about dot interest aggount this year."

Jacob—"Vy, how is dot? It vas the same as last year's."

Loewenstein—"Vell, dot is shoost vot brooves it wrong. I hef 30-day notes in February and one month notes in March and May. On dat basis I should save eight or nine days in the year."

REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.

—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of

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Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

Fruit, Tastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare No. I of House Interest series.

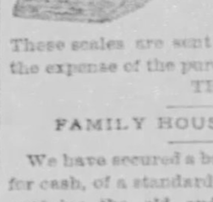
Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1888, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

The BLADE portrait of Gen. Sheridan is the best one ever published, and the finest of all the portraits of eminent men issued by the Blade Co. We have made arrangements in anticipation of a large demand for this portrait. Sent postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube on receipt of 25 cents. Agents will write for wholesale terms.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size 8x10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We will send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN' PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! Over a Million Distributed.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"*We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.*"

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, August 7, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000 is..................	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is..................	100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is..................	50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is..................	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are..................	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are..................	25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are..................	25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are..................	50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are..................	60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are..................	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Prizes of $500 are..................	50,000
100 Prizes of 300 are..................	30,000
100 Prizes of 200 are..................	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 do. 100 are..................	99,900
999 do. 100 are..................	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to..................	$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

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REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

DETECTIVES, we want a reliable man in every locality to act as special private detective under our instructions. No membership fee. Send 2c in stamps for particulars. CENTRAL DETECTIVE BUREAU, Box 12, Topeka, Kansas.

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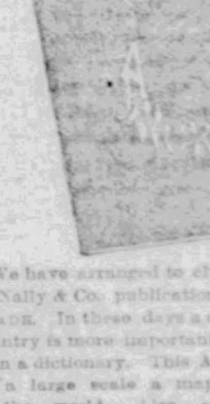
40 Photos for gents 10c. Ladies' Shields 3c. Gents' Protectors 5c. Lot for 5oc. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either..................	6 cents.
Six copies..................	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies..................	30 cents.
One Hundred copies..................	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait..................	$ 25
The five divines..................	80
The four generals..................	65
The entire set of ten..................	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

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We give FREE to each member of a colony 20 Acres of choice selected Orange or Early Vegetable Land, located on line of Florida Southern R. R. Colony members are not required to move upon or improve their lands except as they see proper. Send 4 cents in postage for maps and full particulars to FLORIDA LAND EXCHANGE, Tallahassee, Fla.

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"Memorial Edition," 865 pages, both English and German. "LIVES OF OUR CANDIDATES," a book of 128 pages, given away to every subscriber. Big terms to agents. Mention this paper.

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Indiana Kindergarten and Primary Normal Training School. This school grants, annually fourteen free scholarships and offers superior advantages to women who desire to become Kindergartners and Primary Teachers. For catalogues and further particulars, address the principal, MRS. ELIZA A. BLAKER, Indianapolis, Ind.

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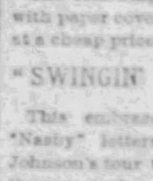
Too funny for anything—14 spirited pictures showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics. By mail 10c. F. B. Teel, Thompsonville, N. Y.



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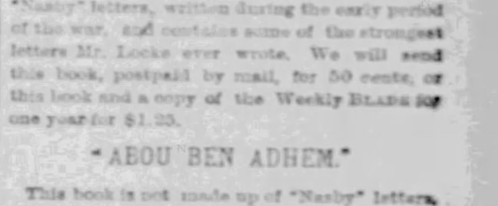

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE New Model 1888 Just Out.

Uses 32 & 44 cal. Winchester cartridge. Works easier, is simpler, stronger, lighter, than any other. DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT.

BALLARD GALLERY, HUNTING AND TARGET RIFLES. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., Box 20 C, NEW HAVEN, CT.

Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the famed artist, Thomas Nast. It contains the very best of the "Nasby" letters which were written during the war, and is prefaced by an autobiography of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written specially for the book. Its former retail price was $3, but we will send it by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Or, we will send one copy, postpaid, and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year on receipt of $2.00.

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This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, is here produced in an edition de luxe, square 8vo., on fine, heavy, tinted paper, profusely illustrated with full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.50; or, we will send a postpaid copy and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75.

The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

"SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE."

This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour through the country just after the war, and comprises some of the best of the "Nasby" letters ever written. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents; or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

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This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, but contains a series of articles by Mr. Locke in another style of humor. A better book than Æsop's Fables; one of the very best books ever written by Mr. Locke. We will send one of these books, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"A PAPER CITY."

This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomers of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

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A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in these hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25; with Weekly BLADE one year, $2.10. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes, and the most reliable, ever printed. It has always sold for $3. Price now, postpaid by mail, $2; or, with BLADE one year, $2.85.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or, with BLADE one year, $1.85.

Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

DO NOT DWELL UPON IT.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

I remember when I was a child one of the little hymns with which my mother used to sing me to sleep began with the cheerful lines,

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry."

I do not know why she chose that, for my mother was not in the least of a pessimistic turn of mind, and her presence conveyed no sepulchral ideas, but she seemed to fall naturally into that when I was to be soothed into quiet. It did not have any lasting effect in forming my own cast of mind, for the world has never appeared a dark one, in spite of the "doleful sounds" which are emitted upon all sides of us, drowning out the songs of love and joy and happiness which mankind ought to sing. Probably, it came to her because I seemed to like the minor tone which ran through the music according so well with the lines, and it did not affect me, because it was the only sad or gloomy thing which was allowed to obscure the sunshine around me always.

I have come to the conclusion lately that children of a larger growth universally delight, or seem to, in the "Hark from the tombs" business, so persistently are the thoughts and conversation directed to sickness and death, accidents by land and sea, and horrors of all kinds, varied by talk kind or unkind, as the talkers may chance to feel, about our neighbors.

Let two or three persons be gathered together and in less than five minutes' time, no matter how bright and beautiful the surroundings, nor how many blessings are gathered around the speakers, the conversation drifts into a description or discussion of suffering and misery in some of its phases. If some one in possession of what are supposed to be facts has a taste for particulars, every minutia is entered into, and described with all the realism that can be summoned for the purpose.

The picture of a disordered body is painted as vividly as possible for the edification of the listeners, who are usually "edified" to a degree corresponding with their love of the horrible, or perhaps their sympathy with the suffering.

Now this is universal. The talk may drift off for a few moments to something else, but true as a magnetic needle to its pole, it runs around again to the same old theme, to be discussed under some different form perhaps, but with equal minuteness and interest.

The greeting of "how are you?" or "how do you do?" is answered, in nine cases out of every ten, with a wearisome admission of some bodily trouble, a long description of symptoms which is listened to with interest and sympathy, or with impatience, according to the mental constitution or friendship of the individual who hears. The complainer is doing two things: Intensifying his own ailments by detailing them, and displaying a large amount of selfishness, although not dreaming that he is doing so.

To show the universal tendency, I want to give you a leaf from my experience in this direction.

It had been borne in upon me that the chief topic of conversation everywhere was sickness and its consequences, and that this constant dwelling upon the matter brought to pass the very things we shudder to contemplate.

"I will have a new order of things," I said to myself, "so far as I am individually concerned. I will neither talk about sickness myself nor hear it discussed, and I will fill my mind with images of health rather than disease.

The day I entered upon my new plan of operations, I was a little under the weather myself, but I shut my teeth, only opening them once in a while to whistle, in order to assure myself that I was in good spirits. My whistle would not probably have inspired any one else with that feeling, but it encouraged me.

I came down to breakfast. The family had received their instructions the night before, so no comments were made upon my appearance.

Shortly after a neighbor dropped in. "How pale you look! Are you sick?" was her greeting.

"No, indeed," I answered. "Isn't this a lovely day?"

"Yes, but it is going to be very warm. I believe it is the heat that is affecting you and if you don't do something you will be down sick."

I whistled inside, and answered, "Oh, there is nothing the matter with me. Where is Mary?"

"In bed with a severe headache. I am getting worried about those headaches. Her grandmother used to have them just so, and they were the beginning"—and then she went on with a long description of her mother's suffering, and of heredity in the family, all as if it bestowed a sort of distinction to be proud of. I tried once to stem the flood of eloquence in this direction, but she returned to the charge with "As I was saying."

Another neighbor entered. I hailed her approach with delight, but the delight was quickly overshadowed.

"I have just come from Mrs. A's," were her first words, "and she says the children next door are all down with the measles. Dreadful, isn't it? It will probably sweep through the neighborhood."

"No doubt," responded the first visitor. "Did you hear how Mrs. M. is?

"Worse, I believe. The doctors have had a consultation and"—Internal whistling did not prevent my hearing what followed—a delineation of horrors, which it did no good to repeat, and possibly a a great deal of harm.

Well, when the day was over and I summed up the result, what do you suppose it was? I had seen—exclusive of my own family—and talked with nineteen different people. Of that number just two had not spoken of sickness and death, and they were, both, young, gay and careless.

What of it? Just this. A great black pall is spread over the world, and our lives are darkened by what is utterly needless. This appetite for horrors, which strengthens by what it feeds on, brings about the very things which cause us suffering, and anyone who recognizes what is now a well established fact, the control which the mind exercises over matter, can readily see that it must be so. No one will deny this in the case of an epidemic, and the same results are brought about, only in a slower way, by the images of disease implanted in the mind by this constant dwelling upon them and their symptoms. A very intelligent woman, the wife of a physician, once told me that it became necessary to stop reading her husband's medical works, for she found herself so often imagining that she could discover the incipient stages of certain maladies in her own case.

Fear of sickness does more to produce it than anything else, and when you have given a name to that fear, or carry in your mind the image of a possible disease, the rest is very easy. Almost any of you can remember times when you have felt miserably, and believed you were about to be attacked by some enemy to health, then, aroused by excitement into self-forgetfulness, you shortly become conscious that you were well. Who can deny that the sickness as well as the cure was in the mind?

Banish these subjects so far as possible from the conversation at all times and seasons. Think about health. Talk about health. God meant you to be well. Never imagine for one moment that He is afflicting you or your friends. Do not repeat details of sickness. And never allow yourself to describe at length your own ailments. Forget self. Forget suffering, *unless* you can do something to relieve it, and you will soon find the world the brighter to your vision, and yourself far healthier and happier.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

FANCY SCARF.—Get a piece of fine sheet India mull, a yard and a quarter long and 21 inches wide. Get different colors of moire ribbon (No. 7 or 9 in width) each a yard long. Point the ends of each, then apply them to the mull with fancy stitches at equal distances apart. Upon these points put small fluffy silk tassels. The eighth of a yard at each end untrimmed by the ribbon should be finished with rows of the tassels put on alternately, and the edges of the ends with a broad lace. This makes a very elegant scarf.

A few more of the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration" remain which, in order to close out as soon as possible, will be sold for 10 cents each. Send your orders to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR FABRIC PAINTING.

SECOND SERIES—NO. VI

DESIGN FOR WALL BANNER—POPPIES AND GOLDEN ROD.—This pattern, No. 2,000, may be used for wall banner or large panel, the size being 12x18. Black satin would be a suitable fabric for this design. Stamp with white powder. Red sable brushes, Nos. 2, 4 and 7, will be needed for painting this design; also the following tube oil colors: Rose madder, ivory black, kremnitz white, lemon yellow, chrome yellow No. 1, zinnaber green No. 1, chrome green, madder lake and Chinese vermilion. A small bottle of pale drying oil will also be needed.

Paint the entire design first in white, laying on the paint in smooth, even strokes.

Then paint the poppies. Some may be made a vivid scarlet, others a delicate pink. For the pink ones add rose madder to white, making your shade delicate; but on some petals add a faint touch more of the madder. The center of the poppy is made of a delicate green shade, the fine stamens around it made of a greenish brown—very little sienna added to white and a touch of zinnaber green will make the right shade.

For the scarlet poppies about two shades should be made up. One of vermilion and madder lake, equal quantities mixed. For another shade add a little kremnitz white to vermilion. An occasional light touch of ivory black will give a deeper tone of color. For the center use chrome green and ivory black.

This is the month for poppies. Get natural ones as guides to color, if possible.

Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply. A catalogue giving sizes and styles of perforated paper patterns, adapted to stamping designs for painting ou embroidery sent on receipt of six cents postage.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED DRESSING-SLIPPER.—Materials—Two ounces of blue and two ounces of white Berlin wool, four needles, No. 12, and a pair of cork soles.

Commence the slipper at the toe with blue wool. Cast on ten stitches, increase by putting the wool over the pin at beginning of each row to make a stitch. When knitting with the white wool take it from two balls, so as to have two lengths. 1st row—K plain; 2nd row—m 1—k 1 (a)—take the double white wool, turn it twice over the finger to form a loop of about three-quarters of an inch; with the left hand pin pass the last knitted loop over the four loops of white—k 2; repeat from (a) to the end of the row; 3rd row—m 1 at the beginning of the row, s the l of white wool, k the blue. In knitting the blue st, pass the blue wool with which you are knitting round the double white wool. In knitting the next st, this will draw up the white wool close to the work, and so carry it to the other side to be ready for working the next row of loops; 4th row—m 1—k the blue stitches plain, knit the four white loops at the back as one stitch. 5th row—Make one, knit to end of the row; repeat from 2d row, increasing at the beginning of each row until you have 55 stitches. Now divide the stitches for the sides, casting off twelve in the center; with the third pin continue to work on the side stitches as before, without increase or decrease, until you have the length from the instep to the quack of heel; then cast off and work the other side in the same way; sew the two sides together at the back with a needle and wool. Now pick up the stitches round the top of slipper on three needles, and with a fourth pin and blue wool knit ten rows; cast off, turn this plain piece over, and hem it down to the top of inside of slipper to form a roll round the edge; sew the bottom of slipper neatly and firmly to a strong cork sole lined with wool. A crocheted border may be used as desired.

CHILD'S CROCHETED SACK.—This little garment is about the right size for a child two years old. The materials required are four ounces of Germantown and medium-sized bone hook. Make a chain of 43 stitches. On this chain work 40 long crochets. Turn and work back, taking the outside loop of stitch each time. Repeat these two rows three times, which brings you to the seventh row. When the seventh is finished, add a chain of 11 stitches, turn, and work long crochet into the fourth chain from the end. Finish the row with long crochets, making 48 in all. Work two more rows with the same number. The 11th, 12th and 13th rows have only 30 stitches, counting from the lower edge. When the 13th row is worked, add a chain of 21 stitches; work a long crochet into fourth stitch, and finish row with same. All experienced crocheters will understand that these three extra chain at the end of rows are to keep the edges even; 14th, 15th and 16th rows have 48 stitches; after this work 12 rows of 40 stitches each, counting from the lower edge; this brings you to the other shoulder; now repeat directions from 16th row to 1st, when the body of the sack is completed; sew the shoulders together neatly; for the border, work 3 times entirely around the sack with 5 chain and 1 short crochet, missing three foundation stitches the first time, and putting the short crochet in the middle chain stitch the remainder; in the last row work 7 long crochets into each loop with a short crochet between. Make a twisted cord and tassels for the neck. For the sleeve, make a chain of 43 stitches; miss 3 at the end, and work 10 long crochets over the 10 just made; turn work and make 20 long crochets, turn work; 3 chain, 20 long crochets over the 20 of previous row. In the next row work 40 long crochets, using all the chain. Work 18 rows with 40 long crochets, then decrease in the same ratio you increased, first leaving off 20 stitches, then 10, and finishing as you begun with 10. Crochet together and sew into sack. Work the same border about the bottom of the sleeve that you have around the sack.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROTECTION.—Last night I went to the Republican ratification meeting away out here in the San Joaquin valley, California. I heard a great deal about protection; but O, it is not the kind of protection we Northerners want. We want protection in the broadest sense of the word, not for ourselves, but our boys. Protection from the rum power.

As I look into the dark eyes of my 10 year old boy I pray God from the bottom of my heart that this blot upon our fair land may be wiped out before he has reached the tender age when the law gives the saloon keeper power to ruin him, if he can.

I have been raised a Republican and always thought there was something grand about the name; and I love the flag of our country. Every fold and stripe of it is very dear to me. I learned to love it when I was a little child, and saw it carried to the war by some of my own kindred. How bright and handsome they looked as they marched away in their blue uniform, the stars and stripes floating in the breeze.

How proud we all were of them; but what was the home-coming. Great God, what a pitiful time it was. One of them was shot in a battle, another sent home to die, one was never heard of again. Only two of those five boys (four of them belonged to the same mother) came home to live.

Do you wonder now why I love the old flag? But somehow the thought comes to me, does it wave in the land of the free? Are we free while King Alcohol is running at large? If the Republicans are as grand as I have always thought them, would they not take hold of this matter?

They helped free the negro, and put the ballot in his hand. Do they think he is better than the wives and mothers who ask and pray for freedom from this evil?—ARLEY SMITH.

FOR THE PRESENT DAY.—"Real merit is always modest." Teach your children to be retiring, doubtful of themselves, and not anxious to gain applause. The modest violet hidden behind a rock is sweeter than the flaunting dahlia, etc., etc. I have just finished a whole book of that sort, and all that I have to say is that the present generation has no use for that volume.

True merit is always modest, eh? Well, perhaps it is; and it is a great pity if it is. Because humbug is never modest, and humbug gets ahead in consequence. People have left off thinking for themselves. It is all done for them in type. The "greatest singer" is so because of her puffs. The wonderful book would never be read but for the press notices.

That woman who is now a "professional beauty" would never have been known to be better looking than anybody's Mary Jane if she had not had it extensively published that the king of the Cannibal Island said she was the flower of the universe. Now people insist upon it that she must be the handsomest woman in the world because all the papers say so.

If I had a modest genius to bring up, I should work "don't hide your light under a bushel" in the brightest silk I had, and hang that motto under his mantel-piece. Geniuses want to be poked and pushed and coaxed into their proper position. Merit must have a calcium light turned on it to be seen where it hides in the shadow.

It is the age of advertisements, of blowing one's own trumpet, and people might as well know that at once and act up to it. Patrons do not go about now helping wonderfully modest individuals to be known, and boasting of their discovery of them as naturalists do of new bugs and butterflies. Those who want to go to the top must climb, no one will let down a bucket for them.

And so instead of advising genius to be modest, I say don't. Rather eradicate humility from your disposition. If you can do a good thing, why not get ahead of those who cannot. Hold up your head, speak out, and get taken notice of. If you do not, humbugs will always get ahead of you, and you will only have yourself to thank for it. This is advice suited to the present day, I give it gratis.—M. M., Aspen, Col.

AN ANSWER.—In answer to a question by "H. L. H." of June 14, would like to say a few words in reply. I am a teacher of ten years experience. I find in school as well as every where the child that is properly trained at home will not readily acquire bad language. This mother thinks it will benefit the teacher greatly in health to be on the play ground with the children. Now I am speaking from experience, and if this mother would get just one winter school in the country, and teach it herself, I think she would learn many things, especially useful to her in training her family, and I am certain she would then feel the deepest sympathy for the overburdened and much abused teachers.

In teaching in the country the teacher is required to rise early, no matter how ill or sick she may feel. She must get ready at the proper time, walk a mile, more or less as the case may be. She must be there in time no matter if the snow is two feet deep and the thermometer ten or twenty below zero, make the fire, sweep, etc., have the school room all nice and warm by the time the scholars arrive. Then stand on her feet till noon constantly. When the noon hour comes and she hopes to rest her weary limbs a few moments she is requested to go out on the play-ground to watch the children, or as this mother seems to think, join in the play, lest some one should use a bad word.

I know there is bad language used, no matter how carefully a teacher watches. But my experience teaches me that the child who is properly trained at home will not acquire the bad habits of other children. The home training of the child is first and lasting. If you, the mother, who has had the sole care of the boy until six or more years of age, have instilled into him the principle of right, purity of speech, have impressed on his mind the sin of using improper or slang phrases he is in little danger while in school. I have never yet found a child who has become bad from associations in school. They were always outside influences. The schools of to-day are institutions of purity, honor and virtue.

So long as your boy is in school you need not fear. But when he has left school and starts out in the world as he must and will if he lives, then will temptations assail him and his early training will tell then. I know the teacher's responsibilities are great, but the mother's are an hundred times greater. Many times have I visited the houses of my scholars, and after I had all day zealously endeavored to suppress all slang, have I been shocked to hear the same slang phrases used by the mothers of these little ones. Mothers of this land, you little realize the work that is being done by this noble, this grand army of school teachers all over the land to-day, and if you would lend your influence in making the bond between the home and school one of love and sympathy and union, you could do much to help on the good cause. I would like to hear from other teachers.—A TEACHER.

MRS. H. L. H'S QUESTION.—The suppression and prevention of the use of profane and obscene language has been the most perplexing question I have had to deal with as a teacher. I have often taken part in the pupils play to prevent the use of bad language.

In some places the teacher has to work against strong immoral influences of adults in the school district. Generally the first person nominated for a school officer is elected, without regard to his moral or any other fitness. I knew a school officer, of a hamlet, that would spend evening after after at a store relating, in the presence of boys 10 years old and over, yarns about what he had done in and out of school. And he always used plenty of oaths. But his adult male neighbors would laugh heartily at his lies. And the boys were thus led to think such things smart, and thought they could do what he said he had done. Of course they were bad boys in school, and stole his fruit nights. And he called them the meanest boys he ever saw.

My children have to be with others and we endeavor to have them fully realize the foolishness and wickedness of profanity and obscenity; and hope and pray they will not practice either. But we need worthy school officers, and conscientious teachers supported by the mind, hands, and voice of every school patron.—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Several times I have opened cans of fruit, and would find on the top a dry, dusty mold, and under it the fruit would be soft and have a moldy taste all through the can. Can any one suggest a remedy? I always use glass cans. When do "dog days" begin and end?—CLARA B. INSCHO.

Have any of the sisters a copy of an old Sabbath-school songster, called "Fresh Laurels," by Wm B. Bradbury?—M. M. M.

Will the lady that gave the recipe for paluting stoves, please send her address to MRS. M. TRITTON, Burns, LaCross county, Wisconsin?

Will some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me if it would be proper for a young lady to wear black silk to the wedding of a near relative; also, what will remove a finger nail, as I cut my thumb, splitting the nail into two parts. I would like very much to have this answered.—SEVENTEEN.

It would be perfectly proper to wear a black silk dress to the wedding of a friend or a relative, near or distant. Brighten it up with pretty ribbons, laces, etc., and your garb will be suited to the occasion.—ED.

Will some one be so kind as to tell through the BLADE how to make pickles so as to have them like the pickles that is bought at the store?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some one please tell me how to prepare salt mackerel with cream?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some kind reader please tell me how to make a barrel incubator? Either send to the BLADE or write direct to my address, Box 191, Farragut, Iowa. Will pay all postage.

Will some one please help me out of trouble? I have a gros grain silk dress with two wide ruffles round the skirt which I wish to take off. Now, what I wish to know is, how I can remove all traces of ruffles. In sewing them on, the machine needle separated the threads and in spite of all I can do you can tell where the ruffles were sewed on. Now, who will volunteer to help a young housekeeper.—SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

I am living away out in Colorado in the "Sunny San Louis Valley," where there are no schools or Sabbath schools yet. We want to organize a Sunday school, but the people are poor and are striving hard to procure homes, which will be done in a very short time.

Can any one or parties send us Sunday school books, Testaments, tracts and leaves, so we can start a Sunday school and build up God's church away out here in the mountains?—MRS. THEO. H. WORK, Garnett, Colorado.

Will some one tell how to make cone work? Should they be green or ripe? Some one give full directions how to fasten pine cones on a cigar box, or make a picture frame out of them.—AUNTIE, Keosanqua, Iowa.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

No one need send inquiries to this department that involves the advertising of any business firm by name or address, for they will not be inserted, nor can we personally give response to such questions.

Lulu J., we do not understand your inquiry in regard to the Literary Bureau. Do you mean what is called "The Writers' Literary Bureau?" If so, the address is P. O. box 1905, Boston, Mass.—ED.

Miss Lulu Johnson, Winnebago City, Minn., will send old papers, etc., to any one paying postage.

W. D. Ellis, Blaine, Ill., the address inquired for is Mrs. C. V. Brown, Sorrento, Orange county, Fla.

May I have space to make a little correction? I wish to repeat a description of a part of my method of cutting and making a shirt. "But I can lay my pattern, and cut out without any qualms, and I don't do any piecing. I cut the garment moderately short on the shoulder and sloping. Sew up the seam on the right side, then stitch flat over it a graduated strip from neck to shoulder, etc." I have been a compositor myself and know how mistakes will occur. But how the above could be rendered into such ridiculous hash of words is a little beyond my comprehension. I fear I should give but a doubtful help to any one at that rate, and I don't care to be considered an absolute lunatic. Please tell that lady who wanted the school teachers to go out and play with the children at recess, if she will spend one whole day in the school room—a silent, attentive observer of all that occurs, she will find wish and question fully answered.—TOM'S WIFE.

Tell Lillian H. to clean her white satin ribbon with gasoline, and Emma to wash her bird a few times until he becomes used to water, and he will wash himself. Say to Hattie Wheeler if she will get sour dock, or yellow dock, as some call it, and take the roots, squeeze the juice out and rub on her ring-worms it will kill them. Tell Jones to place gum of camphor in her pantry, and she will have no more trouble with ants. Please tell Florida Flower to place her white straw hat in anything deep enough to admit of a pie tin being slipped under and leave six inches between or more. Hang the hat upside down and fasten so it cannot fall; then place in your pie tin a few live coals and set them in. Sprinkle flour of sulphur on the coals, and cover all up with a heavy rug or blanket. Repeat the process until white enough. Be sure your coals are well burned, or they will smoke your hat. This is an easy and a sure way.—NELLIE E.

Mary C. It is well to wash all plants occasionally with soap suds or whale-oil soap, and particularly ivies, which need washing every few weeks to do well; but in all cases the plants should be rinsed in clear water if much soap is used.

RECIPES.

SODA BISCUIT.—To every teacupful of sour milk take a teaspoon level full of soda, lard the size of a walnut, a pinch of salt. Do not mix too stiff. They do not require as hot an oven as baking powder biscuit. A. J. A.

CUSTARD PIE.—1 tablespoonful of flour; 1 tablespoonful of melted butter; 1 tablespoonful sugar; 1 egg, if large; if small, better take two. Beat all together, put in milk enough to fill your pie; season with nutmeg or lemon to suit the taste. M. S. BAKER, Lyon Montana.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Select perfectly sound berries; stem and if sandy, wash them; weigh, put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, and simmer gently for one hour; then add a half pound of sugar to each pound of strawberries. Stir until the strawberries are thoroughly mashed, and boil rapidly twenty minutes. Pour into heated tumblers and stand aside to cool, about twenty-four hours; then if you use jelly tumblers put on the lids, if you use jars put on the tops. If neither, cover with two thicknesses of tissue paper and paste the edges of the paper down over the edge of the vessels used. Moisten the top of the paper with a sponge dipped in cold water. This moistening stretches the paper so that when it dries again it shrinks forming a covering as tight and smooth as bladder skin. Keep in a cool, dark place.

STRAWBERRY MARMALADE.—Put 6 qts. of stemmed washed strawberries in a porcelain lined kettle, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ qts. of granulated sugar. Mash the fruit with a wooden spoon; stand over a quick fire; boil and stir continually for 45 minutes. Put away as directed in preceding recipe.

REMEDY FOR ANTS IN THE PANTRY.—Try arsenic. Mix a large powder in a saucer with sugar and water. They will drink freely and disappear. It has never failed me.—Please try and report.—MRS. H. M. T.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—Make biscuit dough quite short; roll thin like pie crust; cover with sugar and sprinkle with cinnamon. Roll together and pinch the crust up to retain syrup. Do not put them too close in the pan to bake. Good for breakfast.—A. Y.

CREAM CAKE.—3 eggs, 1 cupful sugar, beaten until light, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Bake in jelly tins. Between the layers put a cream made of 1 pt. of milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful corn starch and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Worth trying.—ANNIE RUHLE, Mifflinburg, Pa.

MAKING PRESERVES.—As the season for making preserves is here, I will tell the sisters my easy way of making them. Allow as many pounds of sugar as you have of fruit. When the syrup comes to a boil drop in the fruit and also two silver dollars. All you will have to do will be to attend to the fire; the dollars will do the rest of the work. Will some of the sisters please send a ginger snap recipe like those we buy?—ANDREW BRNOKE, Snake River, Wash. Ter.

DYEING COATS.—I would like to tell "Florence Corrinth" my experience in dyeing coats. I dyed two coats and vests for my boys. They were dark green when new, made of heavy wool cloth, but the sun turned them yellow, so I got some dark green diamond dye, dissolved some with hot water; took a cloth swabbed and wet the garment thoroughly with it, taking care not to leave any dry spots. When they were dry they looked real well, though of course not as nice as new. They never cracked to do any hurt and they never faded as badly as they did in the first place.—MRS. A. J. AMES, Ft. Collins, Colorado.

INCONTINENCE OF URINE.—I must once more trouble the editor of the HOUSEHOLD the republish the recipe for inability to retain urine. I had so many letters to answer lately, that I cannot possibly answer them all. I hope every reader of the HOUSEHOLD will cut this out and paste in their scrap book for future use if not now in need of it, for it is worth knowing, as it is not known to have failed where used persistently and according to directions. Take a teacup ¾ full of sumac berries after stripped from the stems, put into 1 qt. of water and boil down to 1 pt. Give this amount in three equal doses, morning, noon and night, at meal times. Repeat this every day until you see the desired effect or cure. You need not be afraid of giving too much, as it is harmless. If sweetened is not so effective. Do not get discouraged, if you do not see the desired effect at once, for in obstinate cases, it takes from 2 to 4 months, but will positively cure. The berries are those red berries which grow on the sumac shrub or small trees in bunches but must be picked before frost-bitten. You need not be afraid of getting the wrong kind, for the poisonous or swamp sumac does not bear berries. The berries can be obtained at any drug store. I gave my boy a tonic to strengthen him, as it is often caused from measles. I gave a preparation, of extract of beef, tinct. of iron and sherry wine, although I do not think it is essential to give the tonic.—MRS. GEO. B. ECKHARDT, No. 909, E. Bancroft street, Toledo, O.

The South's Increase in Wealth.

The Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle*, in an interesting article, shows that the prosperity of the South is not confined wholly to mining and manufacturing centers. It says that while it is true that in these lines of industry the progress has been greater than in others, yet the growth of all other industrial interests has been great and positive. The total assessed value of property in the Southern states, which was \$2,818,418,527 in 1880, had increased to \$3,858,509,867 in 1887, a gain of 33⅓ per cent. in eight years. This valuation represents the taxable basis and not the full property of the states. The *Chronicle* says the assessed valuation of property in the south is less than one third of the true market value.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GENOA, ILL.	Ora Thomas
Delilia Whittington	James Welsh
Ethel Welsh	Charles Mills
Maud Bull	Nora Welsh
Alma Follett	SANDWICH, ILL.
Estella Follett	Willie Cox
Clarence Pinkney	Ida Cox
Elgy Bull	

Names this week, 13. Total 23,787.

The above embraces all names received up to July 12

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN FAIRYLAND.

BY LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

The wee mid-summer fairies who dwell in wood and meadow,
Although they be but tiny folk are patriotic too;
So when they heard the children say the "glorious Fourth" was coming,
They met in solemn conference to see what *they* could do.

But fireworks and powder, torpedoes, rockets, crackers,
Are not for sale in fairyland, as you perhaps might dream;
At first the case seemed hopeless, but, after weighty thinking
Like clever elve-Americans they hit upon a scheme.

First, beneath the branches they unfurled a splendid banner,
Whose stripes were crimson salvia with daisies laid between,
Forget-me-nots and blue-bells made all one corner azure,
With stars of golden butter-cups, the largest ever seen.

For crackers and torpedoes they snapped the empty seed pods,
While puff-balls did their little best to smoke with all their might,
And the elfin *fete* was ended with shooting stars for rockets,
While Roman-candle fireflies lit all the summer night.

—*St. Nicholas for July.*

A CHILDREN'S OPERA.

BY ISABEL M'DOUGALL.

The children at our summer boarding-house gave an entertainment a short time ago which I think is worth telling about. When I say the children, of course that includes their faithful slaves, the mothers.

The scenery and costumes, such as they were, had to be manufactured on the premises by that humble but useful class. Even a high hat, for which we appealed confidently to the gentlemen of the house, was not forth-coming. They brought us a very complete collection of indescribable head gear—shooting and yachting caps predominating—but not a high hat among them. So we made ours out of a muff-box, adding a stiff pasteboard brim. Then we made out of stiff pasteboard covered with green cambric, two pieces cut as closely as we could to simulate the front and back of of a frog. But the triumph of our ingenuity was a large rat's head of gray cambric. It was made to slip over the head of the wearer, with holes cut for the eyes, a long nose strengthened with whalebone, ears stiffened over pasteboard, and bristling white whiskers of cotton covered wire.

Perhaps you have guessed from these preparations that the subject of the performance was "The frog that would a-wooing go."

Our summer boarding-house is an enterprising one. We were having a fair for the benefit of the Fresh-air-Fund—a charity that lies near the heart of every one, and had drawn a large attendance. So an audience readily gathered on the announcement that the children desired their presence—and the payment of 25c from each—to witness a little operetta in the dining room.

A curtain was drawn across one end of the room, and behind it some one was playing an old, old tune—the tune to which your mother probably sang Mr. Frog's mishaps.

Presently a chorus of fresh childish voices broke out:

"A frog he would a-wooing go—
Heigho! says Rowley—
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley."

And the curtain rose upon a little interior, with Mr. Frog and his mother having an argument in dumb show.

Mrs. Frog was a plump, little old woman of twelve. She wore a dark calico gown and white apron; a little plaid shawl was crossed neatly over her shoulders; a cap frill enclosed her rosy face, and spectacles refused to keep their place upon her saucy nose.

Mr. Frog wore short green trunks and wrinkled white stockings, with the front and back pieces already mentioned, which tied around the waist and fastened together at the shoulders.

Mr. Frog was a dear little black-eyed seven-year old, who threw himself thoroughly into the spirit of his part. He nodded his head persistently in defiance of his mother's clasped hands and evident entreaties, and presently seized his (muff-box) hat, jammed it upon his head and marched out, while poor Mrs. Frog wiped her spectacled eyes upon her apron.

The curtain went down, but the childish voices kept on with the next verses:

"So off he set with his opera hat—
Heigho! says Rowley—
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me—
Heigho! says Rowley—
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley."

This filled up what would have been a long wait, and gave us time for the setting of our most elaborate scene. The curtain rose on it at the lines:

"When they came to the door of Mousey's hall—
Heigho! says Rowley—
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley."

The stage was kept rather dark to conceal some of the deficiencies of our stage carpentering. In the cellar we had found a door and window frame, with which and the help of some screens, we had constructed quite a respectable little house. Through the window could be seen a dear little golden-haired girl in mouse gray and a white cap. She sat at a spinning wheel, principally composed of barrel hoops.

Across the stage and up the steps (soap-boxes) to the door, came the little frog, arm in arm with Mr. Rat.

Mr. Rat's suit was cut like the ordinary night-drawers that children wear, in gray cambric. He wore a large rat's head, home made, but effective, and a caudal appendage of gray covered rope, of which he was very proud.

"They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,"

sang the children.

Mr. Frog rapped smartly at the door, and Mr. Rat uttered a squeak that brought the house down. Mrs. Mouse looked up, waved her hand, and began to bustle about putting away her spinning wheel, and moving towards the door as the curtain came down.

The singers went on as before with the intervening lines:

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?—
Heigho! says Rowley—
Oh, yes, kind sirs, I sit and spin—
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?—
Heigho! says Rowley—
Mr. Foggie and I are fond of good cheer.
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley"—

until it rose again on another interior, representing Mrs. Mousey's house. While this scene lasted, the two following verses were sung:

"While they were all a-merrymaking—
Heigho! says Rowley—
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in—
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley.

"The cat she seized the rat by the crown—
Heigho! says Rowley—
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down—
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley."

Mr. Frog and Mrs. Mouse danced about with much enjoyment, while Mr. Rat fiddled for them, performing a *pas seul* at the same time. Suddenly, from the side scenes three little creatures tumbled in on all-fours. They were covered with white-cotton batting. They had furry tails stood up boldly, and blue ribbons tied about their necks; but I am afraid they did not look much like cats. However, they did great execution upon the rat and mouse, pulling them down and clawing them gleefully, while Mr. Frog first struck an attitude of extreme terror, trembling very visibly, then reached for his hat, and, with a polite but hasty bow, departed. Curtain.

The chorus proceeded:

"This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright—
Heigho! says Rowley—
He took up his hat and wished them good-night,
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley."

The next scene showed a little brook made of waves of green paper muslin broken by two or three large stones. The children sang the while:

"A froggy was crossing over a brook—
Heigho! says Rowley—
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley."

Mr. Frog entered, looking back as if in fear of pursuit, and began to step gingerly over the stones, when, from the other side, rushed in something large and flapping and white, having a long bill, which it opened and shut with alarming activity. It was a boy covered with a sheet, his bill two flat pieces of wood, which he moved by pressure of his teeth. But how he flew upon his victim! How fiercely he carried him off, engulfing him in that ample white dapery till nothing was seen but the big hat!

The curtain went down for the last time. The applause persisted, however, until it rose once more to display the entire *dramatis personæ*.

They all stood, rosy and laughing, and joined the choir invisible in the last verse with its mysterious refrain:

"So there was an end of one, two and three—
Heigho! says Rowley—
The rat, the mouse, and the little frog-gee!
With a rowley-powley, gammon, and spinach—
Heigho! says Rowley."

—*Harper's Young People.*

IN THE ORCHARD.

One day mamma was going to the village which was quite two miles from home.

"Be a good girl," she said to Hepsy, almost the very last thing, "and help grandma look after the baby." Because, you see, Baby Mel was not yet two years old, and just big enough to toddle around and get into all sorts of mischief, while Hepsy was past six, and quite a little woman.

"Yes, mamma," Hepsy answered, cheerfily. "Oh, I can take her out in the orchard and sew my patch work under the sweeting-tree, mayn't I?"

"I don't care," mamma said; "only look out for her."

So when mamma had gone out of sight over the hill, grandma got out Hepsy's box of gay colored squares, that would be a quilt sometime if Hepsy didn't get discouraged first, and the little girl took Baby Mel by the hand and trudged away up to the orchard.

The bees were in the orchard too, and only a little way from the sweeting tree, under which Hepsy liked best to sit, because the branches hung so low, shutting you in just like a little green tent when once you had crawled under them. Through the leaves she could see the bee-hives, shaped for all the world like tiny houses, and painted all sorts of colors. She pointed them out to Baby Mel.

"See, dear," she said. There are the bees' houses, and here is ours. Now, sit still, like a good girl, while sister sews a pretty square, and then you can take it."

But Baby Mel was a busy little body, and didn't like to sit still a great while at a time. She found a green apple in the grass and bit it; and it puckered her mouth and made her cry; but Hepsy was trying to decide whether brown looked better with blue than red and didn't pay much attention, and pretty soon Baby Mel stopped crying, and rolled out from under the low branches and down in a little hollow that would be filled with sweet apples when they were ripe.

"Well, she can't get far away," thought Hepsy, "and it won't take me but a minute to sew the square."

It did, however. I think it must have taken as many as twenty minutes, because the stitches were all "over and over," and very short at that. At any rate, when Hepsy parted the branches and peeped through, no baby was to be seen.

"Mel!" she called, scrambling out as quick as she could, "where are you, dear? Ba-aby!"

She didn't once think to look toward the bee-hives, she felt so sure that Baby Mel would have been afraid to go near them, as she was herself.

But all at once she heard the soft little voice, half-frightened, half-gleeful, "Do 'way, bad f'ies! Do 'way, I tell oo!"

And there—there stood Baby Mel, close by one of the hives, with a cloud of bees around her curly head and sweaty little face.

For an instant Hepsy's heart seemed to stop beating, and then it began again, fast enough to make up.

"Don't try to brush 'em off, baby!" she called, starting bravely forward. "Maybe they'll bite you if you do. Sister will come an' get you."

It didn't sound a bit like Hepsy's cheery voice, because it trembled so, but Baby Mel understood. She stopped scolding at the bees, and came stumbling along through the grass toward Hepsy, not crying a bit, though the bees were all around her.

And in another minute Hepsy had caught her up, and was running away as fast as she could, which wasn't so fast but the bees found time to sting her twice.

"Once on my cheek and once on my hand," she told mamma a little while afterwards; "and it hurt like ev'rything. But gram'ma put some—some pneumonia on the places, and made 'em feel better. And they didn't sting the baby—not a single once! Wasn't that nice? Ain't you glad they didn't, mamma?"

"Yes," said mamma; "only"—and then she stopped.

But Hepsy knew what she meant. So did grandma; and when Jotham brought in the little box of patch work next morning, she threaded a needle with yellow floss and worked a big "B" right in the middle of the blue and brown square. And Hepsy carried it to mamma.

"That's for a 'membrancer," said she. "It means always to mind, if *do* want to sew patchwork; and I'm going to. *Now*, ain't you glad, mamma?"

"Yes," mamma said, laughing this time, and kissing Hepsy, "I am."—*Youth's Companion.*

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

It is said of one of the monarchs of Russia that he was one day a little annoyed at ringing his bell more than once without receiving an answer. On opening the door of his cabinet, he was surprised to find his page fast asleep in a chair. His first impulse was to waken and rebuke him. On approaching the sleeper, however, a playful thought seized his majesty (for kings are but men), and he resolved to amuse himself a little at the page's expense. Seeing a paper projecting from the boy's pocket, on which something was written, his curiosity was excited. So he quietly leaned forward, stealthily extracted the letter and retreated into the royal apartment. Taking his seat he opened it, and, with a gleam of amusement in his eye, he commenced reading it. The letter was from the boy's mother, and was as follows:

MY DEAR SON:—I return you many thanks for the money you saved from your salary and sent to me. It has proven a great help to me. God will certainly reward you, my dear boy, for it, and if you continue to serve your God and your king faithfully and conscientiously, you will not fail of success and prosperity in this world. From your loving mother,

MARY ———.

By the time the king had finished the letter his amused look had given place to an expression of admiration, justice and benevolence.

"Worthy boy," he exclaimed, "and equally worthy mother. The act shall be rewarded." And then, stepping softly into his closet, he fetched a number of ducats (worth two dollars each), and put them with the letter into the boy's pocket. After this he rang the bell violently, which brought the page into his presence.

"You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king.

The page stammered out an excuse, and while doing so put his hand in his pocket and felt the money. Pale, and with his eyes full of tears, he looked at the king imploringly.

"What is the matter with you?" said his majesty.

"Oh," replied the boy, "somebody has contrived my ruin. I know nothing of this money."

"What God bestows," resumed the king, using the German proverb, "He bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother, and give my respects to her, and tell her that I will take care of both you and her."

The commandment to honor parents is accompanied by a promise of long days in the land which the Lord has given you. The Chinese, who are noted for their affection for parents, are the oldest nation upon earth. Their days are long in the land which the Lord has given them.—*Boys and Girls.*

The Coming Comet.

It is fancied by a grateful patron that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery" inscribed upon it in bold characters. Whether this conceit and *high* compliment will be verified, remains to be *seen*, but Dr. Pierce will continue to send forth that wonderful vegetable compound, and potent eradicator of disease. It has no equal in medicinal and health-giving properties, for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys, in purifying the blood, and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors, and consumption, or lung scrofula, in its early stages, it is a positive specific. Druggists.

The Sunday School

Title: The Tabernacle.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1888.

LESSON TEXT.
(Exod. 40: 1-16.)

GOLDEN TEXT—Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them.—Rev. 21:3.

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying:
2. On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.
3. And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the vail.
4. And thou shalt bring in the table, and set in order the things that are to be set in order upon it; and thou shalt bring in the candlestick, and light the lamps thereof.
5. And thou shalt set the altar of gold for the incense before the ark of the testimony, and put the hanging of the door to the tabernacle.
6. And thou shalt set the altar of the burnt offering before the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.
7. And thou shalt set the laver between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and shalt put water therein.
8. And thou shalt set up the court round about, and hang up the hanging at the court gate.
9. And thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof: and it shall be holy.
10. And thou shalt anoint the altar of the burnt offering, and all his vessels, and sanctify the altar: and it shall be an altar most holy.
11. And thou shalt anoint the laver and his foot, and sanctify it.
12. And thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and wash them with water.
13. And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments, and anoint him, and sanctify him; that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.
14. And thou shalt bring his sons, and clothe them with coats.
15. And thou shalt anoint them, as thou didst anoint their father, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office: for their anointing shall surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.
16. Thus did Moses: according to all that the Lord had commanded him, so did he.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

On the first day of the first month (v. 2). There is a time for everything. All days are the Lord's; but not all days are for the same use by the Lord or by man. Each day has its special duties. It is a great thing to do to-day's duty to-day, and to leave to-morrow's duty until to-morrow. One day is the day to begin church building. Another day is the day for church dedicating. Another day is the day for church going. One day is for worship, one for labor, one for study, one for travel, one for rest, one for reviewing, one for looking forward. And there is one day which is the day of days for salvation. That day is fixed the same for all ages in the perpetual calendar: "To-day if ye will hear his voice!" "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Thou shalt put therein the ark. Thou shalt bring in the table; the candlestick. Set the golden altar for incense (vs. 2-5). There is a place for everything in the Lord's house as elsewhere. All places are the Lord's; but not all places are for the same persons or the same things, in the Lord's plan. Each place has its own belongings, its own proprieties. It is a great thing to be in one's own place, and not in another's; to have everything that is one's own in its proper place and there only. Our place may be in the sanctuary; or again it may be in the sick-room, or in the nursery, when we would prefer to be in the sanctuary. When in the sanctuary, our place may be in the pulpit, it may be in the pew, it may be in the choir. Wherever our place is, it is the place of places for us. There are places where our feet ought to be, and there are places where our feet ought never to be. So with our hands, and our eyes, and our hearts. So also with the money the Lord entrusts to us; the place for some of it is in his treasury; some of it, again, belongs in the hands of needy ones about us. Better never have a dollar, than to have large wealth and keep it in the wrong place. Better be without hands or feet or eyes, than to have all these and permit them to be in the wrong place. Are you where you belong? Are all your possessions in the right place? God knows; and you ought to know!

Set in order the things that are upon it (v. 4.) There is a plan for everything in God's service. God knows how he wants things arranged, as well as what he wants, and where. It is a poet who says that "order is heaven's first law;" but it is plain prose and sober fact, that, whatever is the order of heaven's laws, order itself is one of them,—a law proclaimed for earth as for heaven: "Let all things be done decently and in order." There is no hap-hazard work where God's work goes on according to God's directions. No minister ought to attempt to lead a public service without having a plan arranged beforehand. A wise plan of exercises is as important in its way as a devoted spirit, to a good superintendent. So is it to a teacher. A desire to serve God in teaching, and a knowledge of the lesson to be taught, cannot compensate for the lack of a plan of teaching. Planning how to pray is a proper preparation for proper prayer,—in the closet, the family, or the prayer-meeting. When you have the God-appointed and the God-gathered material for God's worship and service in hand, then set in order the things that are to be used for God. That is the rule for God's servants everywhere.

Thou shalt set the laver between the tent—and the altar, and shalt put water therein (v. 7). Cleanliness has been said to be "next to godliness," but cleanliness is a part of godliness. The place of washing in the tabernacle was fixed between the place of penitent offering and the place of favored acceptance; between the altar and the holy place—and fittingly there. If a person will not keep himself clean outside it is all nonsense for him to talk about being clean inside. There may be such a thing as a man clean outside and not inside; but if he is filthy without there is no need to go below the surface to learn his standard of taste and desire. It is right to insist that children shall have clean faces and hands when they come to Sunday-school. It is right to pay attention to the outer man—to person and dress in the matter of cleanliness, Sundays, even if not week-days. It is right to have a cleanly sanctuary and a cleanly Sunday-school room. Filthy floors and filthy walls in a place of Bible study, or of Christian worship, are hardly less a sure sign of a need of revival in that region than the sounds of profanity or the evidences of moneyed meanness would be. There is no use trying to pass from the altar to the tabernacle without coming to the laver with the water therein. By the way, does this seem to have a bearing on the tobacco question? That depends on a man's standard of personal cleanliness.

Bring Aaron and his sons, and wash them. And anoint him, and sanctify him. And anoint them, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office (vs. 12-15). Even the one that God himself had called to be his priest, and to be the father of a race of priests, must, with his sons, must be set apart for the priestly work by special consecrating services. Although it is no longer of birth, or in an utterly exceptional instance, that one may have the privilege of leading in God's worship, or of serving at God's altar, it is not for any man who is called, or who calls himself a representative servant of God, to attempt the performance of those duties which pertain to any grade of the Christian ministry, without being fittingly prepared therefor, and set apart thereto. Even if you think that your right to preach, or to teach, or to perform ministerial offices, is as good as Aaron's, what right have you to perform those duties without some such preparation as was deemed necessary in his case. How is it that your lack of a special call from God, and of special inspiration for your work, and of special qualifications by birth and training for ministerial duties, will enable you to dispense with all that was deemed necessary in his case. The extending of the range and sphere of the ministerial membership does not by any means lessen the responsibility of each particular minister in his sphere, or make it less important that he should have all the requisite training for the duties of his place. If no ministry or ministering of any kind is now needful, that is one thing. Then, of course, neither you nor any one else can be called a minister. But if there is such a thing as a ministry, and you would be a minister, the best training you can get is none too much for you, unless you are far more superior to Aaron than appearances so far would indicate.

According to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he (v. 16). And what better could he have done? Had Moses not been so wise as he was, he might have thought that he could improve on God's plan. A great many people since his day, who know a great deal less than Moses knew, have thought that God's way is not altogether good, not so good as might be, and they have been trying to better the commandments of God. In fact most of the troubles in this life come from somebody's not doing according to God's commands, or from somebody else's dissatisfaction with God's orderings. If only we would follow Moses in thinking God's plan the best, and in conforming to that plan, we should have God's tabernacle always with us, and God's constant approval as we approached him there.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

It is said that bald headed Indians are becoming common, and the plug hat of civilization is thought to be responsible.

A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH.

Some Suggestions to the Ladies About the Care of Teeth and Lips.

A woman with every other natural charm is not beautiful without a mouth that adds a new suggestiveness to her loveliness. She ceases to be even pretty if, when she speaks, her breath is hot and feverish, or worse still, is absolutely tainted.

Naturally she does not know this, and it is only proper that somebody belonging to her should tell her. If it comes from her teeth it is something very quickly remedied. If it comes from her digestion, then it is her doctor's business to get her in good order; but very often in this country of invalid women it comes from the use of very strong medicines. Physicians advise for this the use of lemons, claiming that they are the most purifying of all fruits, and the aromatic odor produced by lemons rubbed on the teeth, gums and lips last longer than any other. For a feverish breath that results from the stomach a few drops of lime water used as a gargle, or better still, a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a little water will have the desired effect.

Half the badly shaped mouths that are the sorrows of the young women of to day result from their being permitted when they were children to suck their fingers; one of the prettiest women in town has coarse, thick lips, that came from having been allowed when she was going to sleep to put her thumb in her mouth; while another whose lips protrude in the center and whose mouth is large blames her mother for allowing her to find consolation in her two fore-fingers. If persuasion will not break a child of this habit, then stronger means should be resorted to, and if necessary its hands should be tied together. Another very unfortunate habit among school girls, and which results in thickening the lips and making them supersensitive, is the continual biting of the lower lip. The entire shape of the face is spoiled in this way, for when nature molded it there was not the intention that the lower lip should be larger and a coarse look given to the face.

Red lips are the announcement of good health, and good health is the fashion; women who have very determined wills frequently get into the bad habit of drawing their lips together in a way they think expresses determination; the lips are very pliable and naturally assume the position that is oftenest given to them, so she who feels on pleasant terms with the world at large, who makes it a point only to say pleasant things, will have about her mouth that something that the French call *riante*—the look that tells of a laugh without the sound and a smile that is not a smirk. With all his gallantry it took a Frenchman to say this: "To be beautiful a woman must not talk much or she will contract her mouth in an unbecoming manner."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A CHEAP BIBLE.

An Italian Newspaper Publishes a Remarkable and Artistic Edition.

The *Secolo*, a daily newspaper of anti-clerical and socialistic tendencies, published at Milan, Italy, contains the following curious advertisement:

"The new edition of the Bible—There is a book that contains the poetry and science of humanity. It is the Bible, to which no work in any literature can be compared. The Iliad was for Greece in certain epochs the code of the religious and political traditions for that country; but the Bible contains the history of thought of all ages. Believers and disbelievers read it and studied it. It was the book that Newton read the oftenest. Cromwell when he went to battle hung it on the pommel of his saddle. Voltaire even had it always upon his desk. It is a book necessary to the culture of all classes, and ought to be found in every house. Elegant editions, illustrated with wood-cuts and explained by notes, are costly. Edward Zonzogno (editor of the *Secolo*) has begun to publish for the first time an edition which unites richness and cheapness. The work is divided into 210 parts of eight pages each, and there will be 900 illustrations in fine wood-cut. It is sold at a half-penny a number, and the whole work can be subscribed for 10f. In the first number there are fourteen illustrations, which consist of copies of pictures, representations of Biblical scenes, drawings of ancient monuments, and of animals, plants and flowers. Very capable minds have presided over the choice of these illustrations. The text and the notes are those of Martini, and the correctness of the letter-press enhances the value of the work. This artistic, useful and popular edition—the first of the kind in Italy—is destined to an extraordinary success, worthy of its miraculous cheapness."

How Water Should be Cooked.

"Water is one of the secrets of cooking," sententiously said a well-known chef up town to a New York *Mail and Express* reporter.

"I suppose you mean that all food in its raw state should be washed?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied the artist. "Few cooks understand the many effects produced by hard and soft water in cooking vegetables and meat. If peas and beans, for instance, are cooked in hard water, containing lime and gypsum, they will not boil tender, because these substances have a tendency to harden vegetable caseine. Now, many vegetables, as onions, boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain their peculiar flavoring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in the soft water. Some of the finest dishes in the world are ruined by the use of hard water when soft is required. It is a science that can best be learned by actual experience in the capacity of assistant chef. It requires a long apprenticeship and a natural aptitude to become a great cook and to understand water. Now, to extract the juice of meat; to make a broth, or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is the best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissue. But for boiling, where the juices should be retained, hard water or soft water is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so as to close up the pores at once. I have two assistants, and once a week I lecture them on the proper use of hard and soft water in cooking certain dishes. In answer to your facetious question above I will state that not only raw food should be clean, but that water goes a long way in keeping a first-class cuisine in a healthy sanitary condition."

—Great mistakes are often made in trying to economize. It is a safe rule to follow that the *best* is always the *cheapest*. A cheap physician may cost you your life. If you have Malaria in your system, you will not only be miserable, but unfit to work. Lost time is money lost. One dollar spent for Shallenberger's Antidote will cure you in twenty-four hours. Sold by Druggists.

Growing by Electric Light.

It is said that trees planted under the electric lights increase in size much more rapidly than those set out under ordinary circumstances. It is finely illustrated in Fairfield just at present, according to the *Journal*, where at a street corner stands a little tree that was set out there last spring. It grew fairly well last season without the electric light, but this season, under its effulgent rays, it has stretched out with great rapidity, far outstripping all its fellows at the same time.

The explanation of this unusual growth, given by the scientist on the opposite side of the street, is that the tree grows both day and night, the electric light taking the place of the sun at night. Under all the circumstances, this would seem to be a very plausible explanation, and if it is true the electric light will come into general use in hot-houses and other places where it is desirable to force vegetation.—*Bangor Commercial.*

A $3 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 of our celebrated self-operating washing machines. No wash-board or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to the MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

What's The Matter With This?

A subscriber writes—"A friend asks me to multiply \$5 by \$5. I do so and announce the result as \$25. All right. Now multiply 500 cents, giving the answer in cents pure and simple, not as fractional parts of a dollar. I do so and am surprised to see the figures climb up to 250,000 cents, which is \$2,500. As \$5 and 500 cents are equivalent, the result is puzzling. It cannot be urged that decimal marks should be used. A cent, as such, is as distinct a unit as a dollar, and as result is to be announced in cents, the decimals cannot be pleaded in extenuation of the rather surprising result. But there is clearly something wrong. What is it?"—*The Penman's Art Journal.*

To Liver Not to Live.

Dyspeptics, according to a newspaper heading, "may now take heart." That is not what is needed. What they want is to take stomach.—*Judge.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper

TALMAGE TALKS OF CONTENTMENT

Health the Grandest Luxury Given to Man—Happiness Not Dependent on Outward Circumstances—"Godliness with Contentment is Great Gain."

BROOKLYN, July 15.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject to-day: "In Good Humor with Our Circumstances." His text was Hebrews xiii: 5: "Be content with such things as ye have." The great preacher's discourse was as follows:

If I should ask some one, "Where is Brooklyn to-day?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York to-day?" "At Long Branch." "Where is Philadelphia?" "At Cape May." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia?" "At the Sulphur Springs." "Where is the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga," the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city railroad employes, and ferry masters, and the police, and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by stringent circumstances, and the great multitude of well to do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon, with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Fools that we are, as though one could not be as happy at home as anywhere else. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had as good a time as we have, long before the first spring was bored at Saratoga, or the first deer was shot in the Adirondacks. They made their wedding tour to the next farmhouse, or, living in New York, they celebrated the event by an extra walk on the Battery.

Now, the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families detained in the city who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the door plate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety! My friends, if it is best for us to go, let us go and be happy. If it is best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews: "Be content with such things as ye have." To be content is to be in good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with our obscurity, or our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit devised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health and body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagles' down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge, and venison, and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Tuileries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout? "Oh," says some one, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied.

What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens? What is a cascade silent on a canvas compared with a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affectation about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord to-day, oh, man! oh, woman! that though you may be shut out from the works of a Church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre or the Luxemburg or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on a table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop and hospitality freezing to death in the cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theater.

I find Nero growing on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Ahab going to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Ahithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it." Byron declared in his last hours that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I. said: "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension." While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy amid the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down towards that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of "St. Martin's:"

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator, and the president and the king is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies.

In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the East for the enrichment of the soil is the dust raked out from sepulchers of kings and lords and mighty men. Oh the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

Of how much worth now is the crown of Cæsar? Who bids for it? Who cares now anything about the Amphictyonic council or the laws of Lycurgus? Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats? Who fears because Nebuchadnezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem? Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony? Who crouches before Ferdinand, or Boniface, or Alaric? Can Cromwell dissolve the English parliament now? Is William, prince of Orange, king of the Netherlands? No, no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and Alexander to Nicholas. Leopold puts the German scepter into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down off the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on. House of Aragon, house of Hapsburg, house of Stuart, house of Bourbon, quarreling about everything else, but agreeing in this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." But have all these dignitaries gone? Can they not be called back? I have been in assemblages where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should call the roll to-day of some of those mighty ones who have gone I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll. I will call the roll of the kings first: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror! Frederick II! Louis XVI! No answer. I will call the roll of the poets: Robert Southey! Thomas Campbell! John Keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No answer. I call the roll of artists: Michael Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner! Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Scepter, pencil, pen, sword, put down forever. Why should we struggle for such baubles?

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for his creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now, God is the best of fathers. Sometimes his children think that he is hard on them, and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you can not stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own surefootedness; but God roughened that path, so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses, but at the first howl of the storm you quicken your pace heavenward and wrapped around you the warm robe of a Saviour's righteousness. "What have I done?" says the wheatsheaf to the farmer, "what have I done that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. After awhile, the straw looking down from the mow upon the golden grain banked up on either side the floor understands why the farmer beat the wheatsheaf with the flail.

Who are those before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." Would to God that we could understand that our trials are the very best things for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth; then we should know why it was that John Noyra, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame, reached down and picked up one of the fagots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born for this preferment." They who suffer with him on earth shall be glorified with him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will he who holds the water in the hollow of his hand allow his children to die of thirst? Will he who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow his children to starve? Go out to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at 5 o'clock in the morning. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?" Seven thousand people, in Christ's time, went into the desert. They were the most improvident people I ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision the seven thousand were fed, and the more they ate the larger the loaves grew until the provision that the boy brought in one satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. "O," you say, "times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that, what God did then by miracle, he does now in some other way, and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now I am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances, and who are fearing you are coming to want, understood that the oath of the eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again: I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the greatest influence to make a man contented. Indemnity against all financial and spiritual harm! It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance, and swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. Oh ye who have been going about from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the spirit, I commend you, this morning, to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical, common sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," and as long as you continue in your sin you will be miserable. Come to Christ. Make him your portion, and start for heaven, and you will be a happy man—you will be a happy woman.

Yet, my friends, notwithstanding all these inducements to a spirit of contentment, I have to tell you this morning the human race is divided into two classes—those who scold and those who get scolded. The carpenter wants to be anything but a carpenter, and the mason anything but a mason, and the banker anything but a banker, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the minister anything but a minister, and everybody would be happy if he were only somebody else. The anemone wants to be a sunflower, and the apple orchards throw down their blossoms because they are not tall cedars, and the scow wants to be a schooner, and the sloop would like to be 74 pounder, and parents have the worst children that ever were, and everybody is upside down, or going to be. Ah! my friends, you never make any advance through such a spirit as that. You cannot fret yourself up; you may fret yourself down. Amid all this grating of tones I strike this string of the Gospel harp: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain we can carry nothing out; having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after awhile, whatever be our circumstances now, to have a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh, and step into the cool Jordan. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness; and the trees will say: "Come and rest under our shadow;" and the earth will say: "Come and sleep in my bosom:" and the winds will say: "Hush! while I sing thee a cradle hymn;" and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting place, and ashes come to ashes and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken soil and a lacerated brow bending over the open grave, while a voice, tender with all affection and mighty with all omnipotence, will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

TEXAS FEVER.

Steps Being Taken to Crush Out the Dread Disease.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The subject of Texas fever among the cattle is one which for some time past has caused considerable trouble to cattle growers throughout the country. For the purpose of effecting a thorough practical examination of the matter, and, if possible, providing some remedy for the evil, a circular letter was recently sent out by Vice-President Washburn of the Union stock yards, to the executive committee of every leading cattle association throughout the country, inviting them to send a representative to a conference to be held at the Union stock yards.

The meeting was held yesterday in Mr. Washburn's office, and was attended by C. B. Serwart, of Lafayette, Ind.; H. H. Hinds, of the Michigan live stock sanitary board; W. J. G. Dean, of the American Jersey Cattle club; J. H. Pickrell, of the American Short Horn Breeders' association; H. A. McChesney, of the Illinois live stock commission; Dr. M. Stalker, state veterinarian of Iowa; Dr. Hewitt, of the Minnesota state board of health; Prof. E. G. Morrow, Illinois agriculture experiment commission; Col. Charles F. Mills, secretary Illinois state board of agriculture; Alvin H. Sanders, secretary Consolidated Cattle Growers' association; Dr. Hughes, of Chicago veterinary College, and others.

Mr. Washburn explained the object for which the meeting had been called—namely: For the purpose of devising tests to ascertain whether Texan fever was contagious to native cattle.

On behalf of the stock yards company he offered to put every facility in the way of the committee which they might require. Infected Texan cattle and healthy natives would be at their disposal as well as pens in the stock yards, grass lots, etc.

A committee outlined a series of tests which were adopted and will be made at the Union Stock Yards as soon as possible. The tests will be most thorough and are expected to determine beyond a doubt whether or not the dreaded disease is contagious, and, if it is, under what conditions.

A committee of five was appointed to have charge of the experiments. The appointment of the supervisors of the tests was left to the National Association of Cattle Growers, and in the event of their declining the nomination, the chairman was authorized to confer with the various interested associations throughout the country and find a suitable man to carry out the proposed work.

When the tests are completed, a full detailed report of their various stages will be drawn up and presented to the next meeting of the National Consolidated Cattle Growers' association, which will be held in this city next November. The committee will also draft the outlines of a bill for presentation to Congress and the state legislatures with a view to prevention of a recurrence of the epidemic.

PRESIDENT PIERCE'S NIECE.

She Seeks to Have an Increase in Her Pension.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The statement that Mrs. Fanny McNeill Potter, the niece of ex-President Pierce, is in destitute circumstances and has applied to Congress for a pension is not correct. Mrs. Potter has a pension of $20 a month, and this she is seeking to increase, but she is not destitute and never has been. She formerly owned the old Pierce mansion at Hillsborough, N. H., which was for 40 years the home of Gov. Benjamin Pierce, the father of the President. While her uncle was President Mrs. Potter, who was then Miss McNeill, entertained him at the old home, and from the account given of this visit and the description of the house in the "Ladies of the White House," by Mrs. Holloway, the hostess must have been a person of means.

Subsequently Miss McNeill was married to Judge Chandler E. Potter, of East Concord, and the couple resided at the Pierce homestead in Hillsborough until his death in Flint, Mich., in 1868. Judge Potter and his wife owned considerable property in Michigan, and they had gone there to look after their interests when he sickened and died. Mrs. Potter sold the homestead some time afterward and she has since divided her time between Brooklyn, Mich., and Washington. She secured a pension as the daughter of one of the soldiers of the war of 1812. Her father, Gen. John McNeill, received injuries in battle which crippled him for life, and Mrs. Potter had a pension given her for this reason. She has worked to secure an increase of it for years, and at one time it was thought she would succeed, but Gen. Banks, upon whom she relied to help her, advised her to be satisfied with what she had.

MR. CROCKER'S WIVES.

More Than One Woman Claiming a Share in the Estate.

UTICA, N. Y., July 14.—A sensation was caused in this city when the announcement was made in an afternoon paper that Mrs. Christine R. Hutchinson, widow of Dr. Edwin Hutchinson, and soprano singer in Christ church, claimed to be the widow of John G. Crocker, whose funeral occurred yesterday. Crocker was a well known lawyer 75 years old, and died last Sunday. He is reported to have been very wealthy. Among the pallbearers were ex-Congressman Bacon, ex-Senator Francis Kernan and A. T. Goodwin. Mrs Hutchinson is a beautiful woman, whose magnificent voice has made her a favorite in society. It was known that a very close friendship existed between her and the deceased.

Mrs. Hutchinson took a train for New York this afternoon. It is said she declared before leaving town that she was married on January 10 last and that they had lived together without causing comment. They had intended going to the seashore several times, and then announce themselves as married, but something had occurred each time to prevent. Yesterday, the day of his burial, was the last day set. She intended to attend Crocker's funeral as his widow, but was dissuaded from her purpose. The affair was the topic of conversation last night. It was hinted by a prominent person in social affairs that there is another lady who will claim the name of Mrs. John G. Crocker.

CONFESSED HIS GUILT.

A Big Sensation Revived in a Massachusetts Town,—A Minister Who Went Wrong.

WEST NEWTON, Mass., July 14.—Rev. O. D. Kimball, late pastor of the Baptist church at West Newton, and formerly a clergyman of this place, has written letters to three of his parishioners here, confessing to unnatural crimes charged against him last spring, and asking them to forgive him as they hope to be forgiven.

At the time Mr. Kimball denied, with all the emphasis of which he was capable, that he was in any measure guilty. The majority of the church people firmly believed that the clergyman was innocent, and strongly held to the view that his accusers were guilty of willful misrepresentations.

Mrs. Kimball stood by her husband. The upshot of the matter was that the five members of the church who testified before the council were ignominiously dismissed from the church and branded as gross falsifiers. In his letters Mr. Kimball states that he was guilty of all that was alleged, and asks that those who have been expelled be taken back into the church. He writes that he has gone to New York state, but does not say where.

HE SAYS BOYCOTT COFFEE.

Knights Asked to Abstain from Its Use Until the Corner is Broken.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11.—General Master Workman Powderly has written a letter for this week's *Journal of United Labor*, in which he calls attention to an alleged "corner" in coffee and advises abstention from the use of coffee until the "corner" is broken. His letter concludes as follows:

Boycott coffee. Do not buy one ounce of it until this reign of plunder is at an end. Go to your grocer and tell him not to invest in a pound of it and ask him to watch for the turn of the tide in New York. To do as I suggest will work no injustice to the men from whom you buy your groceries. Do not buy coffee, but buy something else in its stead, and when you do invest in coffee again have the article you invest in analyzed to see if it has not been tampered with and adulterated, and then trace the adulteration until you find it, and you may be sure you will trace it to the action taken in the Coffee Exchange in New York.

Mechanics, laborers, miners, farmers and Knights of Labor generally, practice a little self-denial for a time and break the corner in coffee by refusing to buy it. Let us test the law and see if we will be arrested for boycotting an article made too dear by rogues who boycott the best interests of the people.

A break has occurred in the Erie canal near Rochester, N. Y. It will take nearly a week to repair it.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Keeping Eggs for Winter.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A constant reader of the BLADE would like to know the best way of keeping eggs for the winter. Can any one tell me something about the golden egg formula for preserving eggs? I would be pleased to read the opinions of any of the readers of the BLADE who know anything about preserving eggs.—R. H. WATKINS, Mineral Ridge.

Cranberry Cuttings.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Can any of the readers of the FARM tell a constant reader of the BLADE where he can get cranberry cuttings, and at what price per hundred?—A. COCHRANE, Round Mountain, Cal.

Gophers.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A reader of the BLADE asks how to destroy squirrels or gophers. I have trapped, shot and poisoned, the latter being the best. Put poison on one grain and put a few others near the hole.—SUBSCRIBER.—[Our correspondent no doubt means grains of corn.—ED.]

Stirring Soil Frequently.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have been reading articles relative to farming corn in dry season. From an established principle in nature's laws, the theory of not stirring the ground frequently, is philosophically at fault. Do you expect to find, to any great except, moisture in the compact surface of the public highway? You will answer "No." Why? Because heat has absorbed it thorough the process of evaporation; and it has become impervious to moisture in consequence of its solidity; hence the consequent necessity of frequent stirring that it may not become solidified. Now if you wish to ascertain to what extent a previous rain has moistened your garden you examine the clods first. Try an experiment. For instance, take a half bushel of sand and spread it out on a dry surface exposed to the sun until it is void as nearly as possible of moisture; then place it in a heap on the ground, and stir it every day for three successive days, and you will find it has retained more moisture each succeeding day. Then dry it again and place it in the same condition as before; and at the end of three days examine it.—D. A. ISNOGLE, Tocsin, Ind.

INFORMATION WANTED.

R. H., Santa Cruz: The best thing to kill lice on chickens is pure buhach powder, but as it is a difficult thing to get it pure, even when boxed, and as much of it is exposed to the air before the purchaser gets it, we have been slow to recommend its purchase. Take Scotch snuff and scatter it around the neck feathers, under the feathers along the back, and under the wings, and scatter some in the nests. A good way to rid setting hens of lice, is, after sprinkling them with snuff, to get about five or ten cents worth of plug tobacco and soak it well in water. Take the straw out of the nests and lay it in the sun. Then sprinkle the tobacco decoction on the straw; after it has dried put the straw back for nests. While preparing the straw temporary nests may be made. In a warm day the decoction will dry in the straw in an hour or two. Dry the tobacco that you soak, and after cutting it up fine, scatter it in the nests. Lice and tobacco do not agree. Take an ounce of carbolic acid and stir it in water; then make whitewash with this and whitewash the house inside and out. Some of the carbolic acid water should be scattered all over the floor of the house. Take an old rag, dip it in coal oil, make a mop with it, rub it well over the perches and in the cracks of the house and we think the lice will disappear.

Eruptions on Horses.

Subscriber, Putnam county, Ohio: The eruptions on your horse of small blisters in a circular form are simply a ring worm, which may be readily killed out by bathing the part with acetate of lead ¼ oz.; water, half a pint.

Apoplexy in Fowls.

A B., Evans Landing, Ind.: Your chickens that fall over on their sides and "flutter and flounce about," are affected with apoplexy. This is caused by feeding fowls too much, and getting them too fat. It also results from close, badly ventilated houses. When a fowl is attacked pour cold water on her head. Afterward give the fowl a teaspoonful of castor oil. Feed mixed feed with but little corn during the hot months. Give plenty of exercise, and all the grass that the fowls will eat. Many people feed their fowls too much, and the result is vertigo, apoplexy and other trouble.

Hip Joint Trouble.

Wm. M. Haighler, Nebraska: In the hip-joint lameness in your colt, if the chord, as you say, has been severed, there is no way of curing it. The atrophy, or sweeny in the part will be permanent. You should be sure, however, that the animal is affected in the way of which you speak. The sweeny may be the result of contraction of the foot, or a hip bruise. A veterinary should be called, unless you are perfectly sure that the animal is permanently lamed by having the tendon cut.

Light Brahma Fowls.

J. R. D., Nebraska: Yes, the light Brahma is one of the best, if not the very best winter layer among all the breeds. Their eggs are not so large as some other breeds, but they are of good average size.

Chorea in Dogs.

L. B. B., Millwood, Kan.: Your Irish setter is suffering from a nervous disease of the system called chorea. Many people are not aware that although a dog is a hardy animal, its system is easily deranged. When the jerking condition in chorea first manifests itself, it is very painful, but after it has taken a chronic form it is painless. It follows after distemper or debilitation. When the animal is first attacked tonics will cure, but after the chronic form has set in it is incurable. Give him this for one dose every morning, made into a pill, for two weeks: One-fourth grain nitrate of silver. This will cure if the trouble has not gone too far.

Going Blind.

W. F. H., Rock Rapids, Ia.: We judge from your letter that as your mare is totally blind of one eye, and as the other is nearly so and has a dark spot on it, otherwise looking well, that she is suffering from opthalmia and has reached a stage that is beyond cure. It would be well for you to have a veterinary make an examination of the eye, yet we think he could give you but little, if any, encouragement that a cure would result from administering outward applications or giving any kind of medicine.

Received.

Western Tree Planter, Volume 1, No. 1. Published at St. Paul, Minn., monthly at 50 cents per year, F. N. Lang, editor. It is well filled with valuable matter relating to tree planting, how to plant seeds, etc. Such a publication will do much good.

Garden and Forest continues to keep up its high standard of excellence, and has proved itself a most valuable publication on matters relating to horticulture, landscape and forestry. The Garden & Forest Publishing company, Tribune building, New York.

"Popular Gardening and Fruit Growing" has become a favorite publication with thousands of people. It has a large and varied amount of choice matter relating to fruits, flowers, vegetables, the lawn, poultry, and many other subjects. Conducted by Elias Long, Buffalo, N. Y. Per year $1.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cabbage Growing.

The growing of cabbage is fast passing from the truck gardener, or rather, cabbages are now raised on so large a scale that they may be called a farm crop as much as potatoes. As land becomes more valuable near the large cities the growing of cabbages will be more and more done by farmers. Already they are shipped hundred of miles by rail.

Where winter cabbages are raised for market, the soft heads and outside leaves can be used as fodder for stock, so there is no waste. Large quantities are used every year for sour kraut.

It is the custom of some of the most successful strawberry growers, to turn the vines under as soon as the crop is harvested, and set out cabbage plants.

The favorite varieties and the time of planting vary considerably in different sections. Premium Flat Dutch, Bridgeport, Fottler's, and Short-stem Drumhead are largely planted in this section. The usual time of planting these varieties for late fall and winter use, ranges from the 20th of June until the 10th of July. Much, however, depends on the land and season. When the soil and preparation are all that could be desired, these varieties can be frequently planted safely until the 20th of July, and occasionally until the 1st of August.

In raising cabbages as a farm crop, you can use the land from which you have taken a crop of early potatoes or rye, if made rich by the free use of manure. We know one grower who puts them on land from which he has taken strawberries; the fertilizer he uses is forty loads of barn-yard manure and seventy-five bushels of wood ashes to the acre.

For late fall or winter cabbages, the plants are set in rows three feet apart each way. This requires 4,840 plants for an acre. The land is marked out with a common marker both ways, the plants are dropped where the two rows cross, and a careful man sets them out. They are set deep enough so that the lower leaves stand level with the surface. The great point is to press the soil firmly around the roots and not merely around the upper part of the stem. A good man ought to set out two acres a day. But, of course, much depends on the condition of the land. On thoroughly prepared, mellow, moist soil, it is easier to set out two acres, than half an acre on dry, lumpy, hard land.

It is a good plan before setting out the plants, to drop a tablespoonful of commercial fertilizer or a handful of pulverized hen manure where each plant is to be set.

The after management of the crop consists merely in keeping the land clean and mellow by constant use of the cultivator and hoe. Simple as this is, it is where many cabbage growers fail. In two or three days after the cabbage plants are set out, it is well to run a cultivator between the rows, and follow with a hoe and break the crust round the wilted plants and draw a little fine fresh soil round them. If any of the plants are dead, set out others in their place. In two or three days cultivate again, and keep on cultivating until the cabbage leaves cover the ground. It is one of the great secrets of success. Ashes thrown upon the plants will keep off the most common insect enemy.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Green Manure.

Green manuring is the cheapest mode of enriching land, as no hauling is required. There is considerable labor required in plowing land so treated, but the plowing itself is beneficial, as it reduces the land to a finer condition, and assists in destroying weeds and grasses. No field should remain idle. When one crop come off another should go in. If the second crop cannot be marketed let it be plowed under for manure. Early potatoes can easily be removed in time for a green manurial crop, such as buckwheat, peas and oats, millet, Hungarian grass or corn. These crops need not grow very high. Under no circumstances should they be allowed to mature seed, even if the season permitted, but should be turned under green, so as to quickly decompose. A large majority of farmers, after harvesting their corn, leave the field until spring. How much better it would be to plow, or even harrow, the field and sow it quickly to rye, running the rye under the spring for a potato crop. The plowing of the corn land would decompose large quantities of weeds and grass, as well as corn roots, while the rye so grown, if preferred, can be made to do good service for early grazing by stock in the spring. Other crops may be followed by green manurial crops in like manner, thereby enriching the soil by the decomposition of its own elements, and piecing out the manure supply, and saving hauling to that extent.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Horseshoeing.

No subject relating to the horse is receiving more attention at this time, than that of shoeing. In almost every agricultural and stock journal we find something said either for, or against, the practice. Many of the articles referred to, lead us to the conclusion that the writers are mere theorists, who have no practical knowledge of the subject.

Many who oppose shoeing lay much stress upon having the feet kept dry and hard. Sometime ago we read an article in which this theory was upheld. It said:

"Every time the feet are soaked in water there is a wasting of the life-giving fluid (the viscid matter secreted by the coronary band which fills the small tubes of the hoof); it is driven out by the water, and as water is easily evaporated the tubes collapse."

Now, healthy moisture is the life of the hoof. Colts pastured on low-lands, where there is constant moisture, have rapidly growing hoofs, while on dry up-land pastures, their feet become very dry and hard, and very often shrunken and contracted. We cannot believe that water judiciously applied to the hoof, as in walking in long grass wet with heavy dews, during the spring and early summer months, or washing the hoof with cold water occasionally, can have any injurious effect. These theorists tell us "that nature never intended that iron should be put upon the horse's foot." We may grant this. But neither did nature intend the foot for such hard usage as it is subjected to in our large towns and cities.

Take, for instance, large draft horses drawing a heavy load on a paved street. Watch how they strain their great muscles of locomotion to overcome the resistence of the load! How powerless their efforts would be without shoes. The same rule will apply to light harnessed horses; racers will not only bolt, but absolutely refuse to use their full speed, without something to protect their feet.—D. A. CORMACK, in *Northwestern Agriculturist.*

Corn for Ensilage.

Prof. W. A. Henry summarizes his conclusions in an article on ensilage in the *Breeder's Gazette*, as follows:

1st. Even though ensilage made from Indian corn has no more feeding value than the same amount of material dried into good fodder, the difficulties and expense of curing and caring for the dried fodder are such that ordinarily the silo is preferable.

2d. That the usual waste from feeding dry fodder is very considerable, while for ensilage it need be none at all.

3d. Feed can be much more compactly secured in the silo than in any other way.

4th. That husking, cribbing and grinding corn are useless operations for the most part, and are expensive and in a measure wasteful; that nothing is added to the value of the crop by any of these processes.

5th. That my opinion is that for the northern corn belt smaller varieties of corn will give nearly or quite as much feeding material as the large varieties, with less labor to handle them.

6th. That if the farmer has not planted any ensilage corn he can still use his field for that purpose if he desires to fill a silo.

Lastly, that the clover crop in my judgment is a very promising candidate for ensilage and that the farmer who tries it for the silo will be well pleased with the results.

A Gigantic Scheme.

A gigantic scheme has been proposed by which the canons of the Rocky Mountains are to be dammed up from the Canadian line to Mexico, in order to form vast reservoirs of water to be used in the irrigation of arid lands, and so prevent floods in the Missouri and lower Mississippi. Major Powell, Director of the National Survey, estimates that at least 150,000 square miles of land might thus be reclaimed—a territory exceeding in extent one-half of the land now cultivated in the United States! The plan is to build dams across the canons in the mountains large enough and strong enough to hold back the floods from heavy rains and melting snows, and then let the water down as it needed upon the land to be reclaimed. In view of the vast irrigating works of ancient Egypt, India and other countries, there is no doubt that such a plan is quite feasible to modern engineering skill. Indeed it is very likely that some scheme of the kind will be put in practice when land becomes more valuable as the population becomes denser. Who shall say that the great Western desert shall not be transformed into rich arable lands by this means by the second centennary of American independence?—*Rural New Yorker.*

Farms in the Northwest.

Before a farmer who owns a good and fertile farm in the Northwest decides to sell it and go to some other locality where there seems at a distance to be greater advantages, would it not be well to ask himself whether he has done his best to make his present property a pleasant home and profitable investment. It is probable that a man who cannot succeed with a farm in the Northwest, would fail in the South or on the Pacific Coast. He would have to face difficulties, new and unforseen, against which his previous experience would be no protection.—*Northwestern Agriculturist.*

BRINGING THEM TO TIME.

A Railroad Company in Trouble for Carrying Unstamped Letters Over Their Road.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 12.—(Special.)—The U. S. grand jury has returned an indictment against the St. Louis, Alton & Terre Haute railroad company, known as the Cairo Short Line, for violating the United States postal laws by conveying in its cars unstamped mail letters and letters not placed in the regular mails.

It is alleged that this consisted chiefly of correspondence of the Consolidated Coal company, which does business in different places along the line of road. It was proven that Mr. Avery, the superintendent of the coal company, received a letter addressed care the railroad company which was not stamped. The case is interesting to those who use "R. R. B." envelopes for purposes other than railroad business.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MILAN AND NATALIE.

A Singularly Beautiful Woman and her Many Intrigues.

BELGRADE, Servia, July 12.—King Milan and Queen Natalie, have long attracted public attention, and a review of the career of these two people will prove interesting:

After 13 years of married life, the king and queen of Servia, have resolved definitely to sunder all matrimonial ties, and thus put an end to the succession of scandals which have disgraced the court of Belgrade ever since its elevation to royal rank in 1882. King Milan was extremely anxious to secure a full divorce, but the Holy synod turned a deaf ear to his petition, for not only is the orthodox Greek church extremely averse to the annulment of marriages, but, by reason of her Russian birth, Queen Natalie possesses the warmest sympathies of the clergy, who are Panslavists almost to a man. Consequently, the Servian sovereign has been obliged to content himself with a legal separation—a mensa et thoro, and the banishment of the queen from Servian territory. The Crown Prince, at present, with his mother at Wiesbaden, is in future to reside with his father, and for the next eight years—that is, until he attains his majority—he will be allowed to see her only once in every twelve months. Meanwhile Natalie refuses to surrender the boy.

It is difficult to determine on whom rests the main responsibility for the present unfortunate state of affairs. Husband and wife are equally dissolute and immoral. Neither of them was clever enough to realize that the only way in which the preposterous assumption of full blown royalty could be saved from ridicule and contempt, was by rendering the court at Belgrade respectable and decent—an example in fact, to the most depraved people of Europe.

King Milan's drunken habits, his ignominious cowardice on the field of battle and in private life, together with his low and gross debauchery, which, on more than one occasion, has led to his figuring before foreign tribunals as the defendant in unclean lawsuits, render him a singularly unlovable character. Nor can Natalie be regarded as the pattern model and example which every queen should strive to be to the womanhood of the country over which she reigns.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

A singularly beautiful woman is the queen of Servia. She possesses the large, lustrous eyes, the raven locks and the lithesome grace of the Danubian Tsigane, while her sensual red lips and headstrong manner betray her Slav origin. She is known as the Messalina of the Balkans, and is regarded as dissolute even in a country like Servia, the people of which are so depraved that they have no Servian synonym for the English word chastity. Of her numerous liaisons, that with Count Rudolph Hengelmuller, the former Austrian minister plenipotentiary to the court of Belgrade, was perhaps, the most notorious, and it will probably not have escaped notice that, in taking up her future residence at Wiesbaden, Queen Natalie has maneuvered so as to be within easy reach of the pretty capital in which her "cher ami" now represents the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Had Natalie, however, confined her misconduct to mere love intrigues, no one—in Servia, at any rate—would have raised any objections, least of all, her husband. She happens, however, to be the daughter of the Russian Col. Kechko, who is one of the principal leaders of the Panslavist party, a party which, as is well known, aims at the absorption of Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Roumelia into the Russian empire.

Devoted to the Czar's interests, Natalie has for years, and most especially since the war between Bulgaria and Servia, been the promoter, if not the actual ringleader, of the innumerable Panslavist plots for the overthrow of her husband and the succession to the throne of her little boy, with herself as Regent and the Czar of Russia as Suzerain.

SHE PROVES A TRAITOR.

The most recent of these plots took place a few weeks ago, and brought about the advent to office of the present Cabinet. As it was thoroughly characteristic of the way things are managed in Servia, a few lines on the subject may be of interest. The conspiracy was a most widespread one. An immense number of officers and several of the principal commanding generals, were at the head of the movement. King Milan was to be kidnapped and forced to sign an abdication, failing which he was to be murdered in cold blood, like his predecessor and uncle. The young Crown Prince, aged 12, was to be proclaimed King, and Queen Natalie regent. The whole of the cabinet then in power, headed by Prime Minister Gruich, a devoted adherent of Russia, were cognizant of the plot, and, in fact, tacitly sanctioned it, and the Archbishop of Belgrade and the other Servian prelates hailed with delight the end of Milan's reign. The revolution was to begin simultaneously at Belgrade, Tabatz and Pirot on the 29th of April, and orders had secretly been given that all women and children were to remain in doors on that day. On the 27th of April, that is, two days before the date fixed for the outbreak, the leader of the opposition in parliament, M. Custics, visited the king and disclosed to him not only the danger threatening his throne, but also the complicity of the cabinet ministers in the affair. Scared almost to death, Milan summoned Herr von Hengelmuller, the Austrian envoy, to the palace, and after solemnly placing himself under Austrian protection, implored him for advice as to what was to be done. At Herr von Hengelmuller's suggestion, he immediately dispatched letters dismissing M. Gruich and his colleagues, and appointed at midnight M. Christitch as prime minister in his palace. The new premier, whose proclivities, like those of the king, are thoroughly Austrian and anti-Russian, immediately took steps to checkmate the conspirators, and the projected revolution degenerated into a few comparatively, unimportant though sanguinary riots.

THE CAUSE OF THE RECENT TROUBLE.

It was the discovery of this plot that has been the immediate cause of the present definite rupture between Milan and his wife. It is unlikely, however, that the catastrophe of which the King stands in dread can be long averted. Austrian by education, relationship and in all his sympathies, Milan is thoroughly out of touch with his subjects, who one and all abhor Austria, and are thoroughly Russian in their proclivities. Both the royal and the national treasuries are empty, as the last three cabinets have feared, for political reasons, to force the peasants to pay the heavy arrears of taxes due. The present ministry, already unpopular throughout the country on account of its adoption of a pro-Austrian policy, has still further incurred popular hatred by the adoption of stringent measures for the recovery of all unpaid taxes, and the tenure of office is expected to be an exceedingly short one.

With the army, the clergy and the people against him, Milan would have abandoned his tottering throne long ago and retired to the delights of a life of pleasure, either at Vienna or Paris, had it not been for the Austrian government which insists on his remaining at his perilous post, sorely against his will. It must not be forgotten that the important Vienna Landerbank, one of the greatest financial establishments of Austria, has enormous sums of money invested in Servia, and altogether, apart from Austria's obvious political objections to Belgrade becoming a Russian fortress, the more or less direct absorption of King Milan's dominions by Russia would involve Austria in a widespread and terrible financial disaster. The crisis, however, is bound to come sooner or later, for Austrian and Russian interests are terribly antagonistic in Servia, and King Milan's subjects, being all members of the orthodox church, regard the Czar of Russia as their spiritual head, much in the same light as Catholics regard the Pope at Rome.

SERVIAN PECULIARITIES.

Before closing it may be well to mention two little incidents which will shed some light on Servian peculiarities. In the first place, no less than four days were wasted during the early part of the month of April last, by a discussion in the Skuptschina, or parliament, as to whether or not a tax should be levied on ladies' "bustles." So much for the triviality of the Servian politician. Secondly, the last cabinet crisis but one was brought about by the prime minister, who is a devoted friend of Queen Natalie, handing to the king in parliament a glass of water, which his majesty, after sniffing at it, suspiciously, publicly refused to drink, and which a subsequent analysis showed to contain a deadly poison.

Much more could be written on the subject of the singularly ill-assorted pair now occupying the Servian throne. Could anything, for instance, be more comical than Queen Natalie's loss of temper at the Easter court reception a year ago, when she publicly apostrophized the wife of a foreign envoy accredited to Servia, accusing her in loud and indignant tones, of being the Dubarry to Milan's Louis XV. Then again, the manner in which Queen Natalie was able to check and mysteriously arrest the onward march of the victorious Bulgarian army on Belgrade in 1885, reads almost like the Old Testament story of Judith and King Holofernes.

Belgrade is indeed a queer place. It is not monotonous; on the contrary, there is so much excitement in the place that all the foreign diplomatic corps have made a point of sending away their families, official archives and valuables, to a place of safety.

RESULTED IN A DUEL.

Boulanger and Floquet Fight With Swords.

PARIS, July 13.—At the session of the Chambers last night M. Boulanger moved a dissolution. The motion was rejected amid cheers and hisses. M. Boulanger immediately resigned his seat and left the hall, followed by a large number of his supporters.

M. Floquet criticised Boulanger for offering such a motion and in criticising the workers, when he had been habitually absent from his seat, and when he had been a hanger-on in the waiting-rooms of princes.

Boulanger, in wrath, said: "M. Floquet's speech is only the utterance of a badly educated school usher. He in no way alludes to the general policy of revision. He merely makes personal attacks. I tell him now, as I told him amid the noise, that he impudently lies."

When order had been restored, a vote of censure on Gen. Boulanger was adopted.

As was expected the insult offered by General Boulanger to Prime Minister Floquet in the chamber of deputies last evening resulted in a duel. The two gentlemen, attended by their seconds, met in the vicinity of Paris at 10 o'clock this morning. Swords were used and both combatants were wounded.

The duel occured on Count Dillon's estate at Neuilly-Sur-Seine, a short distance from the city. General Boulanger was wounded in the arm and neck. His wounds are not dangerous.

M. Floquet's hand was scratched by General Boulanger's sword. Further than this he was not touched.

M. Floquet's colleagues in the ministry were waiting at his house for news of the duel, and were overjoyed to see the Prime Minister return safe. He was given an ovation. A small crowd of Gen. Boulanger's followers were in front of his house when he reached home.

LATER DETAILS.

Later details of the duel are to the following effect: At the second encounter Gen. Boulanger was slightly wounded in the leg, and M. Floquet received a cut on the right hand.

After resting the men renewed the fighting for the third time. Gen. Boulanger made a lunge at M. Floquet's left breast, but only slightly touched the mark. Gen. Boulanger then received a wound in the throat which put an end to the encounter. The wound is a severe one, but on account of hemmorrhage the doctors are unable to decide whether it is likely to prove serious.

FIERCELY FOUGHT.

The duel was fiercely fought. General Boulanger tried hard to kill M. Floquet, and threw himself upon him again and again. When M. Floquet received the wound in the hand it began to bleed, the seconds proposed that the fight be discontinued, but both combatants refused to stop. It is now believed that the wound in General Boulanger's throat is a serious one.

M. Floquet received scratches on his hand, chest and foot.

His Condition Serious.

PARIS, July 13.—Dr. Monod, who is attending Gen. Boulanger, has issued a bulletin regarding his condition. It says there is a deep wound in the right side of the general's neck, and that it causes marked difficulty in his respiration. At present the doctor is unable to give an opinion as to what turn the case may take.

DRIVEN FROM GERMANY.

The Queen of Servia Forced to Leave That Country—Her Son, the Crown Prince of Servia, Taken From Her by Force.

BERLIN, July 13.—The German police have ordered Queen Natalie of Servia to leave Germany within 24 hours. They have also informed her that before departing she must surrender her boy, Prince Alexander, to M. Protics, who will take him back to Belgrade. The police will afterwards escort the Queen to the railway station at Wiesbaden and place her on a train bound for Vienna.

If the Queen attempts to resist these orders force will be used in carrying them out. Her majesty is prostrate, and her villa is surrounded by police.

WIESBADEN, July 13.—An officer attended by twenty policemen, entered Queen Natalie's villa at 10 o'clock this morning, and shortly afterward reappeared with young Prince Alexander, the Servian crown prince, and a lady of honor of the queen's suite. The two were bundled into a closed carriage and driven to the railway station, where the prince was handed over to M. Protics, chief of the Servian police, who placed him in a train.

In a few minutes M. Protics and his charge were on their way to Belgrade. The journey will be made without a break. It is believed the queen surrendered the boy without a struggle. A crowd cheered the prince when he was brought out of the house.

When the queen received notice from the police that she must part with her son she telegraphed to King Milan imploring him to allow the boy to remain with her another month.

The king, however, was incensed at the abrupt manner with which the queen had refused his conciliatory proposal for mediation, and telegraphed back to the crown prince's tutor that the boy must not remain with the queen a day longer.

The queen had planned to fly with the boy, and with this intention had ordered a special train. She failed to state her destination and the authorities refused to give her the train.

BAD NEWS FROM BERLIN.

Bismarck on His Knees Turning Out the Contents of Dr. Hovell's Trunk.

LONDON, July 14.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes the following sensational story from Berlin, which, although it has been denied by other papers appears to have some basis of truth: Very hateful rumors are flying about in Berlin which I hesitate to send without confirmation, but which I equally hesitate to withhold lest they prove to be true. It is well known that, as I saw with my own eyes, the moment Emperor Frederick's breath was out of the body there was a rush of soldiery to all the exits from the castle of Friedrichskron.

No one was allowed to leave and no one to enter for hours after the death. What was the object of this headlong and indecent blockade? It was more than hinted at the time that the intention was to secure any papers which the dead emperor had left behind him, and above all the sheets of the diary which he kept, recording his opinions on matters of state. Not a scrap of paper on which the deceased had written the commonest request or remarks (he was for a long time reduced to this means of communication) was allowed to remain in the possession of its recipients.

It is even said that the trunks of one of the doctors were seized at the frontier and sent back to Berlin to be overhauled at the Chancellor. It is a spectacle for nations, that of Prince Bismarck on his knees turning out the contents of Dr. Hovell's trunks. But it would awaken very different feelings if it were true, as is not unsparingly asserted in Berlin, that a high personage, who is near and dear to England, and who was nearest and dearest to the illustrious dead, is weeping at Friedrichskron in a palace which is in all but name a prison. Of course every one must hope that the story is an abominable fiction.

But wherever I go I hear on all sides that the Empress Victoria is virtually under arrest in her present residence. I fear that there is little doubt that her majesty is receiving very scant consideration at the hands of the men now in power.

We append some further notes bearing upon the same subject from our correspondent. It is well that England, and for that matter Europe, should know the nonsense which is being printed from day to day in the reptile press, so that England and Europe may know whence the rubbish is shot, and estimate it at its true value.

The situation, then, is this. The reptile press insinuate daily that the Emperor Frederick was deceived by Sir Morrell Mackenzie as to the real nature of his malady, that if he had known he was suffering from cancer he would not have ascended the throne but would have agreed to a regency. Secondly—The reptiles who cannot get over the dismissal of Herr Von Puttkamer from the ministry of the interior for his improper interference with the parliamentary elections, assert that the late emperor was unfit to rule during the last month those around him, and was used by them to further the views of a political party namely, the so-called "Freisinnig."

It is even asserted in the same infamous quarter that the letter which was the cause of Herr Von Puttkamer's resignation, was not written by the Emperor, that it was the work of the "Freisinnig" deputy, Herr Von Schrader, that it was handed by Herr Von Schrader's wife to a high personage in the Emperor's confidence, copied by that personage and signed by the Emperor without further consideration than could be bestowed by a man already almost in articulo mortis.

This reptile product is worthy to rank even above the recent epistolary achievements of the *Times*. No one who has lovingly studied the tragic life story of the hero of the battlefield and death chamber needs to be informed that he was a lover of freedom and justice from his youth up, and that it was the most natural thing in the world that he should dismiss from his service a politician who had distinguished himself, as his own supporters admit, by a long course of intimidation and of corrupt practices at the elections throughout the whole country.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE FALL OF THE BASTILE.

A General Celebration Throughout France To-day.

PARIS, July 14.—The taking of the bastile was celebrated throughout France to-day. In this city patriotic societies accompanied by bands and carrying banners, marched to the Strasburg statute and deposited wreaths upon it. The Patriotic League, headed by M. Deroulede, Laugerre, Laisant and Susini was received with mingled cries of "Vive Boulanger," "Vive La France" and "Vive La Republique." After leaving the Strasburg statue the societies visited the monument of Gambetta and the statue of Joan of Arc, which they also decorated with flowers. M. Deroulede in depositing a wreath upon Gambetta's monument, said: "We started from the statue of the Republic, we visited the statue of Strasburg, and we now confront the monument to the great patriot.

"Our pilgrimage has been more expensive than speeches. We know whether we are going—for the Republic, for Alsace-Lorraine." [Vive Boulanger.]

Two men were arrested for carrying posters which contained General Boulanger's portrait and bore the inscription, "Let all patriots assemble to night in the Palace de la Concorde."

BROKE HIS FAST.

Zachar Concludes to Eat Something After 53 Days of Starving.

CAPINE, Wis., July 12.—John Zachar, the Caledonian faster, after an abstinence from food for 53 days, has at last been induced to eat. His story is a most remarkable one, and although much has been said about it, true reason for his wonderful fast was not positively known until to-day.

Some time during last March or April, Zachar and his father had some difficulty in reference to wages or a distribution of property.

This so worked upon Zachar's mind that he became morose, and led him to undertake to starve himself. The estrangement of father and son was complete, for during the entire time of his fast, Zachar's father never visited him nor even inquired after his health. An old friend of the family learned the facts and arranged for a meeting between father and son, which took place yesterday. The two talked long and seriously over their difficulties, and finally matters were settled.

Then Zachar declared that he would eat and endeavor to live. Accordingly he was given a few spoonfuls of milk, although he did not retain it, and at intervals during the afternoon took milk with pulverized crackers in it. This did not seem to give him any pain but he could not retain a particle of the food.

He seems unusually bright and feels certain that he will live. Zachar presents a revolting appearance. He has not shaven since he commenced his fast, and his hair and beard hang down over his face. He is terribly emaciated, being reduced from 180 pounds to 90. His eyes are dull and heavy, the lids drooping down over them as though there was not sufficient strength to hold them up.

He reminds one of a person in the last stages of consumption. His skin is dry and is like parchment, while his bones protrude prominently from all parts of his body. In reference to the new turn taken by the case, local physicians say that it is probable that with proper care the patient will live and ultimately recover his former health.

The local profession do not look upon his fast as an absolutely genuine one, insisting that he must have taken substantial nourishment, because it would have been absolutely impossible for him to have lived so long. Those who have been with him constantly say he has taken no nourishment for 53 days.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

Transported Across the Deep in Edison's Phonograph.

NEW YORK, July 11.—A phonograph will arrive at Mr. Thomas A. Edison's laboratory at Llewellyn Park within a day or two, which, when it is allowed to give forth the sounds that are contained within it, will create no small degree of sensation. It contains the tones of the eloquent voice of William E. Gladstone, ex-premier of England, the "Grand Old Man" who is now Ireland's dearest advocate.

Still more, there is sealed up in the little instrument a song by the Diva Adelina Patti, and a speech by the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland. Mr. Edison sent this most perfect of all his phonographs to England some months ago with the idea of obtaining for the edification of the American people the sounds of the voices of the great English statesmen Gladstone and Balfour, as well as those of the divine Patti, whose last and only farewell tour is still fresh in the memory of all lovers of music in this country.

The mission was a success and the phonograph full of eloquence and song is almost hourly expected to arrive. When Mr. Edison shall finally turn the crank which shall unwind the skein of language and music, a treat may be expected, such as may never be experienced again until Gladstone, Balfour and Patti shall come in *propria persona*. When asked last evening as to the time of the phonograph's arrival Mr. Edison said: "It will be here by the next steamer."

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Mexican Flood Victims Living in Stables With No Food and Scarcely Any Clothing.

ST. LOUIS, July 12.—Late advices from Leon, Mexico, the principal scene of the great flood, says that "masses of people are packed in portals, stables and every available place of shelter, averaging one per cent. of less than of a square yard of space, with piles of Eag-matting laid on the ground for beds and a few miserable rags for cover. All able-bodied men have been forced away to work by the government. Rations of bread and meat are issued, and everything possible done to relieve the sufferings. Children up to twelve years of age are among these masses without a thread of clothing, and at night are wrapped in whatever rags the family have for covering. Anything whatever of food or clothing, no matter how poor, is received with extreme gratitude. In view of the nature of the buildings involved—they being constructed of adobe—and the great number of them which were destroyed, it is still believed that the bodies of many hundred people are still in the ruins. Some 500 were recovered, but the stench was so great that further search was abandoned.

The state board of pardons, at Columbus, O., has signed a recommendation asking President Cleveland to pardon from the Ohio penitentiary Ben. E. Hopkins, one of the officers of the late Fidelity bank at Cincinnati. The opinion is expressed that Hopkins cannot live more than a year.

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SC[illegible] SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE

WASHINGTON NEWS.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Senator Quay Made Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee.

NEW YORK, July 12.—(Special).—The Republican National committee held a very enthusiastic meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday. At the morning meeting the excellent prospects for Republican success at the polls in November were discussed. There was a pleasant rivalry for the chairmanship of the executive committee, but Senator Quay received the appointment. The executive committee is:

M. S. QUAY.

Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, chairman; State Senator J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, secretary; M. H. DeYoung, California; Samuel Fessenden, Connecticut; George R. Davis, Illinois; John C. New, Indiana; W. C. Goodloe, Kentucky; J. S. Clarkson, Iowa; J. Manchester Haynes, Maine; Garret A. Hobart, New Jersey; A. L. Conger, Ohio.

WILL NOT VETO IT.

The President Likes the River and Harbor Bill and it Will go Through.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—(Special.)—There does not appear to be any substantial basis for the report that the President purposes vetoing the River and Harbor bill.

The President was entirely satisfied with the bill as it left the House, and the members of the committee do not not believe he will veto it simply because the Senate has chosen to increase this amount one and a half millions. The bill is still in conference.

It is expected that the conferees will reach a favorable understanding tomorrow, or by Saturday at the latest, in which event it will probably reach the President before the close of the present week.

THE TIMBER QUESTION.

The Senate Committee Continues Its Investigation.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Frederick Meyerhauser, of Rock Island, Ill., head of large logging and milling interests, was examined by the Senate committee on Indian traderships last evening. He said that he had purchased from the Flambeau and Court du Oreille reservations about a hundred million feet of lumber during the last year and about as much the year before. The prices paid on the bank was from $7.34 to $8.35 which would be equivalent to about $2.50 to $3 stumpage to the Indians.

Witness—Companies never purchased directly from the Indians, but always from the middle men.

In reply to Senator Chandler, witness said he was president of the Chippewa Logging company—known, locally, as the Pools—the capital stock of which was $100,000, the chief stockholder being the Mississippi Logging company, of which witness is also the head.

The Chippewa company purchase logs and deliver them at cost to the stockholders in proportion to their stock. The Mississippi company was a milling company. The latter's capital is $1,075,000. The members of the pool never sold logs, but cut them all in their own mills.

The transit of logs from the reservation down the Chippewa to Beef Slough on the Mississippi, where the logs were made into rafts, cost 85 cents. The cost of working through the mills and preparing for market, was from $3.50 to $4. The average price received by witness for dimension or framing timber was from $12 to $13, the average for all lumber was from $14 to $15, though the price ranged from $5 to $40 per thousand.

There was, witness explained, a waste of from ten to fifteen per cent in logs between the reservation and the mill, due largely to decay. The average transit required three years. The highest price witness had paid for logs this year was ten dollars and a half, for a choice lot of large logs. These were worth from $12 to $13 at Beef Slough.

At midnight the committee was still in session.

THE COMING CENSUS.

The House Passes a Bill That Leaves Out Many Subjects Formerly Enumerated.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The House has passed the bill for taking the eleventh and subsequent censuses. The report accompanying the bill says: "In reporting this bill, the committee would state that in its salient features, it is the same bill, substantially, which provided for taking the tenth census." The publications of the tenth census number 22 volumes. The committee propose to omit publications on all subjects except on the following: Population and social statistics relating thereto; manufactures, mining, agriculture, mortality and vital statistics, valuation and public indebtedness, all of which are indispensible to the taking of the census.

Those which are omitted, although very useful for general information, political discussion and social science, are omitted because the same information may be gathered by and published from other bureaus of the government, and because they can well be dispensed with from this decennial census.

By an ingenious little amendment, the effect of which was not noticed by any of the members present, Mr. O'Neill, of Missouri, secured the increase of the wages of messengers and watchmen from $400 to $600 per annum. On motion of Mr. Conger, of Iowa, an amendment was adopted providing that in the appointment of enumerators, preference shall be given to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors.

Hon. George V. N. Lothrop Grows Weary of Being American Minister to Russia.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Mr. George V. N. Lothrop, the American minister to Russia, will shortly tender his resignation and return to America. This statement may be regarded as absolutely correct. There are two reasons which impel Mr. Lothrop to this course. One is his ill health, which is ill calculated to stand the climate of St. Petersburg. Another reason, and this is probably the more potent of the two, is that he is growing tired of his inactive diplomatic life.

His resignation has not been received at the state department, but even there, it is semi-officially understood to be in course of preparation. It is believed that Mr. Lothrop will reach the United States in time to participate in the pending Presidential campaign. Another diplomatic resignation which may be looked for before the close of the present year is that of Mr. Lambert Tree, of Chicago, the present United States minister to Belgium. Mr. Tree, like Judge Lothrop, is said to have grown tired of his foreign residence and is seriously contemplating a permanent return to this country.

CONTRACT LABOR.

Speaker Carlisle's Committee to Investigate Its Importation.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—(Special.)—Speaker Carlisle has selected as the committee to investigate the importation of contract laborers, convicts, paupers and other class of emigrants in violation of law, Messrs. Ford, of Michigan, chairman; Oates, of Alabama; Spinola, of New York; Morrow, of California, and Guenther of Wisconsin.

The committee may conduct its investigation at such times and places as it may deem proper, may sit through the recess of congress, send for persons and papers, etc.

No limitation is placed upon the amount of the expenditures of the committee. The committee will begin its investigations in New York as soon as it has organized. The first subject to be investigated will be the Italian immigration into New York city. The committee will visit the Pacific coast later to investigate the matter of Chinese immigration.

ON THE FREE LIST.

The House Refuses to Take Wool From Among the Non Dutiable Articles.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The call of states for the introduction of bills having been dispensed with, the House went into committee of the whole (Mr. Springer, of Illinois in the chair,) on the tariff bill, the woolen schedule being pending.

Mr. E. B. Taylor, of Ohio, in opposing the schedule, argued that the passage of the bill would not benefit the consumer of wool. It would not reduce the price of wool in this country after it had been in operation sufficiently long to destroy the home industry.

To be sure the placing of wool on the free list would reduce the revenue about $5,000,000, but that could be accomplished just as well, without injuring an industry, by taking that amount of gold and silver from the treasury and sinking it in the Potomac river.

The passage of this bill would absolutely destroy the main wool-raising industry of the country. It might not destroy that of California and Texas, but it would absolutely destroy that of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and the Northern states.

Wool has been placed on the free list simply because the President recommended it; and the President knew no more why he recommended it, than Dickens' fat boy know why he went to sleep so much.

Mr. Adams, of Illinois, spoke in favor of changing to January 1, 1889, the time when the free wool schedule shall go into effect.

Mr. Allen, of Massachusetts, sent to the clerk's desk and had read a letter from Mr. Whitman, president of the National association of wool manufacturers, stating that the wool manufacturers are opposed to the removal of the duty on foreign wool. The permanent success of the wool manufacturing industry, says Mr. Whitman, is dependent on the growth in this country of their principal raw material.

Mr. Jackson, of Pennsylvania, bore testimony that the wool manufacturers of Philadelphia were uncompromisingly opposed to free trade.

Mr. Kerr, of Iowa, called attention to the fact that the reduction of duty on wool in 1883 had resulted in an increase of revenue to the extent of $11,000,000 and he therefore favored a return to the tariff of 1867.

Mr. Anderson, of Iowa, said the self-constituted champions of American labor by declaring that the bill was an assault upon American industry were presenting a false issue to the country.

Mr. Williams, of Ohio, protested against the ruthless disregard of the interests of the farmers of Ohio and the the great Northwest, of Texas and the broad prairies of the Southwest, in placing wool on the free list.

THE WOOL QUESTION.

The House Refuses, by a Vote of 102 to 120, to Strike that Article from the Free List.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The committee of the whole has refused, by a vote of 102 to 120, to strike wool from the free list.

Weather Crop Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The Signal office weather crop bulletin issued to-day says: Reports from the corn and wheat states of the central valleys of the Northwest indicate that the weather during the past week has been favorable for the growing crops, especially corn, potatoes and grass, which have doubtless been generally improved by recent rains.

Staple crops in the Southern states have been very much improved by the favorable weather during the past week, and the late conditions are favorable for cotton in South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, and for cane and rice in Louisiana.

The harvesting of oats and flax in Kansas, wheat in Illinois and Southern Michigan, and of hay in Southern Minnesota, has generally been attended by favorable weather.

CONGRESS AT WORK.

Sunset Cox Paving the Way for a Campaign Speech at an Early Day.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—Sessions of the House were ordered for next Wednesday and Thursday nights for the consideration of bills reported respectively from the committee on labor and the committee on military affairs.

Mr. E. B. Taylor, of Ohio, attempted to obtain a night session for the consideration of general pension bills, but a call for the regular order made by Mr. Bland, of Missouri, operated as an objection.

Mr. Ford, of Michigan, from the committee on military affairs, reported back the resolution for the appointment of a special committee to investigate alleged evasions of the contract labor law.

In reply to a question by Mr. Vandever, of California, Mr. Ford stated that the resolution was broad enough in its scope to cover the subject of any evasion of the law against Chinese immigration.

Mr. Cox, of New York, called the attention of the House to the great necessity of this resolution, to correct the abuses now existing. There was an abnormal immigration to this country of men persuaded to come here by false and fraudulent pretenses.

Instead of there being an ordinary immigration from Italy, Italians were coming into this country at the rate of 80,000 a year under influences that should be inquired into. There has come to New York in one month 50,000 men who did not know our language, and who added nothing to our wealth and labor.

Mr. Morrow, of California, was glad that the House at last comprehended the evil besetting the country from unrestricted imigration.

The resolution was adopted.

Congress.

JULY 10.—Senate—Resolution agreed to: Directing the committee on Finance to inquire into and report, in connection with any bills raising or reducing revenue that may be referred to it, such measures as it may deem expedient to set aside, control, restrain or prohibit all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts or combinations that tend to prevent free and full competition in the production, manufacture or sale of articles of domestic growth or production, or of the sale of imported articles, or that are designated or tend to foster monopoly or to advance artificially the cost to the consumer of necessary articles of human life, with such penalties and forfeitures as will tend to preserve freedom of trade and production, the lowering of prices by such competition, and the full benefit designated by and hitherto conferred by the policy of the government to protect and encourage American industries by levying duties on imported goods. Mr. Hoar addressed the Senate on the fisheries question.

House—The day was spent discussing the Mills tariff bill.

July 11—Senate—The day was spent considering the conference report on the post-office appropriation bill and the Senate bill to provide for fortifications and other sea coast defenses, but without action upon the bill the Senate adjourned.

House—A conference was ordered on the land forfeiture bill, and Mr. Holman, of Indiana, Mr. Stone, of Missouri, and Mr. Payson, of Illinois, were appointed conferees. ....Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, submitted a report of disagreement on the agricultural appropriation bill, stating that the point of disagreement was the Senate amendment making an appropriation of $100,000 for sorghum sugar experiments....Mr. Ryan moved a concurrence in the Senate amendment. After debate his motion was agreed to—yeas 126, nays 95. This completes the consideration of the bill and it stands as finally passed....Mr. Clements, of Georgia, submitted the conference report on the District of Columbia appropriation and it was agreed to....The House then went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill.

July 12.—Senate—A bitter debate sprung up on question of printing the President's vetoes of pension bills. Mr. George advocated the ratification of the fisheries treaty.

House—Resolution adopted: For appointment of special committee to investigate alleged evasions of the contract labor law. The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Springer, of Illinois, in the chair) on the tariff bill, the agreement being that no vote should be taken on the pending wool schedule to-day.

July 13.—Senate—Bills passed: To authorize the building of a bridge across the Mississippi river at Wabash, Minn.; appropriating $200,000 for the location of a branch of the National Soldiers' home in Grant county, Indiana; approving certain acts of the Twenty-seventh Legislative Assembly of the territory of New Mexico (as to funded indebtedness).

The Senate then, at 12:30, went into an open executive session, and Mr. George resumed and finished the speech begun by him yesterday in favor of ratification of the fisheries treaty. He was followed by Mr. Dolph against the measure. Adjourned to Monday.

House—Bill passed: For the investigation of the mining debris question in California. Mr. Blount (Ga.) submitted the conference report on the postoffice appropriation bill. An agreement has been arrived at on all the amendments except that known as the "subsidy" amendment. The rate of postage on seeds, plants, bulbs, roots and scions had been fixed at one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. The report was agreed to, and then Mr. Bingham, of Pennsylvania, moved to concur in the Senate "subsidy" amendment, with an amendment reducing the appropriation from $800,000 to $450,000; authorizing the postmaster general to increase the mail facilities, not only between the United States and Central and South America and the West Indies, but between the United States and China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands and Australasia, and providing that American ships carrying the mails shall be allowed four times the rate of compensation they now receive. A long debate ensued.

July 14.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Discussed the tariff bill.

July 16.—Senate—A number of bills were reported and referred. Bills passed: Appropriating $25,000 for the purpose of erecting a monument to Gen. George Rogers Clark in the city of Louisville, Ky., (instead of in Washington, D. C.), in recognition of his eminent services to his country in the occupation and conquest of the Northwestern territory during the revolutionary war.

House—The tariff bill was further debated, and the motion to strike free wool from the list was defeated—102 to 120.

POLITICAL.

REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

The New York State League Met in Saratoga Last Night.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 12.—The State convention of Republican clubs met here last evening, President R. R. Hefford, of Buffalo, in the chair. President James P. Foster, of the National league of Republican clubs, was invited to the platform and spoke briefly. The speaker said he came there to speak words of encouragement. There were, he said, 13,000 school districts in the state, and it was proposed to organize a Republican club in every one of them in which there are twenty or more Republican voters. In this way the questions at issue would be brought directly home to the people.

Pres. Hefford, following Mr. Foster, addressed the convention. He outlined the possibilities of liberal education and Republicanization of the people by work of these league clubs. The Republican party was lauded because of its record and the convention was congratulated upon what the speaker deemed its bright future.

Resolutions were adopted pledging support to Harrison and Morton; approving the policy of protection; appealing to Republicans to organize; disclaiming all right to representation at conventions as a body, and making each club responsible for the result of the coming election in its own district.

The Democrats.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—Chairman Barnum has made the following announcement: "In accordance with the resolution of the Democratic National Committee, adopted June 26, 1888, empowering the chairman to appoint a campaign committee, I have this day appointed the following gentlemen as such committee: William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania; Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland; Matt W. Ransom, of North Carolina; Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio; John S. Barbour, of Virginia; Herman Oelrichs, of New York; Miles Ross, of New Jersey; Arthur Sewell, of Maine; Erskine M. Phelps, of Illinois. There will be a meeting of the campaign committee at the headquarters of the National Democratic committee, No. 10 West Twenty-ninth street, New York City, on Tuesday, July 17, 1888, at 11 o'clock a. m."

AMERICAN PARTY CALL.

The National Convention will be Held at Washington August 14.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The executive committee of the National American party issued the following call yesterday afternoon: A national convention of the American party will be held in Washington on the 14th of August, 1888, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President, and for the transaction of such of its business as may probably come before it. Delegates, not exceeding two from each Congressional district, each territory, and the District of Columbia, and from each state at large, bearing credentials from an American organization, association, club, order or society, whose objects are in accord with the principles of the American party, will be admitted to seats in the convention.

Gov. Sharp says that, in all probability, the platform to be adopted will not differ essentially from that adopted at Philadelphia last year. In all its important features, the present system of tariff will no doubt be indorsed, and the temperance question will not likely be touched upon.

GENERAL HARRISON'S HEALTHS.

He Will be on Deck Again on Thursday to Receive Visiting Clubs.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 16.—General Harrison and his family passed a very quiet Sabbath within doors. The general arose at his accustomed hour this morning feeling much better than yesterday. On the advice of his physician he remained in doors all day and did not attend church. If kept under the doctor's care the general expressed the hope that in a few days he should feel so fully recovered from his indisposition as to be no longer considered by his family and friends a sick man.

Mrs. Harrison has also recovered very largely from the fatigue of last week and her illness of yesterday. Baby McKee, who has not yet been named, and her mother continue to progress favorably. Telegrams and letters of inquiry continue to pour in upon Gen. Harrison from surrounding cities asking him to fix a time when political clubs may call on him. He has promised to receive the clubs and visiting citizens from Springfield, Monticello and Decatur, Ill., next Thursday afternoon and evening. This is the only date for the coming week that has been filled, but numerous clubs are expected to arrive on short notice during the week from neighboring towns and cities.

A PAPAL LETTER

Read in all the Churches of the Dublin Diocese Yesterday.

DUBLIN, July 16.—A Papal encyclical was read yesterday in all the churches of the diocese of Dublin. It stated that the Pope was grieved to learn that meetings had been held in Ireland, whereat dangerous opinions regarding his recent decree had been uttered. The statement was made that the decree had been prepared without sufficient inquiry. On the contrary, the decree was based on the most complete information obtainable. The Pope had held interviews with the bishops of Ireland, and sent a trusted delegate to Ireland to observe for himself. The Pope reiterates his affection for the Irish. He has always urged them, says the encyclical, to keep within the bounds of justice and right. The bishops must remove the misconception regarding the decree and leave no doubt of its force. The whole system of the plan of campaign and boycotting is condemned as unlawful.

A letter written by Archbishop Walsh accompanied the encyclical, which says that the agitation referred to has now ended under the resolutions of the bishops. Hope has arisen during the past few days, says the letter, that before the close of the session of Parliament provision will be made for the more urgent needs of the hour. The people may wait in peace for further legislation on Irish affairs during the next session.

The encyclical was dated June 24. It causes intense dissatisfaction among the people. The communicants in the church at Bray were so offended that they got up and left the church during the reading of it.

HE "GUYED" GROVER.

And as a Result Is Now in Quest of Another Situation.

OMAHA, Neb., July 17.—A young clerk in the County Treasurer's office has just lost his position for trying to be facetious with President Cleveland. A week ago, in making out notices to interested property owners of an increase in the assessment, he came across the name of Frances Folsom. A fellow clerk suggested that as the lady was now Mrs Cleveland he should send the notification to the President. He accordingly wrote out the usual formal notice, addressing it to "Mr. Grover Cleveland, D. P. H. S. A.; G. U. S. A.; G. A. R., etc., Washington, D. C." and signed county clerk Roche's name to it.

Yesterday, to the surprise and chagrin of Mr. Roche, who is a Democrat and an ardent Cleveland man, he received a letter from the Executive inclosing the postal card. The communication, which was in the President's own handwriting, stated that the property referred to probably belonged to his wife, but suggested that notification had been sent rather late, as it was mailed on the 7th and appearance was to be made on the 9th. The letter was written in a good-humored vein, and concluded: "I have noticed the additions to my address, and am at a loss to know what they mean. Can you explain them to me?"

Mr. Roche at once wrote back explaining the matter, and apologizing for the flippant use of the President's name. The facetious clerk is looking for another situation.

THE STRIKE BROKEN.

The Amalgamated Wins the Fight—The Remaining Fifty Will Sign the Scale Tuesday.

PITTSBURG, July 14.—The great iron lock-out is practically over and before the end of next week a general resumption of the mills is expected. There are still 50 firms in the manufacturers association that have not yet granted the demands of the workmen.

A meeting of these firms will probably be held here on Tuesday, when it is presumed that they will decide to sign the scale. They still claim that the wages demanded by the Amalgamated association are excessive, and that some mills will have to close down indefinitely.

WENT THROUGH A TRESTLE.

Five Persons Killed and Forty More Badly Injured in an Accident.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., July 12.—A terrible accident occurred on the Virginia Midland railroad early this morning.

The through southern train that left here at 11:25 last night went through a trestle between Orange Court House and Barboursville and fell a distance of fifteen feet, killing five persons and wounding upwards of forty, some severely.

Among the killed is Cornelius Cox, of the engineer department of the road. The train hands were all more or less hurt, but none seriously.

DUN'S REPORT.

Business is Still Dull but Prospects are Encouraging.

NEW YORK, July 14.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Quiet hopefulness prevails. That business now is dull everybody realizes. That it is going to be good, more favorable crop prospects lead people to hope. Then it is felt that the chances of a change of tariff lessen as the weeks pass, leaving less time for argument between the two houses of Congrss and thus an important element of doubt as to trade for the next half year is, in part removed.

In financial markets there is nowhere a disturbance, though the unprecedented volume of loans at New York raises questions that are not yet answered. There is no present expansion of legitimate trade to explain it, and if important speculations are preparing, they are well concealed.

The reports from interior points all reflect a hopeful spirit, with most frequent reference to the improved crop prospects.

As to cotton, there are some contradictions. In the Mississippi valley too much rain is by some reported, with consequent excess of weeds.

Corn and oats would probably exceed any previous yield if the weather should prove entirely favorable from this time onward through harvest, but the point of greatest danger is not yet passed.

The hay crop at the East is ample, and the latest reports are decidedly more encouraging as to the wheat.

Prices are half a cent higher than a week ago for oats, 1c lower for corn, and one for wheat, partly because a broker at Chicago fell down stairs and was reported hurt. When a market is affected by such rumors, prices are not of much value. In all directions the influence of mere speculation upon values is just now an unhealthy sign.

Stocks have advanced, the more active averaging about $2 per share higher than a week ago, and yet the course of events would have justified some decline.

The renewal of the railroad strike at Chicago and Kansas City is thought serious; the cutting of rates has been so great as to lessen receipts materially, and the later reports of earnings begin to indicate some loss in comparison with last year. But when the speculator can make the outsider believe that a "boom" is at hand, reasons and earnings count for little, and it is the nature of speculative markets to rise when events are unfavorable.

Cotton has risen 3-16s, and the movement seems to be taking the form of a "corner" on near deliveries.

Hogs, eggs and potatoes are higher, while coffee is a half cent lower than last week.

The industrial outlook is not entirely cheering, though the strike of iron workers seems likely to last little longer.

The statements of iron furnaces in blast July 1, show a decline of 7,343 tons weekly, or 6 per cent since June 1, or 30,175 tons weekly, or 21 per cent since November 1. As this decline has been gradual, the output for the half year appears to be 11 per cent smaller than for the last half of 1887. Prices do not change, though the common grades are freely offered at low figures.

An advance in circular prices of coal is expected, and the eastern demand improves.

The cotton manufacture still holds prices well with an advance in a few grades, but the outlook for woolens does not change.

The closing of the Bigelow carpet mills puts 3,000 persons out of work for a time, and, following the closing of the Lowell mills, is supposed to indicate over supply.

The decline in building trades is illustrated by New York's returns of 1,647 new buildings for the half year, costing $25,500,000 against 2,043 for the first half year, costing $47,300,000.

Exports for the first week in July were $1,600,000 smaller from this port than for the same week last year, but returns for June show an increase of $6,800,000 in exports of cotton from principal ports, with a decrease of $700,000 in export of oil.

Foreign exchange is weaker, and the supply of foreign capital coming hitherward has not ceased.

The treasury has also added $3,700,000 to the market supply by disbursements exceeding receipts during the past week, and money is abundant, not only here, but at every other point reporting. In almost every instance also, collections are now reported as satisfactory or improving.

Business failures during the past seven days number: United States, 216; Canada, 24; total, 240 failures, as compared with 214 last week and 170 for the corresponding week of last year.

WANTS NO FREE TRADE.

The Richest Man in Cleveland Drops From the Democratic Ranks—He Prefers Protection to Ruin.

CLEVELAND, O., July 14.—J. H. Wade, the wealthiest man in Cleveland, has declared his intention to vote for Harrison and Morton. Mr Wade is president of the Valley Railway company, director in the Cleveland Rolling Mill company, president of the Citizens' Savings and Loan association, and is prominently connected with nearly every large business enterprise in this city. He built the first telegraph line west of Buffalo, and has occupied a very prominent position for many years in commercial and industrial circles east and west. He has always been a Democrat, and is a warm personal and has always been a devoted political friend of Senator H. B. Payne, who, by the way, is also a member of the directory of the Cleveland Rolling Mill company. Excepting Senator Payne, Mr. Wade has been regarded for years as the most distinguished Democrat in Northern Ohio.

When informed to-day that it was reported he intended to vote for Harrison and Morton he said, with considerable emphasis:

"Yes, I shall vote with the Republicans this autumn. I made up my mind to vote against President Cleveland when he put out his free trade proclamation. I am going to vote for protection as against ruin. If adopted, I believe that the United States would be plunged into a condition of depression that would be nothing less than ruin. I know something of what free trade is and what its results are."

"Do you know of any other Democrats like yourself who have come out for protection?"

"Yes, I know of many in this vicinity. Their names I do not feel at liberty to give, but there are not a few of them. Besides, I see that all over the country the protectionists are dividing themselves from the free traders, regardless of politics."

"Do you care to venture an opinion as to the outcome of the election?"

"I should hardly like to do so, not having made a very careful study of the situation. I am inclined to base my hopes for success upon the good sense of the American people. They can hardly fail to see what is to their interests, and to vote accordingly. My opinion of the Republican party? Well, it is a good one, but then I might almost say that both tickets are unexceptional. As has been so often said, the campaign will probably not be one of personalities, but of principles. Yes, I believe that Morton will make a fine run in New York, where he is so highly regarded by the business men."

A call was also made upon Mr. Charles A. Otis, president of the Otis Iron and Steel company, and formerly mayor of this city. Mr. Otis has been a staunch Democrat, but there have been rumors that he would not vote for Cleveland this year. The reporter asked for a confirmation or denial of these reports. "I have been thinking over the subject considerably," said Mr. Otis, "but have come to no definite conclusion. I can't say whether I will vote for Harrison or for Cleveland, because I don't know myself." An intimate friend of Mr. Otis declares that he will vote for Harrison.

PREDICTS SUCCESS.

General Noyes Points to the Flattering Prospects of Republican Victory.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., July 17.—Ex-Governor Noyes was in the city last evening and left on a late train for his home in Cincinnati. In a talk on the political outlook he said: "Although I was a Sherman man at the Chicago convention, the ticket nominated is a most excellent one and I intend going on the stump and doing everything I can to elect it. We are going to carry West Virginia sure. I was over there the other day and stopped at several places. They are full of enthusiasm and confident of having a respectable Republican majority.

"At Wheeling I was told of a number of leading Democrats who would vote the Republican ticket, and thus I find it everywhere, while there are no deserters from the Republican ranks. The mugwumps, with George William Curtis, are going where they belong, into the Democratic ranks, and certainly we don't want them. We are going to carry New York and North and South Carolina."

"Will the Republicans carry California?"

"There is no doubt of it. While they wanted Blaine until they knew he would not accept they voted solidly for Harrison. Blaine will probably make a flying trip to the Pacific coast. He will speak in New York, Indiana, West Virginia and may go farther south."

George J. Gould says: "There have been negotiations for a settlement of the cable war," but, he added, "nothing has been concluded yet, although an announcement is likely to be made at any time."

THE "Q." TROUBLES.

The Greatest Sensation yet Produced in the Dynamite Cases.

CHICAGO, July 14.—It is understood that Bowles has told the prosecution facts which will make the convictions of Hoge certain. Chairman Hoge it would seem is the man they are really after, not only as a blow they wish to strike at the Brotherhood but because the road officials dislike him personally. The other defendants they are favorably disposed towards. The text of the "squeal" was not made public, but it was important enough to necessitate the postponement of the case before the Federal court as well as in the State tribunal.

It is certain that when the three jail prisoners, Bowles, Broderick and Wilson, were brought over from the jail this morning and put in the cage in the marshal's office, Bowles sent word that he wanted to see the district attorney. He was taken to Mr. Ewing's office, and there confessed to General Manager Stone, Inspector Bonfield and Attorney Collier.

The only direct intimation as to the nature of the confession was a well defined rumor that a United States warrant had been issued for the arrest of Hoge, who is out on $1,500 bonds under the conspiracy charge brought under the state law.

The crowd waiting in the federal court room was again large and chiefly composed of brotherhood men, whose looks of sympathy cast on the prisoners as they were brought in indicated their appreciation of the danger their comrades were in.

Bowles came in with the district attorney and took a seat beside him opposite the other prisoners, who flashed vindictive and contemptuous looks at him.

He was visibly agitated and moved restlessly in his seat, keeping his eyes bent upon the floor. Before the attorneys for the brotherhood had a chance to interpose, Bowles, still trembling, was induced by the district attorney to arise quickly and waive examination. A sensation also ensued.

The Brotherhood attorneys, Donohue and David, protested loudly that they had been treated with great unfairness and given no show from the very outset of the trial.

Lawyer David hotly denounced Commissioner Hoyne, declaring:

"We could expect nothing else from this court and have received nothing else."

The commissioner ordered that David be arrested by the marshal, but the latter did not comply and David consequently made a Pickwickian apology to the court.

Bowles was released in $5,000 bail. The court adjourned. The prisoner Wilson savagely denounced Bowles, ridiculing the idea that the latter was innocent and exclaiming "The chickenheart, he has laid down."

THEY FOUND THE BOMB

Where Bowles Told Them It Was Concealed—Another Arrest Made.

GALESBURG, Ill., July 17.—United States Marshal Marsh and two deputies brought informer Bowles here to-day to test the truth of his story that a dynamite cartridge had been placed on the Burlington track northeast of here and subsequently, in consequence of fear of results had been concealed in a hedge near by.

The officers and railroad officials and a number of municipal officers and citizens went to the spot that Bowles indicated, and after considerable digging found the dynamite cartridge.

It is of the Hercules kind, and has caps at both ends. It is now in the hands of the railroad officials. The sheriff and other officers then went to the home of George Clarke, one of the leading Brotherhood engineers, and put him under arrest on a states warrant. Clark made no resistance, and would say nothing save to assert his innocence.

HOW THEY WILL COMPROMISE.

The "Q" Company Will Not Take Back Men Who Have Used or Favored Violence—No Criminal Proceedings will be Stopped.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Speaking to a reporter regarding yesterday's conference with the representatives of the Engineer's and Firemen's Brotherhoods, General Freight Agent Morton said, that, while the railroad people are desirous that the strike should be declared off by the Brotherhood, yet they have no intention of compromising any of the pending criminal suits, nor could they if they would.

Proceedings have been begun and they must take their courses. Nothing was said or done at the conference to justify the belief that there will be any compromise which will release any one now under arrest. On the contrary, another man will be arrested at Galesburg to-day, the last one against whom the company has strong evidence.

"All that the company will do if the strike is declared off," added Mr. Morton, "is to take back all the brotherhood men it consistently can—men who have taken no violent part in the troubles. There is probably room for 150. There will soon be another conference at which a final agreement may be reached."

HE HAD A BOMB.

A Strange Story Comes From Nebraska on the Line of the "Q."

OMAHA, Neb., July 17.—One night last week a train on the Burlington & Missouri, consisting of a half-dozen cars, was derailed at Gibson by an obstruction placed upon the track. While engaged in assisting in the work of putting the cars on the track, a watchman says that he saw a man light something with a cigar, and turn and swiftly disappear.

Hastening to the spot where he had stood the watchman says he found a fuse burning, and by prompt action extinguished it. It was then discovered that the fuse was attached to a can which contained perhaps one-half pound of powder which was tamped in with coal.

The bomb, if it may be called such, was taken in charge by the watchman and turned over to the officials of the company. It is reported the man who committed the act is well known and will be arrested shortly.

Chief Arthur Talks.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Chief Arthur to-day said in the course of conversation that he would not and did not countenance any violence whatever on the part of members of the Brotherhood against the Burlington railroad. Continuing, he said: "I am very sorry to think that any member of our Order has done an overt act. I do not know as yet whether the strike will be declared off or not."

Mr. Arthur subsequently said that if it was proven that any members of the Brotherhood had used violent means to gain the ends desired, that man would be summarily expelled from the order.

Grand Chief Sargent remarked that last night he had a very pleasant talk with "Q" officials which might lead to a settlement of the troubles. "Mind," he continued, "I don't say it will, but it may."

COTTON BAG COMBINE.

A New Trust of Gigantic Proportions About to be Formed.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The *Times* says: The manufacturers and dealers in cotton bagging have formed a combination for the purpose of controlling the market and putting up the prices. Although the association is not exactly in the nature of a trust it will in all probability have much the same effect that the sugar combine has among the refiners.

There are in the United States about thirteen large establishments where the bagging is made for supplying the planters and packers with covering for the baled cotton. At the offices of the new England and the Brooklyn manufacturers in this city it was stated that the manufacturers and dealers were refusing to sell any large amounts of bagging until they can regulate the prices to suit themselves.

The attitude of the "combine" has caused a great deal of uneasiness among the cotton men in the South, and the latter are endeavoring to devise some practical method to arrest the advance in prices and break up a corner in the market. The consumers who wish to put in a supply against the approaching busy season may be compelled to wait until late in August before they can get their orders filled.

Warned Against Partisanship.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 17.—Commander-in-Chief Rea, of the G. A. R., to-day issued general order No. 9, calling attention of members to Article XI, Chapter 5, of Rules and Regulations, which provides for the non-partisan character of the order, and follows it up with a special caution to the veterans to avoid the appearance of partisanship by refraining from wearing G. A. R. uniforms at political meetings. The order is the result of a good deal of gossip over the formation of an Old Soldiers' Harrison and Morton club here, and the candidacy of State Commander James Ege for the office of Sheriff. The club has nothing to do with the G. A. R., however.

Thinks the White Pasha is Emin Bey.

PARIS, July 17.—The explorer, Burton, in an interview here stated that he believes the white Pasha who has arrived in the Bahr-El-Gazel province is Emin Bey, and not Henry M. Stanley. He thinks Emin Bey is striking northwards. Burton is of the opinion that Stanley's force is not strong enough to attempt an attack upon Khartoum.

THE COFFEE POT.

Some Figures of Interest to the Thousands Who Like the Beverage—The Coming Crop.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Concerning the advice of Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, to the members of that organization to abstain from the use of coffee as a beverage, because certain speculators had effected a corner in the fragrant bean, a reporter saw a number of coffee dealers yesterday. They all agreed that there was no corner in the sense of that term. However, they were pretty unanimous in denouncing the Coffee Exchange, where wind is traded in, and which occasionally runs the market. In New York last year, in round numbers, there were bought and sold 27,000,000 bags of coffee on 'Change, while there was actually delivered but 500,000 bags.

Henry Fitch, speaking of the communication of Mr. Powderly, said:

"That gentleman once entered edicts against liquor drinking, but he did not bring on a very extensive temperance reform. Coffee is the laboring man's and the farmer's mainstay. Every laborer in the world, except, perhaps, in Ireland and Russia, drinks coffee for breakfast. Why, there is no corner in coffee. The bears in New York sold more coffee during April and May for delivery in June, than they could deliver, because the coffee was not in the country. Of course on the last day of June they ran coffee up to 21 cents, but a settlement was made at 18, which was 5 or 6 cents above the market price."

"But wasn't there a corner a year ago?" interposed the reporter.

"It is as impossible to corner coffee as it is to control the Atlantic ocean. Last year the Brazil crop was short, and the Brazilians made more money than anybody else. In June, 1887, the speculators got into the market and ran coffee up 5 cents above the prevailing price. When the market broke a good many speculators who were long went broke too. Now the average Brazilian coffee crop is from 6,000,000 to 6,500,000 bags. That is the coffee of the masses, and the crop of 1887–8 was but 2,500,000 bags. In the United States alone the annual consumption of Brazilian coffee is 3,000,000 bags, or 250,000 bags a month. As the crop fell 500,000 bags short of that, you can see that the surplus coffee all over the world was brought into use and its value enhanced. The prices for the past year ranged from 15 to 16 cents for Brazil coffees, but in June, 1887, the prices were run up by the bulls to an average of 23 cents, which was too high, and the market, like water, soon found its level.

"After that the market was crowded down as much too low as it had been too high, options selling as low as 9 cents, while coffee was actually selling at 12½ cents. Coffee now ranges about that figure, and is getting back to a steady level. The harvesting of the new crop in Brazil has just commenced, and it promises to be up to a full average. But the visible supply is 3,500,000 bags short of what it was at this time last year.

"Now, as to Java and Mocha coffees, they are not used by the masses. Their coffee is Rio, which retails green at about 17 or 18 cents ordinarily, according to quality, and sells roasted at about 20 cents a pound. That is the price now, I think, and it is not too high, nor is it likely to be higher. The shrinkage in roasting is from 15 to 17 per cent., and the grocer figures to make about 2 cents a pound upon all the coffee he sells.

"There is no bigger humbug than than this Mocha business in the trade. There is no Mocha coffee in the market to speak of. It is an Arabian coffee that comes from Aden, on the Red Sea. It is grown in a territory smaller than Cook county, and it really has no merit, except its smell, which is very delicious. There are plenty of coffees to drink that are much finer and richer than Mocha. There are the Javas, the Gautemalas, the Maracabos, the Mexican and other Central American berries, of which very little comes to us here. Maracaibos take the place of Javas. They make a mild, nice drink. The Guatemala and Mexican will average with them in quality.

"Returning to the first proposition, the people's coffee, I want to insist that all the trouble that we now have in the trade grew out of the short crop of 1887.

"There are 600,000 retail grocers in the United States who carry usually on an average two bags each of Brazil coffee, that would make 1,200,000 bags, which we call the invisible supply. Ever since the price of coffees went up these grocers have been carrying as little as possible, and I don't believe that the average will be a bag to each grocer, and now it is estimated that the invisible supply is 1,000,000 bags less than it would be under ordinary circumstances. It is hard to tell the prices of the future, because the future has, in a measure, been discontinued. It will be nearly three months before the effect of the new crop will be felt, and since yesterday the market has advanced one cent in Rio and three-quarters of a cent in Santos.

"The speculative demand on 'Change in New York has little or no effect on the legitimate market, though constant banging of wind sometimes effects cargoes of 5,000 or 10,000 which may be afloat.

"Coffee drinkers need not have no unnecessary alarm about fabulous prices, for such cannot be made nor could they be sustained. The law of supply and demand finally regulates it all, as has been shown here in wheat. Scant crops make high prices and large crops low prices. We will have a good crop this year. The Americans are the largest coffee and tea consumers in the world. England and Russia come next as tea consumers. The French use tea only as medicine. The Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards and the Scandinavian nations are all great coffee drinkers, and they all drink the Rio coffees. Holland takes most of the Javas."

A LONG TRIAL.

A Man Goes Through Forty-three Terms of Court and is Cleared From a Charge of Murder.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 14.—Twenty-three years ago the wife of Wm. Hall, a farmer living in Cherokee county, Alabama, was murdered. Hall was arrested for the crime. He was twice tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, but each time succeeded in getting a new trial. Thirteen years after the murder the indictment against Hall was nollepressed, but soon afterwards another was returned, thus for nearly ten years vain effort was made to have a third trial. Hall has attended forty-five terms of court to answer the charge and the case has cost the county over $20,000. Last week the case was taken up for the third time, and the jury, after being out two days and nights, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

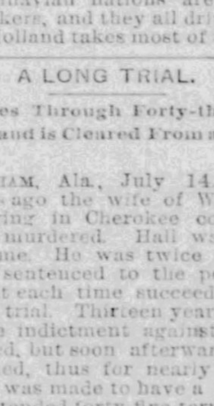
THE ARKANSAS TROUBLE.

Little Rock Has No Sympathy for the White Mob.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 17.—David Ferguson, county clerk of Crittenden county, J. R. Rooks, assessor, and N. W. Mitchum, attorney, who were run out of the county during the race troubles between whites and blacks at Marion, Ark., last week, have arrived here and had an interview with Gov. Hughes, giving him a lengthy account of the trouble. Suit will be brought against all the whites who comprised the mob, and there is a possibility of still more serious trouble growing out of the matter. Public opinion at this place generally condemns the resort by the whites to mob violence.

The four brotherhoods of locomotive engineers, firemen, switchmen and brakemen of Minnesota will hold a meeting next month to consider a plan of amalgamation.

ROYAL



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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

SPRECKLES SCORES A VICTORY.

The Sugar Trust at His Mercy, While He Increases His Wealth by Millions.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14.—(Special.)—When Claus Spreckles announced that he would fight the great sugar trust single-handed, every one prophesied he would soon come to grief in spite of his millions. Now the first victory for Spreckles in the fight must be recorded. When the trust was formed a few months ago, the officers began not only to corner refined sugars, but to include in the squeeze the raw product.

They, of course, pinched the producer as well as the consumers. The result of this was that they boomed the raw raw article, but caused hand to mouth buying of the refined product. Claus Spreckels saw through the little game, and quickly capitalizing his resources bought all the raw sugar he could secure.

Now the refiners find that they have largely oversold refined sugars; that the raw product is beyond their reach; and they are obliged to send to Europe for raw material.

From New York comes the news to-day that they refuse to make any prices on refined sugars. There has been an advance of 1¼ cents per pound in the price of refined sugars within the past six weeks.

Of course this advance is largely due to the concentration of the raw product and the consequent inability of the trust to secure raw material for their refineries.

Some time ago Mr. Spreckles contracted for 50,000 tons of raw sugar from Manilla, and on this transaction alone he can realize $40,000 per ton, or $2,000,000 in the aggregate. A dispatch received here Thursday night said Claus Spreckles had joined the sugar trust, but his son here denies it and says Spreckles is just getting into good fighting trim.

THE PARIS EXPO.

The United States Commissioners Open an Office in New York.

NEW YORK, July 16.—Gen. Wm. B. Franklin and Mr. Somerville P. Tuck have respectively qualified as commissioner-general and assistant commissioner-general to represent the United States at the Paris exposition of 1889, and have established their office at No. 35 Wall street, this city.

Notification has been given by the secretary of State to the governors of the several states and territories that their people may assist in the proper representation of the products of our industries and national resources.

The several executive departments of the government have also been requested to take such measures as may be necessary for an exhibit from each of them. The commission has received official communications, pamphlets and circulars from the French authorities, and will, as soon as possible, invite applications for space from American exhibitors, giving them, at the same time, full information as to the manner of preparing and forwarding exhibits, the date when they must be ready, and other needed details. The exposition opens May 5th and closes October 31st, 1889.

SCULLY MUST GO.

The Alien Land Owner and Rack-Renter Selling His Holdings in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 13.—(Special.)—It is learned that landlord Scully is about to sell his Illinois holdings. He owns 4,000 acres in Sangamon, 15,000 acres in Logan and 10,000 acres in McLean and other counties, on which he has for several years past carried on the Irish rack-renting system.

Last year two bills were introduced in the legislature, looking to the extirpation of alien Scully and his system. The measures passed after a hard fight, and were at once approved by the governor.

Under the provisions of these acts alien land owners were bound to dispose of their realty within six years, under penalty of forfeiture, unless in the meantime they became citizens of the United States.

Scully's American representative is now preparing to sell all the land owned by him in Illinois. It comprises some of the richest farming land in the state. Scully also has enormous tracts of lands in Nebraska and Kansas where the same system of rack renting is pursued.

GEN. HARRISON OUT.

He Drove to His Office To-day and is Reported Well.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 17.—Gen. Harrison rose early this morning in excellent spirits and health. There has been no recurrence of the neuralgic pains. After spending a couple of hours with his secretaries, the general ordered his carriage and drove down to his law office, where he spent an hour. This is the first time he has ventured out since last Wednesday. His family and neighbors have about ceased to longer regard him as a sick man.

Mexican War Pensioners.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Favorable action has been taken by the House Committee on Military Affairs on Representative Lee's resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior for information relative to the treatment of the applications for pension of officers of the United States Navy and Marine Corps who served honorably through the Mexican war, but whose names were dropped from the rolls because of their action in joining the Confederate forces. It is stated the Commissioner of Pensions has refused to grant applications for pension in such cases.

LATER.—The resolution was reported to the House and adopted.

Five Hundred Lives Lost.

LONDON, July 14.—A dispatch from Cape Town, Africa, says that the Debeers coal mine at Kimberly caught fire yesterday evening. Eight hundred men are entombed. The work of rescue, which began at once, still continues, but it is believed that 500 persons have perished, including Mr. Lindsay, the manager of the company. Many of the victims imprisoned in the mines are white people.

Randall's Condition.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Mr. Randall's condition is fairly satisfactory today. There were indications of a recurrence of some of the unfavorable symptoms this morning but they were promptly overcome and he continues to rest quietly and gather strength.

Edison's Big Deal.

NEW YORK, July 17.—It was stated on Wall street to-day that all rights and interest in Edison's phonograph had been sold to an English syndicate for $250,000.

The Hong Kong tea crop shows a deficiency of 300,000 half chests.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday July 18, 1888.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—decrease	$ 3,417,600
Loans—decrease	1,070,200
Specie—increase	2,714,500
Legal tenders—decrease	1,387,000
Deposits—increase	4,323,200
Circulation—increase	23,400

The banks now hold $27,934,400 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 17.	July 10.
4's coupons	127¼	127¼
4's registered	127¼	127¼
Pacific 6's of '95	119	119

NEW YORK, July 17.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1@1½ per cent. Bar silver 91⅛.

With the exception of Reading, Western Union, Richmond and West Point and the Northern Pacific stocks, everything showed a marked decrease in activity after 11 o'clock, but the upward movement was continued though the improvement over 11 o'clock figures was very slight. Those of the opening were approximated, however in all the weak stocks of the first hour while Richmond and West Point preferred became a feature advancing ½ per cent. The market presented no further feature however, and at noon was quiet and firm at about opening prices for most of the list.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 50½; D. & H., 112⅞; D., L. & W., 133¼; Erie, 26; H. V., 23½; J. C., 84; K. T. 13½; L.S., 93¾; L. & N., 59⅜; M. C., 81; Mo. P. 77¾; N. P., 42⅞; N. W., 110¼; O. T., 26⅜; P. M., 35⅝; R. T., 25¼; Reading, 61⅞; St. P., 70⅞; U. P., 56½; W. U., 79⅛; C., B. & Q., 116½; N. Y. C.,—.

TRADE.

Trade generally during the past week was somewhat dull.

THE MARKETS.

Markets a Little Lower.

The markets for wheat to-day were fractionally lower, closing weak. Business small. August wheat, ⅝c lower; September, ⅝c, decline. Exports light. Liverpool cables firm.

Prices of July and August wheat at leading points to-day:

July.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Chicago	81	81¼	81	81⅛
New York	88⅜	88⅜	87⅝	87⅝
St. Louis	.....	.....	.....	79
August.	**Opened.**	**Highest.**	**Lowest.**	**Close.**
Toledo	83½	83½	82⅞	83
Chicago	80½	80½	79½	79½
New York	89⅜	89⅜	88¾	89
St. Louis	79⅜	79⅜	78¾	79

Corn dull and easier. Oats quiet, Clover seed steady.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will afford instant ease.

Bowel Complaints.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Palpitation of the Heart, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quick as Radway's Ready Relief.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day cash wheat was steady; No. 2 soft Red, new, 84c; old do, 87c; No. 3 soft Red. D. & M., 84c cash, 79½c August.

Corn was dull and a little easier; No. 2, 47c; No. 2 yellow, 48½c; No. 3 yellow, 48c. Oats neglected. Clover Seed—Fair business; Prime cash $4 20; October at $4 40.

The Produce Market.

The market for produce to-day was without special feature. Prices ruled steady. Butter, best, 13@15c. Eggs at 14@15c. Cheese, new, 8½c. Poultry—chickens, 10@12c. Salt, in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Fruits—oranges, $5 50; lemons, $6 50; bananas, $1 00@3 00 per bunch; strawberries, 12@15c retail; cherries, $4 50 per bushel. Vegetables—Onions, new, per dozen bunches, 15c; spinach, per bunch, 20c; peas, green, per peck, 50@75c; cabbages, 60@75c per dozen; lettuce, per pound, 4c; radishes, 15c per dozen; cucumbers, per dozen, 30c; asparagus, 6c per pound; tomatoes, $1 60 per box; green beans, per bushel; wax, $1 00; old beans – $5 50 @2 80; potatos, 80@90c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $16 00; short mess, $16 50; long clear mess, $17 00; short clear, $17 50; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $16 00; clear bean, $14 50; clear neck, $15 00; lard, kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9c; 50-lb. tins, 9c; refined in tierces, 8½c; in 50 -lb. tins, 9c; hams, heavy, 11½c; sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 11c; 15 lbs., 11½c; 12 lbs., 12½c; sugar cured shoulders, 8½c; breakfast bacon, 10½@11c; dried beef, 11c; clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. Hay—timothy, $16. Flour, straights, $5 00; patents, $5 25; bakers, $4 75. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 7c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3c; cured, 6c; calf, green, 5c; cured, 5c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 20c. Wool, washed 26c; unwashed, 12c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 7½c; light steers, 7c; cows, 6½@6¾c; calves, 7c; sheep, 8c; lambs, 9c; dressed hogs, 7c.

General Produce.

DETROIT, July 17.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 91½c; No. 2 red cash, 87c; July, 83½c; August, 83c bid; September, 83½c. Corn—No. 2, 46½c. Oats—No. 2, 35c; No. 2 white, 38½c.

MILWAUKEE, July 17.—Wheat firm; cash, 78½c; August, 76½c; September, 77¼c. Corn dull; No. 3, 46c. Oats lower; No. 2 white, 34½c. Rye quiet; No. 1, 57c. Barley quiet; No. 2, 60c.

KANSAS CITY, July 15.—Wheat—Market steady; No. 2 red cash, 67½c bid; August, 67¾c bid, 68c asked; September, 68c bid; No. 2 soft cash, 69½c asked; August, 69½c asked. Corn—Market steady; No. 2 cash, 41c bid, 42½c asked; August sales at 41c; No. 2 white cash, 46½c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 29½c bid, 21c asked.

CHICAGO, July 17.—1 p. m.—Close—Wheat easier; cash, 81 1-16c; August, 79 9-16. Corn a shade firmer; cash, August, and September, 46¼c, oats steady, cash, 31c; Aug., 25⅛c; September, 24⅝; rye, 48; barley and timothy nominal. Flax, $1 10. Whisky, $1 20. Pork steady; cash and August, $13 27½; September, 13 35. Lard steady; cash, $8 22½; August, $8 25; September, $8 32½; August S. R., $7 65.

NEW YORK, July 17.—Wheat depressed, ⅛@¾c lower, with less doing; receipts 104,200 bu. No. 2 red July 88@88¾c; August, 88⅛@88¾c; September, 88¾@89⅛c; December, 91⅞@92 5-16c; May, 96¾@97¼c. Corn ⅛@¼c lower and active; receipts, 112,500 bu; sales, 1,464,000 bu; mixed western spot, 54@54¼c; do futures, 50½@55c. Oats ⅛@¼c lower and dull; receipts, 31,000 bu; sales, 35,000 bu; state, 40@45c; western, 36@44c. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork steady; new mess, $14 75@15 00; old mess, $13 75@14 00. Lard steady; steam rendered, $8 40@8 47½. Butter quiet; choice grades firmer; western, 13@20c. Cheese firm at 8@9¼c, including state factory, white and colored fancy, 9@9¼c. Sugar firm; crushed, 8½c; granulated, 7¾c; powdered, 7¾@7⅞c. Molasses dull at 21c for 50 test. Petroleum firm; crude in bbls, 6¾@6⅞c; refined, 7½c. Coffee, spot, steady; fair rio, 14½c; options unchanged to 10 points advance. Spirits of turpentine dull at 34@34½c. Eggs—western, 16½@18½c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, July 14.—Hogs—Firm; common and light, $4 50@5 85; packing and butchers, $5 60@5 70. Eggs quiet at 10@12½c. Cheese firm. Prime choice Ohio flat 8@8½c.

ST. LOUIS, July 17—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000 head; market higher. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500 head; market higher; choice heavy and butcher's selections, $5 85@5 95; packing, $5 70@5 85; light grades, $5 60@5 80. Sheep—Receipts, 500 head; market strong.

EAST LIBERTY, July 17.—Cattle—Market active, unchanged; 25 cars were shipped to New York. Hogs—Market active; Philadelphias, $6 15@6 20; mixed, $5 10@5 15; Yorkers, $6 00@6 10; common to fair, $5 60@9 60; pigs, $6 25@6 50; 14 cars shipped to New York. Sheep—Market firm and unchanged.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head, market active and firm; prices 5 to 10c higher, light, $5 70@5 95; rough packing, $5 60@5 75; mixed, $5 65@5 90; heavy packing and shipping, $5 75@6 05. Cattle—Receipts, 5,500 head; market active at former prices; natives, $4 10@6 25; bulk, $5 20@5 70; Texans, $2 40@4 25; native cows, $2 40@3 45. Sheep—Receipts, 2,500 head; market unchanged; natives, $3 00@5 00; westerns, $3 20@3 80; Texans, $2 50@3 75.

KANSAS CITY, July 15.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 892 head; shipments, none; shipping steers, 5@10c higher; cows and butchers' stuff 10c higher; stockers and feeders steers, 5c higher; good to choice corn fed, $5 25@5 60; common to medium, $3 50@5 10; grass range steers, $2 00@3 40; stockers and feeders, $1 50@3 75; cows, $1 40@3 00. Hogs—Receipts, 1,598 head; shipments, none; market active and strong and 5c higher; good to choice, $5 60@5 70; common to medium, $5 10@5 50; skips and pigs, $3 00@5 00. Sheep—Receipts, 93 head; shipments, none; market steady; good to choice muttons, $3 00@3 50; common to medium, $1 50@2 40.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 80¾c; highest, 81½c; lowest, 79½c; closed at 81¼c; puts, 79¼c; calls, 83¼c.

The market was active and irregular, closing with a little better feeling.

Boston Wool Market.

The condition of the wool market is, in some ways, more unsatisfactory even than last week. The old clip is well cleaned up, and, as the ideas of country holders and farmers are much above the market, dealers show little inclination to stick up new wool. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 28@32c; Michigan, 26c; territory, 15@16c; Texas, 14@15c; unwashed, 19@20c; pulled, 25c; scoured, 30@50c.

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